



Interspecies REVIEWERS

ECSTASY DAYS

story **Tetsu Habara**
original story **Amahara**
character design **masha**
art **W18**

PARENTAL ADVISORY
WARNING
EXPLICIT CONTENT

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



“We’ve
never
had an
angel
customer
before—!”

Urgh... Heaven,
forgive me...
Soon after I fell
to the surface, I
was taken to a
succubus joint.

Meow Meow Paradise



“Heh-heh-heh,
don’t you
worry; we’ll
take real good
care of you.”

“Have
we...met
somewhere
before?”

?????



Some like it toxic!
Our system lets
you pick your
preference from
our ten levels of
poison!

Our girls wear
special glasses to
negate their
petrifying gaze.
(Can be removed.)

“Whoa!
This must
be from the
poison, too!
Whoa! Whoa!
My brain’s
got a boner!”

Club Basilisk



This is a
cuckold-
specialty lair.

Note: A place
for cuckolds,
not those trying
to snatch wives.

Note: Service does
not include sexual
intercourse.

"My beautiful maid...
I promised you my
future... That we'd
become one... But
you...and that playboy,
goddamn it... That
damn playboy...
Wahhhhhhhhhh—"

The Crack in the Door

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ECSTASY DAYS



1

story

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New York

Copyright

Interspecies Reviewers

Ecstasy Days

TETSU HABARA

Translation by Caleb DeMarais

Cover art by W18

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PROLOGUE

THE ELVEN INN

“The crotch is the compass of man. Since time immemorial, men have faithfully followed its direction.”

His decree was met with the silent nods of the rapt bar patrons.

The winged waitress paid him a sidelong glance. Her icy glare practically screamed *Die!*

Swords and sorcery were commonplace in this world, but a woman’s eyes were the most dangerous weapons of all. No small number of men had fallen victim to their petrifying gaze and been rendered an apologetic mess.

Yet the man known as Stunk was still standing. He had the grit to withstand even the most bone-chilling glare.

“Incidentally, I can’t count the number of times my compass has pointed directly at you.”

“Drop dead!”

The waitress didn’t hold back, following her remark by smashing a beer mug into Stunk’s face.

No matter how often he found himself in this situation, Stunk never learned his lesson. This time, however, her bloodlust was palpable, prompting Stunk to run right out the bar and into the local red-light district.

This vast ocean creating a magnetic pull on his compass’s needle was more commonly known as the succubus district.

The main road was littered with every kind of interspecies person one could imagine.

They included the pointy-eared elves, the furry beastmen, winged demons—take your pick—but over 90 percent of those gathered there had one thing in common.

They were men with *compasses* hanging between their legs.

“Listen, this is just another of man’s adventures, okay?”

Stunk bit down on the cigarette in his mouth and recited his mental mantra: *This is the path I’ve chosen.* And he really believed it. Stunk wasn’t the kind of

adventurer to scale precipitous peaks or delve into dark labyrinths. For his training, there was more than enough pulse-pounding experience to be gained along these magic, lamplit streets. This was training in the form of limitless temptation.

Every shop sign was emblazoned with enticing names and catchphrases, done up in the most flamboyant fonts.

ALL THE FUR YOU CAN FLUFF! ALL THE GIRLS YOU CAN STUFF! ANIMAL EARS, TAILS, AND MORE! COME TO CLAWMARK PARK!

PICK YOUR OWN PIXIE FOR PLAYTIME APLENTY! TINKERBELL AWAITS.

STOUT AND THICK DOES THE TRICK! THE DWARVEN HOLE IS NOW OPEN.

BARELY LEGAL HUMAN BABES! ONLY FORTY YEARS YOUNG! CAN'T BEAT FLEETING BEAUTIES.

FOR A LESSON IN LOVEMAKING, LOOK NO FURTHER THAN IGGWARTS SCHOOL OF SEXCRAFT AND REVELRY! CLASSES ARE NOW IN SESSION.

THESE ICE QUEENS WILL MELT IN YOUR ARMS! SHARE YOUR WARMTH WITH SNOW WHITE.

It went without saying that these establishments offered *special services*. To be blunt—they were brothels.

As long as men and women existed, this profession would always have a place in the world.

Stunk was walking around the succubus district with one such shop in mind. Approximately 98 percent of his waking life was devoted to succubus joints.

“Hey there, hero. Wanna come in and have some fun?”

A portly orc rubbed his hands together and invited Stunk in. A beginner might have been tempted to reply *Sure, I'd love to*, but it was a textbook setup. Customers entering without thinking twice and subsequently being subjected to absolute hell was a common story here in the succubus district.

Men like Stunk vacationed in hell.

Stunk laughed to himself as he left the invitation hanging.

“I'm no hero. Just look at my face.”

“Don't say that, bud; you look so tough! There's a flame burning behind that

cool demeanor; I just know it!”

Is that how it is? Stunk scratched his chin and reassessed his own filthiness.

He had a scraggly, unkempt beard, droopy eyes, and a knowing grin on his lips. His traveling clothes were worn and frayed. At first glance, he looked a bit like a vagrant. Even in the most favorable light, he didn’t give off the vibe of a hero whatsoever.

“Sorry. I have plans, so I’ll be on my way.”

“I should keep this under wraps, but we have an extra-special girl right now... She’s bigger than you can imagine.”

“Is that so...?”

Stunk took the bait. A man’s compass was always drawn toward large assets.

Hang on a sec—

Stunk studied the orc’s porcine face and remembered a crucial detail just in time.

“What’s big about her?”

“Her tits, of course. Her arms and thighs are extra thick, too. She’s a real barrel!”

“...Is this an orc shop?”

“Sure is! All our girls are barrel biddies! Two hundred pounds and up!”

“Pass.”

“But wait, there’s more! Their cheeks are jiggly like pudding! Their noses are flat as pancakes! Hey, come back, hero!”

Stunk had nearly been dragged down to hell again.

Flat noses and flabby bodies were orc staples. Normally, they were mocked for looking like walking pigs, but here in Interspecies Town—a true melting pot of races—there was a pretty good chance they’d find their client base.

It’s not that I don’t like ’em big...

Stunk was prepared to take on a big girl if the situation called for it. Even

vagrants had a sense of etiquette when it came to sex.

However, his compass wasn't currently pointing toward any plumpers.

"Lately, it's been miss after miss for me..."

The amazon shop he'd visited the other day was chock-full of musclebound gorilla girls—not especially great.

Before that, it was shark mermaids with rough, scaly skin—also no good.

And before that, there was the giant shop. It was the first time he'd found himself asking, *"Is it in yet?"*

Come to think of it, his compass had been absolutely worthless lately.

"...Oh?"

Suddenly, after eyeing a particular shop sign, his compass needle jumped. THE ELVEN INN.

The shop entrance was far off the road and had a sawtooth oak tree growing out front. The woodsy entryway was a nice touch. An elf shop that didn't try to oversell the eccentricity was probably the real deal.

As he walked through the doors of The Elven Inn, Stunk's compass was as hard as a rock.

Succubi fed on men. It was their species' natural instinct and, as such, was protected by law.

Taking the money and essence of men was a legal service industry. Succubus joints were an important source of revenue in any country, as they always brought in a lot of money.

"Of course! All the succu-girls employed here are of genuine succubus ancestry!"

...Using this line was a trade secret, not to mention one of the oldest hooks in the book. In truth, if you traced back over ten generations, it was rare for anyone to *not* have succubus blood in them. Past or present, men were absolutely spellbound by the fairer sex.

Stunk was no exception. He routinely delved into the succubus district looking

to drown himself in the female form and find himself a starving wolf—a metaphor for a woman, mind, not an actual beast species.

And that was how Stunk came to have a colossal pair of breasts pressed against his chest. The twin peaks were slick with lube as they traveled across his torso, a tantalizing rhythm to their bounce.

Bloop, bloop.

Slosh, slosh.

The bath area was foggy with white steam rising from the tub. He lay on his back, lost in the pillowy embrace.

“How’s this, hun? Feel good?”

Her bright-green hair swayed in time with her movements, an elegant smile playing on her lips. Her downcast gaze, coupled with her slim waist, made her a sight to behold.

More than anything else, her ears, pointed like iris flowers, served as irrefutable proof of her elven blood.

“Yeah, that feels amazing... Elma, you’re so cute, it’s unreal!”

“Ohh, thank you so much. But I’m just a humble village girl.”

“No, no—even an average elf is a beauty by human standards.”

Elves were a magical species who lived in the forest. They were very skilled with bows and had a strong affinity for magic. Part of the reason The Elven Inn was so popular was because their girls had the coveted characteristics of genuine elves.

They all had such youthful appearances.

An elf’s life span was ten times that of a human’s, but even their oldest only ever looked to be in their twenties.

As a bonus, an elf who *wasn’t* gorgeous was incredibly rare. Typically, they had slender builds, complemented by long arms and legs. An obese elf was unheard of.

Beauty and age aside, the only physical trait that set them apart from humans

was their pointed ears. This was another reason elves were a safe bet: What you saw was what you got. There was no chance of them secretly having the body of a snake from the neck down, or poisoning you if you touched them, and so on.

The girls were all perfect in face and body...which meant there was only one way for Stunk to break the tie.

And so he chose Elma for her bountiful bust.

No matter how old men got, they would always love big boobs. They just couldn't get enough.

Using viscous cleansing lube made from slimes was standard practice for cleaning the body.

"You humans are all so young and cute. I adore you."

"Y'think so? I'm getting up there in years, though. My skin's starting to dry out."

"But your mana is so vibrant and pure. It's turning me on."

Elma answered flawlessly and continued massaging Stunk with her breasts. Their surface area increased with the added pressure. The way they seemed to change shape reminded him of two slimes.

So soft and sensual...

Stunk's face flushed red as his compass twitched.

This immediately caught Elma's attention, eliciting a sultry smile from her. She deftly moved her hand below Stunk's waist until she found his compass, now a man's sword.

"Ah—!"

A sweet sensation shot up Stunk's rigid blade, and he shivered in response. As Elma spread the viscous gel up and down with her practiced fingers, his blade graduated from a short sword to a longsword, and then to a great sword.

"Ohhh...hrngh...elves even have gorgeous fingers. Shit, this is so good...!"

"My, my, you're quite *blessed*... It's a bit too big to call 'cute,' but its reactions

are so adorable. What a man.”

“Heh-heh. Yes, I’m quite proud of my little man.”

On average, human members were generally larger than elves’, but Stunk’s great sword towered over the competition regardless. While it was true that size wasn’t everything, it was definitely a point of pride among men.



That said, when comparing sizes, one simply couldn't take orcs and ogres into account. They were on a completely different level. Stunk would lose to them ten times out of ten—the bastards.

“While we're here, mind if I slip it between 'em?”

“Of course. Human males love this sort of thing, don't they?”

Effortlessly, Elma shifted her body and positioned her breasts around the tip of his brandished blade. She then cupped her hands, gathered two palmfuls of lube, and poured it into the valley betwixt. There was a slight splashing sound as Stunk slid right in.

“Ohhh...”

A sound of pure bliss escaped his nose. Every nerve in his sword was heightened. The intoxicating sensation of Elma's delicate flesh was driving him crazy.

Simply put, it felt really, really good.

“They're so soft... Tits really are the best...!”

Stunk's body trembled with pleasure as he lay there in awe. Her breasts weren't just soft—they were lubed up, slippery, and threatened to rob him of his senses. A man's sword would likely never tire of the feeling.

“Hee-hee... You're so big, it's poking out of the top.”

The deep-red tip of Stunk's sword was jutting out from between Elma's twin peaks. An orc or ogre would be sticking halfway out—rather than just the tip—but that only meant they wouldn't be enjoying the same incredible sensation.

“Okay, here we go.”

Elma began to move. First, she applied pressure from both sides, squeezing her breasts together once, twice, three times. The expanding surface area soon swallowed up Stunk's tip.

“Unnf—!”

Stunk's body shook as he drank in the feeling.

This is it. This is what I needed.

This was the unmitigated pleasure that could dispel even the darkest emotions. To have one's throbbing member lovingly pampered by the softest part of the female body, until no part went unattended—this was ecstasy.

“Tee-hee, you look like you're enjoying yourself...”

Next, she slid up and down the length of it, as if reverently scrubbing it free of impurity.

“Ah, whoa—*whoa!* That's so good...!”

If you rub it, you feel good.

This base principle held true as every bit of Stunk's blade gave way to euphoria.

And that was only the beginning. Unbeknownst to many, breasts had infinite potential for softness.

“If you liked that, then how about *this?*”

Elma switched up her rhythm, alternating the movements of each breast along his shaft. Though they were no longer in sync, the sensation effectively doubled in intensity. Stunk's breathing grew ragged.

“Gotta make sure you're all clean, hee-hee.”

As Elma dutifully focused on pleasuring Stunk with one breast a time, he was awash with an electrifying sensation as pressure began to build.

“Come on, baby, give me all you've got.”

Elma grabbed Stunk's sword at the hilt, her hands undulating as his hips bucked violently.

It was then that she employed a host of titillating techniques she had been saving for the grand finale.

He was at his limit. It was time.

“Nrgh... I'm gonna cum...!”

Never one to hold back, he erupted with shot after powerful shot.

The pressure that had been building down below now exploded with full

force.

Pshuuu, pshu, pshuuuu!

“Wowww—!”

The moment Stunk climaxed, Elma let out an overly dramatic, high-pitched squeal. Her hands remained professional the entire time, however. She constricted the tip of his sword with her chest and watched as his milky-white nectar flowed into the awaiting valley. While he was still sensitive, she grabbed hold of his blade—now slick with a mixture of lubricants, both cleansing and natural—and vigorously stroked it back and forth.

“Unf...unh...just like that...”

Despite the blissful, faraway expression Stunk wore, he remained standing at attention below the waist. His burning blade broke free from her plush prison and fired a parting shot at her face. The viscous fluid landed just between her parted lips, forming a bridge of white across her open mouth.

“Mmfa—!”

“Oh, whoops. Sorry about that. Didn’t mean to get you there.”

On the outside, Stunk offered Elma a sincere apology, but on the inside...

That was so hot! Well done, my son.

“Mmm...ahn...isshokay. I’m, mmpff...used to it...”

Elma grasped a water-willow vine hanging from the wall nearby. It was a special kind of tree that grew in her forest, and its vines worked like water hoses.

Gargle, gargle, swish, swish...ptooey!

Taking in mouthfuls of the cloudy liquid, she repeated the gargle-and-spit ritual three times.

“...You’re used to it, huh?”

“This is my profession, after all.”

Stunk was hoping she would swallow, but her smile was so bewitching that he couldn’t complain.

This was only the beginning. Though he had just climaxed, his nether blade had not yet grown dull. The two proceeded to rinse the cleansing lube off their bodies and enter the bath together, never once breaking contact.

“How ’bout we put that tempting mouth of yours to work?”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

The warm water added to the steamy atmosphere as Elma found her prize with her eager lips. Her beautiful features contorting for the sake of service inspired an almost sadistic sense of satisfaction.

Between licking and sucking, there was no room to question whether or not it felt good.

Shlorp, shlorp. Gawk, gawk.

The lascivious sounds produced by her talent would send any man over the edge.

“Urk... I’m cumming again...hnng!”

Stunk exploded in Elma’s mouth.

Gargle, gargle, swish, swish...ptooey!

Elma immediately gargled and spat once more.

“Yeah, you’re definitely used to this...”

“It’s my profession.”

He wished she’d follow through, but her smile was so irresistible that he didn’t raise a word of complaint.

Succubus joints weren’t like the average bathhouse. When the laws were still strict, most bathhouses made ardent claims like *A customer and an employee fell in love during bath services and ended up having sex. Our establishment faces no liability.*

This was all long before Stunk had been born. Today, the rights of succubi were respected, and intercourse with clientele was completely legal. The bed was their battleground.

“Okaaay... Now it’s time to make you feel *really good.*”

Laying on her back, Elma spread her legs. Between her soft, white thighs was a leaf-green thicket surrounding a pink crevice, which was wet and glistening with anticipation.

“Heh-heh, this is what I’ve been waiting for.”

Now on his knees, Stunk leaned forward and brandished his blade anew. The moment his sword graced the lips of her sheath, the two were consumed by a numbing ecstasy. Elma and Stunk shuddered in sync.

He slid inside, all the way to the hilt in a single thrust. And why wouldn’t he? It was perfectly legal.

“Mmm, ah! You’re so big...!”

“Elma, you’re so tight... You’re perfect...!”

Stunk could feel himself growing red-hot as her every contraction threatened to swallow him whole. This was what it meant to be alive...!

There was nothing he loved more than being inside a woman. It felt incredible and instilled a certain sense of accomplishment. And doing it with an interspecies partner? Even better!

To date, he had racked up a staggering tally of bedding interspecies girls, to say nothing of their variety. And according to the sensory data he’d compiled using his own body, elves were generally tighter than humans.

“Elves are so gorgeous, and you’re all so damn tight! You’re the best...!”

No matter how many times he entered her, it seemed he would never tire of the feeling. Elma’s walls twitched and spasmed, and her hips started bucking on their own.

“Ah—! Unf—! So good... You’re so *good*...”

Rather than mindlessly pumping away, one often found greater success with a slow, circular motion. As Stunk thrust his way in and around, his sword became coated with Elma’s juices. The addition of her thick love cream allowed him to glide in and out effortlessly.

Stunk took care to enjoy this particular elven trait for as long as possible.

“Oh, oh, *ohhh*— I can’t— It really is too good, unhh!”

“Oh yeah? You sure you’re not just sayin’ that?”

Stunk let out a laugh before thrusting as deep as he dared, stirring her up all the while.

“N-no... I would never— *Hnnh...!*”

As Stunk suddenly pinched Elma’s nipple, her eyes snapped shut, and she bit her lower lip. Now he was sure she wasn’t just selling it; her reactions were genuine. To add fuel to the flame, her pointed ears had curled downward.

He then proceeded to give her the gift of a good lay, having found her most sensitive spot through the work of his slow, deliberate hip thrusts.

“Unf...ah...ahn! ...*Holy sh—!*”

Anyone could see that Elma had finally gotten serious. Her mouth hung open, overflowing with the sweet sounds of satisfaction. Her back was arched, and her slender hips were twitching out of control. Her skin flushed red, and the beads of sweat dotting her body added to her glistening sheen.

The percussive beat of flesh against flesh rose to crescendo.

Ahh, I can’t get enough of this.

Such was the indescribable feeling of felling a beauty with his great sword.

Giving a woman what she wants until she can’t even fake it! Now that’s every man’s dream!

Having sex with a professional in the field was fantastic, of course. But being able to best that same professional on the stage of their craft was the best.

Their spirits quaked. Their hearts danced. Their hips bucked.

Plap, plap, plap, plap!

They were slaves to the rhythm.

“Hey now, what’s the matter? Is it starting to feel a little *too* good for ya?”

Stunk prodded Elma for answers with a mocking laugh. He knew he was being condescending, but he was caught up in the high. An immaculate beauty

coupled with a filthy lowlife was a dream pairing in any reality.

“Ohhh, now you’re just being nasty...!”

“C’mon, Elma, you know you love it when I get like this.”

“Unngh, I do love it, but— Hff, ngh, just like that...!”

“Like this? Like this, huh? This is what you like, isn’t it?”

“Ahhhhhhhhhn—!”

Elma gripped the sheets and shook her head from side to side. She was approaching her limit when Stunk finally loosened his hips. Getting a woman close to the edge and then giving a bit of slack—forcing her to beg for the final push—was also the way of man.

Three possibilities lay before him: (A) Please have mercy! (B) More! More! (C) I love you, I love you, I love you!

Stunk studied Elma’s face and wondered which of the three her reaction could mean. Through a tortured expression, she then said, “*Hff... Hff...* If we keep going like this...I’m going to want to see you again...!”

All three of Stunk’s guesses were wrong. This unexpected answer gave him goosebumps.

“You better watch what ya say. I might turn into one of those customers who waits outside for you at all hours of the day, and you wouldn’t want that, right?”

“I’m not worried about that. I can tell you’re the type who likes to sleep around.”

“Damn, you recover quick.”

“The place I worked at before offered outcalls. So sometimes, I met clients off-site...and some of them did become totally obsessed with me. Around two hundred years ago, one of them cast repatriation magic on me, and I almost never made it home...”

“An elf’s experience really is on a whole ’nother level, huh...?”

Stunk realized just how different humans like himself were from species with

true longevity. He was both stunned and impressed.

“Mmf, anh... Yeah, those types of clients scare me... Some girls end up running off on their clients after they fall asleep.”

“Sounds like whatever was goin’ on was borderline illegal.”

“Most clients like that have dragon fire in their eyes. And about 70 percent of them have rot—deeply mysterious eyes.”

“Were you about to say rotten?”

“Ahn, ahn—that’s the spot! I’m going crazy!”

There were a number of things Stunk could’ve called her out on, but he decided to hold off. Foolish was he who troubled the bud before it bloomed. Asking for extras outside the confines of an establishment was bad manners, and it also wasn’t polite to prod a girl on an issue she didn’t want to talk about.

But the fact that she could clearly keep going was a sore spot for Stunk. It was a blow to his pride, and so he decided to play the ace up his sleeve.

Nom! He bit down on one of Elma’s pointed ears.

“Ohhhhh.....!”

“Just as I thought, your ears are pretty sensitive. You’re twitchin’ like crazy down there!”

“Hyahhh, ahhn—!”

The tips of Elma’s ears were especially sensitive. All the better to capture the lewd, sloshing sounds of their intercourse. Stunk was determined to use his accumulated experience from past encounters with many different elf girls to maximize her pleasure.

He quickened his thrusts, changing from a slow, purposeful circular motion to acute, rapid zigzags. This new technique ravaged a number of Elma’s weak points in quick succession.

Plap, plap, shlorp, shlorp. The humble clapping had become a round of applause.

Twitch, twitch, twitch. Elma was a mess of full-body spasms.

“Nnngh— Oh my— Ohhh my Go—fffu—hnnnnnnh...!”

Stunk had utterly toppled the stalwart elf’s defenses. His final blade-assault had shaken her to her core. Man and woman alike were drowning in ecstasy.

The heat their bodies generated threatened to melt them away into nothingness. Lightning leaped between them with every clash. They felt omnipotent, as if they were the only two people left in existence.

This was the hallowed realm, traversable only by those who achieved the pinnacle of sexual union.

“I’m... I’m—I’m cummmmmmmmming—!!”

“Third time’s the charm! I’m cumming, too...!”

Quaking in unison, Stunk and Elma felt as if they had glimpsed the creation of the universe—their very own Big Bang—and attained enlightenment.

Molten, white slag flowed endlessly into the sopping-wet crucible.

Pshuuu, pshu, pshuuuu, pshuu!

Though he had already cum twice before, the deluge of life-giving essence was unrelenting.

Fuck yeah! Came inside like a champ...!

In an attempt to prevent even a single drop from escaping, he pushed his way even deeper inside and swirled around for good measure.

“Hahh... Hahh... You came so much... Just—wow...”

Elma’s hips quivered as she took it all in; her lips were like a vice, wringing Stunk dry. With every pulse, Stunk could feel his eyes rolling to the back of his head.

“Wow... You took the whole load...!”

“Mmm... Damn right, I did! After all, I’m a genuine succu-girl... Nnn... Anh!”

I bet I could trace your succubus blood back several generations, goddamn it.

You had such a sweet smile on your face while you were cumming your brains out, goddamn it.

Those irresistible lips are mine and mine alone, goddamn it.

Stunk moved his face close to Elma's but just before he could kiss her, she rejected his advance with a palm.

"Kissing costs extra!"

"Shit, I'll pay! I'll pay, so kiss me, please!"

"Pleasure doin' business with ya!"

While their lower halves were locked in climax, the battle resumed in the north as their lips intertwined—a veritable war on two fronts.

Who cared about the extra charge? That didn't matter right now. Stunk just wanted to kiss her while they came.

And kiss her he did.

And kiss her... And kiss her..... And kiss her.....

For as long as the two were one, they would dance along the precipice of lust and sanity.

In many ways, they had left it all on the battlefield.

Elma accompanied Stunk to the storefront.

"Don't be a stranger, okay, Stunkie?"

While waving good-bye, she had her arm raised high above her head as a child would. Even tried-and-true succu-girls were still girls at the end of the day.

To Stunk, Elma was so cute that she would likely look adorable no matter what she did.

"Man, there really is nothing better than an elf! They're all cute, sexy, and look young forever! I just can't get enough of 'em!"

Stunk's compass was in rare form today. He had overused it, and he was thoroughly exhausted. But it was the best kind of exhausted.

He heaved a deep sigh, allowing the mellow cigarette smoke to soothe his weary body. Through the purple haze, he noticed a figure approaching.

The figure had a thin frame and pointed ears, just like an elf. But he was male.

“Yo, Stunk.”

The voice he addressed Stunk with was curt. Though his face held the refined features typical of an elf, his unkempt, golden hair spiked off in every direction. Throw in a pair of narrowed eyes that seemed fixed with a permanent glare, and you had the look of a natural-born hoodlum. To Stunk, it was the familiar face of a fellow scumbag.

“Sup, Zel.”

Zel was Stunk’s brother-in-arms in the succubus district. His face was, in a word, unfortunate. What cruel hand of fate could have dealt him such a punishing blow?

“...Did you bang that elf you were just with?”

The answer was plain from the look on Stunk’s face.

Zel suppressed a gag as he continued, “Dude, seriously? She’s like five hundred years old!”

“...? What’s your point?”

“What’s my point?! She’s a geezer!”

A shiver ran up Zel’s spine, though it could’ve been due to the cold.

Stunk didn’t care that Elma was a few centuries his senior. To him, she was as young and beautiful as the best of them.

But to Zel, who was an elf himself, she was just an old hag with dried-up mana. She was even older than his mom!

In truth, Zel would prefer a fifty-year-old human woman (who was approaching old-bat territory for Stunk) who wasn’t even that hot. He started going on about how elves were only considered young until they were one hundred years old, at which age they could put just the right amount of passion into their performance, and so on, and so forth...

Like Stunk, Zel was a faithful follower of the compass between his legs. But their compasses didn’t always point them in the same direction.

“All right, if that’s how you’re gonna be, let’s put ’em to the test!”

Elves were considered old after they reached five hundred, just as human women were considered old after fifty.

Stunk took it upon himself to conduct a poll among the succubus district regulars at the local haunt, Ye Pubbe.

He would be representing the humans, and Zel, the elves. A beastman and a halfling also got roped in for good measure, and so they all presented the results of the poll in the form of a review.

...In the end, the human hag won in an astounding three-to-one vote.

Stunk alone had cast his vote for the elf.

“...Seriously?”

It was then that Stunk learned that judging women on their looks alone was a woefully *human* characteristic.

Every now and then, a man followed his compass to an uncharted island, only to discover it was deserted.

Incidentally...

...this first review was the catalyst that propelled Stunk and his companions to relative celebrity at Ye Pubbe.

There had never before been a formal publication reviewing the succubus joints from an interspecies perspective.

And so the writers who charted the course for a great many compasses came to be known as the Interspecies Reviewers...at least by some.

“They’re all a bunch of pervy morons.”

So came the opinion of one of the bar waitresses, her eyes narrowed in disgust. Feeling the ice-cold glare on their backs, Stunk and crew sped off on another adventure.

An adventure to find a yet-undiscovered, top-tier succubus joint—no matter how far their compasses led them.

CHAPTER 1

KAMA SUTRA

Even pitted against close friends, there were certain things men simply couldn't concede.

In the middle of Ye Pubbe, two men glared at each other, fire in their eyes.

The human, Stunk.

And Zel, the elf.

Each took a swig of ale from their wooden mugs before coming to verbal blows once more.

"Cock!"

"Dick!"

A number of patrons looked on in surprise, but the two of them couldn't have cared less.

This was a battle of conviction between men.

"Kay, picture this. You're havin' some down 'n' dirty, anything-goes, balls-to-the-wall playtime with your lady of choice. I'm talkin' all-you-can-touch, -lick, -fuck, -grind—whatever you want. You're hard as a rock. What. Do. You. Put. In. Her. Mouth?"

"My dick!"

"NO! You're giving her your COCK! Even if you're not totally into it—and especially if you are—going all in with the dirty talk is what gives it that extra bit of tension! It adds to the flavor! Come on now, Zel!"

"The fact that you need to get vulgar to bring the flavor just means you're a scumbag, Stunk! When you get excited, you can't help yourself, and you start saying all sorts of embarrassing shit—it's a dick, bro."

"Ugh, just hearing you say it is making my skin crawl!"

"The most important thing is the magical lilt you give your voice! When you say *dick*, there's a certain spellbinding element—although negligible—that electrifies the energy in the air. So I say it's a dick!"

"Who the fuck understands magical fetishism? It's a cock!"

“It’s a dick!”

“Cock!”

“Dick!”

“Now you’re just confusing yourself!”

Stunk and Zel’s chaotic conversation seemed to drag on forever.

Wham—!

A plate slammed angrily onto the table.

“Can you two please lower your voices...?”

The barmaid looked down at the two of them, her cheeks rosy. The wings on her back were twitching, and the claws of her avian legs were digging into the wooden floor. She was clearly having a hard time with the lewd nature of their conversation.

The barmaid was a young winged woman, but the cleavage popping out from her otherwise modest barmaid uniform suggested she was developing early.

A winged woman was exactly as the name suggested: She had wings growing from her back and possessed the ability to fly.

She had tail feathers growing from her backside, avian legs with inverted knees, and birdlike features on other parts of her body. Yet despite her inhuman features, she still walked upright on two legs like any other person. She also possessed human intelligence, making her perfectly suited for her barmaid role, which required basic communication skills.

Meidri crossed her arms and sighed.

“You two can visit whatever succubus joint you want, but this is a place for eating and drinking. If you’re gonna be pervs, do it *quietly*.”

“Hunger comes in many forms and is mandatory for all species, dear Meidri.”

“Your very existence can be attributed to your parents’ insatiable appetites, dear Meidri.”

“You’re pissing me off.”

Meidri's eyes glazed over. Stunk and Zel felt her murderous intent at once and averted their gazes.

"Sigh... Honestly, you two are beyond help..."

The customer was always right, after all. Meidri slumped her shoulders and conceded.

"Anyway, just try to keep it down. And don't be a bad influence on Crim."

"That really depends on him, doesn't it, friend Zel?"

"I would have to agree, friend Stunk."

Still looking down meekly, the pair found Crim out of the corners of their eyes.

They all acknowledged Crim as a *him*, but another person could have just as easily used *her*.

Crim's blond hair resembled sun-spun silk, and their skin was nearly translucent. Every line of their body was impossibly delicate, and the soft contours of their face complemented their doe eyes. They were a painting come to life.

Today, as any other day, they were floating around the pub floor, a serving tray in hand. Wanting to reward a hardworking youngster with a little R & R was simply the proper attitude of any upstanding adult.

"Hey, Crim!"

"What would you want a girl to call your unit?"

"What did I *just* say?!"

Meidri proceeded to pummel Stunk and Zel with the corner of the tray she was holding. It hurt, sure, but they were used to it.

Um, well, even though they were used to it, it still hurt like hell.

The poster girl of Ye Pubbe was a cutie, but she definitely had a violent streak about her. If one didn't know where to draw the line, the results wouldn't be pretty.

"What are you guys thinking...?"

The other poster child of Ye Pubbe, Crim, narrowed their eyes as their face flushed with agitation.

“I mean, we just want the opinion of as many different species as possible.”

“Yeah, you’re the only angel around.”

This wasn’t a metaphor extolling their virtue of innocence. This server at Ye Pubbe, Crimvael, was an honest-to-goodness angel.

They reported directly to God—a species of the highest order, a genuine angel.

They had a golden halo atop their head and golden wings sprouting from their back. The rest of their physical features were the same as a normal human’s.

Angels were often lauded for their elegance in form and feature, much like elves, but the sample size was incredibly small. There were almost no episodes of them coming down to earth. Those who did quickly fell into the realm of fairy tales.

The locals were limited to the example of Crim—a flawless beauty for their age and easily mistaken for a young girl.

“I’m pretty sure angels don’t get this question a lot, but since you’re nearly a full-grown man...”

Crim blushed and looked to the ground. Their thin legs were reluctant to move an inch. To be more precise, their wings were frozen in place. They preferred flying to walking, after all. Their wings didn’t even need to beat all that heavily to keep them afloat. This perplexing trait served to further distinguish angels from all other airborne species.

“Yeah, Crim, you’re a legend. So indulge us every once in a while.”

Stunk rubbed his hands together like a perverted old man and let out a greasy chuckle.

“I heard about that fairy slayer in your pants. Sounds like you’ve got somethin’ to write home about, eh?”

“No! And I did no such thing! The fairy at the brothel said it would never fit—Oh, look at what you made me say...!”

Although Crim grew red and flustered, which added to their cuteness, the truth remained. A massive blade of legend did hang heavily between their dainty thighs.

Ignoring the fact that most men— Stunk and Zel included—would seem big in comparison with the tiny fairies at a certain succubus joint, the two laughed in the face of the Crimvael the Blessed.

“Psh!! There ain’t a succu-girl in the whole district who could take on that thing!”

Indeed, Crim was another regular in Stunk’s party.

“I could never have a lady talk about my...bits...like that... How mortifying...”

Crim’s meek stance had revived the sadist in Stunk.

“What the—? If a gorgeous chick with huge tits grabbed you from behind and started feelin’ you up downstairs, what the hell would you want her to call it —?!”

Stunk’s spirited tirade drove Crim into a corner. They were silent at first, but the pressure soon coaxed a shaky response out of them...

“...My...cutie...or something like that...”

“Holy shit, what an adorable reply! Hey, everybody, listen up! Crim wants ya to call his cock a cutie!”

“Bwa-ha-ha-ha! That big ol’ dick is anything but cute!!”

“N-no way! Stunk, Zel—there’s just no way!”

Seeing Crim burst into tears, Meidri took to pummeling Stunk and Zel with her serving tray once more.

They decided it would be best to tease Crim when Meidri wasn’t around...

Yet no matter how many times they got their faces bashed in, Stunk’s and Zel’s sexual curiosity knew no limits.

“Just what is it that influences the way guys nickname their junk?”

Stunk and Zel lowered their voices and continued pestering the pub’s patrons for their penile preferences.

“Hmm, I don’t really care if it’s a dick or a cock or whatever...”

Kanchal crossed his arms as he considered the question. His legs didn’t reach the ground when he was sitting, so with his crossed arms, he looked extremely compact. Yet despite his looks, he wasn’t a child. He was actually a grown man.

Kanchal was a halfling—a diminutive species, generally quick-witted and clever, like rabbits.

Even as adults, they often looked more like teenagers. They were hairier than the average person in places, and unless one picked them out from their slightly pointed ears, it was easy to mistake them for children—which never ended well. They were far more cunning than their appearances let on. As a whole, halflings were quite brash.

With an innocent smile and an impossibly youthful face, Kanchal added, “I don’t care what they call it as long as they do their job. With reverence.”

His comment wasn’t innocent by any stretch of the imagination.

“...So like...*your blessed dick?*”

“...Or like...*thine hallowed cock?*”

“Yeah, but hearing it from *you two* doesn’t do anything for me!”

“Well, it’s not like we wanna say that stuff to you, either!”

“All I’m saying is, I get it’s just a part of my body as any other—but in the bedroom, I want a lady to respect it! No, worship it!”

Kanchal was an adult with the face of a boy, ranting about an incredibly lewd topic without even flinching. In a way, it was admirable.

“Gods above, never have I seen a cock so magnificent!”

“Give it a rest, Stunk! You can’t even get the rhythm right!”

“Your cock sure makes a lot of demands. Rhythm?”

“*Good* dirty talk has rhythm and melody! *Good* dirty talk inspires the soul to dance and the flesh to quiver.”

What in the world was this pip-squeak talking about?

“...Y’know... I actually really like the term *little man* for my dick.”

“What are you talking about, Zel?”

Kanchal seemed turned off by Zel’s unusually serious statement.

“Man, I get that, Zel.”

“Wait, you do, Stunk?!”

“I wanna hear that kinda thing from a superhot older woman... Like, *Your little man is so thick, I bet we’d have a lot of fun together. Why don’t you just let me take care of him?* or something like that, y’know?”

“It’d be nice if you were with someone a bit younger and naughtier, too, like, *Wow, your little man looks so sweet, I could just eat him up, tee-hee.*”

“Oh yeah, I know what you mean, Zel... But god, it’s terrifying coming from you.”

“Yeah, I even grossed myself out. But I really understand where you’re coming from...”

The sound of wooden mugs clinking together echoed across the pub.

“Hmm... I’m okay with her calling it *little man* at first, like if she doesn’t know what she’s getting herself into. But by the time I’m finished with her, she wouldn’t even be able to stand up straight. She’d be utterly broken, only having enough energy to sing its praises. That’d be ideal...”

Kanchal sulked and took a bite of some roasted beans.

Stunk then moved to ask the opinion of another at the table.

“Nalgami, what do you think?”

The person in question wasn’t sitting on a chair but rather propping himself up on a coiled tail. He was a lamia—a humanoid species with the traits of a snake.

The lower half of his body was one long, serpentine tail. Additional features included a forked tongue and snake eyes.

Nalgami shifted his gaze in Stunk’s direction.

“I don’t have any particular preference...but if we’re talking about general phrases we enjoy hearing, I love it when they say *‘It’s as long a snake!’* The other day, a girl actually said that to me!”

Stunk cocked his head to the side in confusion.

“Hey, if a girl said yours was big like a gorilla, how would you feel?”

“I’d assume she was a new hire or something.”

“Right? Escorts can be really hit-or-miss.”

Nalgami’s forked tongue slithered out of his mouth as he slumped his shoulders.

“Oh, you were talking about an encounter with an escort, not a girl on-site? That makes an off night even worse.”

Stunk seemed taken aback for a moment but immediately recovered.

An escort was another type of succubus-joint employee. Some of them were high-end girls who were magically materialized right at your door, while others were cheaper and simply walked to your location after being summoned with telepathy magic.

Both options differed greatly from selecting a girl on-site. What set the experience apart was that you had no idea what kind of person you’d be spending time with until she arrived. You could request a change, of course, but abusing the privilege could land you in hot water.

“For me...”

To the right of Nalgami, a male hybrid named Brooz chimed in, a scowl on his face.

A hybrid was a species with traits derived from various animals dogs, cats, rabbits, foxes, boars, and so on. But Brooz was a dog hybrid. He was essentially a bipedal dog man.

His imposing, muscular body and sharp eyes gave the impression that he was of a large, strong breed. But despite these looks, his restrained speech gave him a certain charm.

“You have to do it with escorts in a hotel room, which presents a problem.”

“Problem? Isn’t that the merit of escorts?”

“Right,” Zel interjected, placing his hands on the table. “When you’re just lazing around in your hotel and don’t feel like going anywhere, you can get a girl to come straight to you. If you have the girl’s card or the business card of the establishment, it’s actually pretty easy to get a hold of ’em with telepathy.”

“Maybe for elves, since you’re all naturally gifted with magic. But I’m more of a melee type, so...”

Brooz cleared his throat, but it sounded more like a vicious dog’s barking.

“Getting back to your question, for me, it’s not about what they call it, but rather *how* they say it.”

“You mean like with a smoky voice? Or with that rhythm thing Kanchal was talking about?”

“I like it when I can make ’em squeal in a high-pitched voice, like a far-off howl. I want her screaming loud enough to piss off the next-door neighbors.”

“For example, *Gimme that COOOOOCK?*”

“Or maybe *I need that DIIIIICK?*”

The usual suspects started getting loud again, causing Meidri to stare daggers at them.

Stunk lowered his voice immediately.

“How interesting. You’re a beast, but your preference lies in auditory perception...”

“Actually, for me, how they smell takes top priority. Their voice is a close second.”

As a dog hybrid, Brooz’s senses of smell and hearing far exceeded those of a human.

“Wait a sec—dogs don’t really make any sounds during sex, do they?”

“That’s because if we cried out during the act, the sound could alert our enemies. If I’m able to enjoy sex to the fullest without worrying about a

potential ambush, you can bet I'll let it all out... By the way, don't lump hybrids in with common dogs."

"So what kind of high-pitched squeal does it for you?"

"Awooooo!!"

"That sounds exactly like a dog."

"Grrrr..."

The growling didn't help Brooz's case in the slightest.

Stunk and Zel continued seeking opinions from the pub's patrons for a while after that. Surprisingly, less than 30 percent of responders seemed to prefer escorts.

They had strayed from their initial objective, but acting on whims was the way of the pub. This made it harder to lock down a consensus among interspecies males.

"It's not that big a deal to take a step outside and handpick a proper succubus joint."

The majority of the men in Ye Pubbe were adventurers. They made their living on their feet, so it was no trouble to do a bit of traveling for a good girl.

Of course, it was also fairly common to search high and low only to be massively disappointed.

"I guess neither succubus joints nor escort services are totally infallible."

Hearing Stunk's words, the men gathered all gave a solemn nod.

All men had at least one negative experience with women along their path to adulthood.

"Absolutely... It goes without saying that a one-hundred-percent success rate is a myth no matter where you look."

Zel looked up at the ceiling with the vacant, listless gaze of a philosopher. As a long-lived elf, he'd had his fair share of bad encounters.

"Hmph... One-hundred-percent customer satisfaction might be a myth, but that joint, the Back-Alley Black 'n' Red Striped Sign, and the Time-Traveling

Temptress are supposed to be a couple of myth busters.”

Samtahn spoke with a self-satisfied look on his face. He had blue skin and two horns protruding from his head. In a place like Ye Pubbe, he stuck out like a sore thumb.

That’s because Samtahn was a demon—a dark species straight from Hell. Their kind boasted tremendous life energy and insidious magical powers.

They were generally selfish and delighted in tricking others. However, they were also known to be extremely inflexible. For this reason, they were easily taken advantage of, particularly when it came to contractual obligations. All things considered, their reputation as a species wasn’t great.

In Samtahn’s case, he was another succu-girl-obsessed individual who faithfully embarked on any voyage charted by his compass.

“The succubus district is steeped in iniquity. Its history is rife with tales of foul play.”

“I have some concerns about a demon claiming foul play, but I get what you’re saying.”

Stunk nodded deeply.

To speak of the history of the succubus district was to speak of the history of sexual desire itself. The sordid tastes that composed man’s varied sexual appetites could all be woven together here, and many urban legends were born in turn.

Snow-white catgirls who brought good luck.

A succubus joint that changed locations at night.

A succubus joint sealed within a dark labyrinth.

A succubus joint at the end of the sky.

A doting Great Mother who went above and beyond one’s wildest dreams.

A gilded pole dancer from the Golden Kingdom.

A succu-girl on the run from the law after imbibing and disposing of illegal magical-growth potions.

A spectral succu-girl who appeared in the bathroom at night and forced herself on unsuspecting occupants.

A giant who injured their leg in the ocean and had a fairy succubus joint appear on their knee.

The list went on and on, and with dizzying variety.

“Urban legends! Now we’re talking!”

A tiny silhouette hopped up and down in a huff. It was Kanchal again.

“Just the other day, they discovered a succubus joint that was thought to be an urban legend!”

He was breathing heavily through his nose as he ran back and forth between his compatriots.

“A sweet scent and sultry song draw you in, and when you enter, it’s Shangri-la... You sing, dance, and bathe in unparalleled bliss—body and mind! It’s pleasure beyond description! The name of the place is Kama Sutra!”

“The name’s a little on-the-nose, don’cha think?”

“They say it’s full of siren succu-girls! If tone of voice or specific phrases are what tickle your fancy, you might really like this place! I wanna check it out, too!”

His eyes glittering furiously, Stunk shot a look at Zel.

“You could be on to something.”

“But which siren are we talking about here?”

Zel had good reason to be concerned. There were two species that shared the name *siren*.

One was similar to mermaids—gorgeous girl up top, fish on the bottom.

The other had white wings and avian lower halves. They were an airborne species somewhere between a winged woman and a harpy.

The two sirens were fish and bird species, but they did have one trait in common: Both had a breathtakingly beautiful musicality to their voices, linking them to the ocean.

In the past, women who bewitched sailors with their magical singing voices were referred to as sirens. As a result, both species, who incidentally possessed the same ability, came to be called by same name, and they went with it. However, there was no academic reasoning behind this. They were an urban legend if ever there was one.

“I heard the ones at Kama Sutra have wings. They have other species of succu-girl, too.”

“So where is it?”

“The flagship location is somewhere beyond the desert, but they have a second location near the Great River.”

Kanchal pointed at a map on the wall as he explained. Luckily, it seemed to be in an area Stunk and Zel had been to many times.

“That means we can take a shortcut through Yogan Cave.”

“Well, shall we?”

“Obviously!”

Stunk and Zel stood up at once. Outside Ye Pubbe, the sun hung high in the sky. Adventurers were a dissolute breed, and if they were bored, they got drunk, no matter the time of day.

“Hang on, you two!” said Meidri as she rushed over to stop them. “Why can’t you just take the city route? That cave is full of monsters. I’ve heard it’s really dangerous.”

Wait, was she was listening to our lewd conversation that entire time? Well damn, I guess she was interested after all. Gotta watch out for the quiet ones, heh-heh-heh...

Stunk quickly pocketed his dirty-old-man thoughts and turned back to Meidri, doing his best to appear serious.

“Think fast, fuck slow—that’s the way of the succubus.”

“Spelled out, it means that striking while the iron is hot is good, but premature ejaculation is a shame. Do you get it, my winged beauty?”

“You are sexual-harassment incarnate... Ugh, whatever.”

Meidri turned on her heel and made to leave. Her feigned innocence only added to her appeal. She had a fair face as well as a bountiful bust. If she had chosen to work in a succubus joint, she would be a popular pick for sure.

“Oh, before I forget. Hey, Crim, wanna come with?”

“Umm, Stunk... I...”

The gorgeous angel’s gaze darted all over, clearly concerned. Meidri gripped Crim’s slender throat like a hawk falling on prey.

“We have the evening rush coming. You will *not* suddenly vanish on me again. Do you hear me? You were with Stunk and the others when they returned from their sexcapades last time, *weren’t you?*”

“Meidri, your smile is scaring me.”

“And Yogan Cave is dangerous. Those horny idiots can go get themselves killed if they want to, but not you. Got it?”

“I’m sure I’ll be fine if I’m with Stunk and everyone...”

Turning their backs to the Ye Pubbe employees, Stunk and company prepared to leave.

“Real men live in the moment! It’s fine if Babyface Crim sits this one out.”

“Yeah, we’re gonna get our freak on without you! You snooze, you lose!”

“Whoo-hoo!”

“Yeehaw!”

“Are you two children?!”

And with that, Stunk’s group bolted from the pub, if only to escape another tray pummeling.

At the other end of Yogan Cave, peerless beauties awaited them.

Looking down on the Great River from the mountainside, it seemed to resemble the dancing figure of a woman. At least, that’s what a romanticist might say.

“It doesn’t look like a woman at all.”

The group agreed with Stunk’s cold assessment.

Brooz spoke up while pawing at his canine nose.

“All I see a bunch of little rivers that branch off in random directions.”

Kanchal chimed in from his perch in a nearby tree.

“I can sort of see a woman...but more importantly, why is it called the Great River?”

Before them, an infinite web of rivers broke off and came together again. Each of the rivulets was no more than a small stream in scale. Though they were far away, it was easy to see that any of these was much too small to be called a “Great River.”

“Once every couple hundred years or so, all these streams get really inundated and run together to form one huge river.”

“Damn, Grandpa Zel, you really know your stuff.”

“Hey, I ain’t a day over two hundred.”

When the Great River flooded, the water would swallow the land for miles around. But since it only happened once every couple hundred years, short-lived species that built settlements nearby would sometimes get swept away.

It wasn’t until elves and other long-lived species raised the issue to the king that the surrounding area was deemed unfit for inhabitation.

“The violent current of that river over there reminds me of a certain someone.”

Stunk jutted his chin—still bruised from Meidri’s beating—in the direction of the water.

As far as he was concerned, she was way more dangerous than any cave monster.

“Where is this Kama Sutra place anyway?”

“Over there! Can’t you see the path leading out from the woods? Well, it’s at the top of that hill, actually. Up there, the place would be safe even if the river

flooded.”

It was easy to spot from Kanchal’s perch.

At the top of the hill beyond the thicket of trees, a small building was just barely visible. There was another teardrop-shaped building at a higher point on the same hill. The structures’ exotic natures, uncommon in this region, drew the attention of all four compasses.

The human: Stunk.

The elf: Zel.

The halfling: Kanchal.

The hybrid: Brooz.

Though they were of four different species, they shared a common goal.

Onward they marched, ever drawn by the pull of their compasses as they approached the promised land.

In no time at all, they arrived at the succubus district atop the forested hill. Myriad dens of debauchery dotted the sea of green.

“Lotta elf places up here. I guess that’s because we’re in the forest.”

“Ohh, there’s a dryad joint, too. It’s been a while since I had fun with a dryad...”

“A kelpie joint, huh? ...In those places, the bath is so deep, it’s all you can do to not drown.”

“Achoo—!”

The fuzzy one among them let out a great big sneeze.

“You getting sick on me, Brooz?”

“Nah. Ever since a little bit ago, there’s been this weird scent in the air...
Achoo—!”

Brooz was anxiously rubbing his nose.

“This is just my hunch, but could this smell possibly be—?”

“There it is! We made it, boys!”

Kanchal let out an excited yelp, cutting off Brooz.

At long last, Kama Sutra loomed before them.

“...It’s massive.”

The building looked like something out of another realm. It was easily three times larger than any of the surrounding establishments.

The central structure had three adjoining towers, and a massive tree trunk ran through its teardrop-shaped roof. The entire building was bathed in sunlight and gave off a resplendent sheen, perhaps due to a special paint or material. Even the sign over the entryway was glittering like a cut diamond.

The men let out a collective *gulp* and found that their mouths had gone dry.

“Hey, Kanchal, I’m guessing this place is pretty pricey, huh?”

“All my friend said was that it was incredible.”

Stunk opened up his leather satchel and checked his finances.

The rest of the group pulled their pockets inside out.

Silence.

“...We should probably try somewhere else.”

“Yeah, nothing we can do about it this time.”

“Ahh—*Achoo*—!”

No matter how adamant their compasses might have been, they simply couldn’t spend money they didn’t have.

“O-oh, wait a sec! That monster we defeated back in Yogan Cave was huge! There has to be some kind of bounty on its head. Let’s hit up the locals and see if we can cash in!”

“Why are you getting so fired up all of a sudden?”

“I’ve always wanted to check out Kama Sutra... I don’t even care if you cut into my share of the reward! Let’s just try! Please!”

Kanchal’s compass was especially aggressive today.

But the other men understood his feelings all too well. Seventy percent of all

risks taken end in regret. However, the remaining 30 percent are met with extreme validation.

The group decided to hedge their bets on the potential reward money and made their way to the local guild.

The moment they walked through the doors of Kama Sutra, the dulcet melodies of a stringed instrument graced their ears.

“From the twilight emerge four weary travelers, their eyes afire, rapt with desire, O Garuda... ♪”

A woman was singing. She had two horns protruding from her head, red skin, and golden wings on her back. From the waist down, she had the body of a bird.

Although her appearance came off as a little gaudy, they had never seen anyone like her before. They also didn’t recognize the stringed instrument she plucked or the exotic melody it produced.

That said, her clear eyes and pronounced nose accentuated her gorgeous face. Stunk knew his type when he saw it. But her little performance began so suddenly that he wasn’t quite sure how to react.

“You work here...right?”

“She’s a gandharva. I haven’t seen one in so long.”

“You’re familiar with her kind, Zel?”

“They’re an airborne species that lives in the tropical region to the east. Their culture holds a deep appreciation for the arts.”

“Far have we traveled, across the scorching sands, to delight in the pleasures of the flesh... ♪”

The gandharva, who they assumed to be the receptionist, did a skillful dance step on her avian legs.

Not to be outdone, Kanchal responded with a jig of his own.

“We’ve never been here before... ♪ Please tell us more... ♪”

He was getting into it.

“Of course, I would be happy to give you the full rundown of our

establishment.”

“Oh, so you *can* speak normally.”

“It would be hard on first-timers if I sang through the entire explanation.”

The gandharva’s song and dance concluded as she adopted a more professional persona. She didn’t stop playing her instrument, however. The group wasn’t sure if it was personal preference or company policy.

The available services didn’t differ greatly from a regular succubus joint. Pick a girl, pick a theme, then head off to battle in the playroom of your choosing.

“I dunno if I follow these themes... Standard means regular, obviously, but what’s with the minstrel course and the church-music course?”

“It is just as their names suggest. The minstrel course lets you enjoy passionate, lyrical exchange, and the church-music course features authentic pipe organs. We also have musical selections that would be more familiar to customers from the west.”

“So you’re strictly talking BGM?”

“No wonder this place is so huge...”

Neither the minstrel nor church-music courses really resonated with anyone in the party, so they all opted for the standard course.

All they had to do now was select their partners. However...

“*Achoo... Achoo... A-achoo—!*”

...Brooz’s sneezes hadn’t let up.

“Brooz, you good?”

“Th-this smell... It’s so *spicy*... My nose—*Achoo—!*”

“The smell isn’t bothering me.”

A particular fragrance wafted from the gandharva’s body. It smelled like a number of different perfumes mixed together. The moment the enticing scent entered Stunk’s nostrils, it lit a fire in his loins.

“I guess having an acute sense of smell can be a blessing and a curse.”

“Excuse me, I’d like to select this G-cup siren for the standard course!”

“Kanchal, you little shit! You snatched up the one with the biggest tits while I was showing compassion for my fellow man!”

After Kanchal, it was Stunk’s turn to look through the glass window and select a girl. The room was filled to the brim with sirens and gandharvas.

Thankfully, Stunk’s compass pointed him in the direction of a girl other than the one Kanchal had already called dibs on.

“Okay, I’ll take the slender gandharva with the six-pack.”

“I have a hard time saying no to a siren, but we came all the way here, so I’ll go with her.”

Zel pointed at a particularly youthful gandharva.

“A-achoo! I’d like a siren wearing very little perfume, please...”

Brooz’s red, watery eyes were deadly serious.

“At your behest, honored guests... ♪ Your goddesses await... ♪”

The group quickly paired off. They had only been a party up until the moment they entered the establishment. After all, how could a man prove his individual worth while standing shoulder to shoulder with his comrades?

They each faced their chosen succu-girl with determination.

All right, let’s see what this gandharva can do!

Opening the door to the playroom was akin to throwing wide the gates of the treasure hoard after clearing a difficult dungeon. The heart trembled with anticipation, as well as with the slightest sliver of fear.

A delicate aroma wafted toward Stunk, rousing his primal instincts as a lilting string melody serenaded him. His partner held no instrument, however.

“Heh, jackpot.”

The girl Stunk had chosen through the window was no less alluring up close. At succubus joints, it wasn’t rare for a girl to pose at the perfect angle, making herself look like a ten out of ten, all to get her hooks into a potential customer.

Taking this into consideration, Stunk was pleased to see the girl he had chosen was a knockout from every possible angle. With her pronounced features, one wouldn't immediately call her a babe or a beauty. She was 100 percent badass.

Man, I love it when a girl with a face like this bends to my every whim.

Her sporty physique was the perfect complement to her cool face. She had well-defined muscles and almost no body fat, her perky bust adding an extra bit of flavor to her profile. The red skin visible beneath the sheer fabric of her sari was the flame of passion made manifest.

"Hhhhhhh—"

She took in a deep breath and gracefully extended a hand toward Stunk.

"The moment you dreamed of has finally come... ♪ Let our souls intertwine till our bodies grow numb... ♪"

"You're a singer, too?!"

Stunk couldn't resist taking a jab at his girl's overly rehearsed singsong voice. Little did he know this was only the beginning. Before long, Stunk found himself unable to make a jab—or say anything else, for that matter.

He had been swallowed by a flood of noise.

*

Back at Ye Pubbe, Stunk's group presented their findings as always. The reviews detailed their experiences at the succubus joint they visited, complete with pros and cons, and the joint's overall score out of ten.

The moment the review went up on the bulletin board, it was swarmed by eager pub patrons. A number of them even offered to buy a copy.

These men were all hungry for information on the best succubus spots, and everyone who wrote a review got a cut of the commission—when the reviews actually sold, that is.

"Awesome! I made enough for another outing!"

"...Hey, Stunk... Next time, how about we go somewhere where the girls are a

little more laid-back?”

“Zel, just this once, I agree with you.”

A melodic voice echoed in Stunk’s mind. It would be a while before he felt up to doing it with a screamer.

REVIEW

KAMA SUTRA

HUMAN	ELF	HALFLING	HYBRID (Dog)
Stunk	Zel	Kanchal	Brooz
5	8	9	0
If we're talking about looks, the girls were all top-notch. But good god, they never shut up! I knew the singing and dancing was what made this place popular, but I didn't think the girl would be singing <i>the entire time we were doing it!</i> ...But wait, there's more. At some point, an entire crew of backup dancers showed up. Another guy might've gotten excited, but I was left speechless, and not in a good way...	So noisy! My girl was singing right into my ears the whole time, so they're still ringing. That said, gandharvas' voices are rich with magical energy, so I was pretty into it. Her lower half was a work of art, though. She was super tight and felt incredible. If she cut down on the singing a little more, I would've had zero complaints.	A beautiful marriage of rhythm, melody, and dance! A thrilling experience of bodies moving in perfect harmony! I had such a great time. Kama Sutra is expensive, but the girls' voices were first-class. The backup dancers nailed every move like it was second nature! It didn't really hit all my personal marks, though. It was more like a high-energy workout session. Not dirty enough.	This isn't the place for a hybrid with a sensitive nose... My sinuses were horribly irritated by the gandharvas' spicy scent the moment I walked through the door! I thought I'd have fun if I chose a siren instead, but it was too late. And my nose wasn't the only victim. My canine ears suffered just as much. Long story short, I didn't really get to do anything with anyone. For the sake of my fellow hybrids out there, I'm gonna have to give this place a shitty score.

Kanchal, on the other hand, was all smiles. He bounced his shoulders to an unheard rhythm.

“You all still reek.”

Brooz rubbed his nose, looking utterly dejected.

In an attempt to lift his spirits, they each bought him a mug of ale.

CHAPTER 2

MEOW MEOW PARADISE AND BEYOND

Ummm, let's see... Nice to meet you. I should probably start there.

My name is Crimvael. My acquaintances call me Crim, so please feel free to do the same.

This may become apparent the moment you look at my head or my back, but yes, I'm an angel.

I have a halo and wings, and they're not fake.

Is this your first encounter with an angel? It must be. As a general rule, we're not really allowed to come down to the surface.

My fall was a bit of an accident... The full details are something of a proprietary secret of Heaven. My apologies.

The moment I fell to the surface, I was attacked by a monster. I was terrified.

We don't have any scary-looking monsters in Heaven, and my halo had broken somehow, so I couldn't use my powers to defend myself.

My mind was racing with thoughts like *Oh no, I'm going to die!*, *Oh no, oh no, this is bad!*, and *Oh— I forgot to bring the laundry in...*

I was so scared, I couldn't speak or even stand.

I thought I was going to be eaten, but just at that moment—

Whoosh! Plonk!

An arrow flew through the air and lodged itself into the back of the monster's head, though it didn't seem to do any significant damage. This creature was massive, towering over me like a building, and I don't think the arrow even pierced its skull.

But it was enough to stop it dead in its tracks.

"Get it, Stunk!"

Just then, Zel— Oh, Zel is a male elf. He's also a succubus-joint obsessed per—um, what I mean to say is, he's a very sensual person who loves women. At any rate, Zel, who I'd never seen before, yelled from the shadow of a tree, a bow in his hand.

A flash of light tore through the sky. At first, I thought it was a ray of hope straight from God.

A moment later, the monster had fallen to the ground in large pieces, divided along the lacerations wrought by the flash. It was truly impressive swordsmanship.

It was over in a single slash—no, two slashes executed in the same amount of time it would take a normal person to make one.

And just like that, the monster had been felled.

The swordsman was Stunk. He's also a perv— No, I shouldn't say anything mean about him. He saved my life.

To be honest, at the time, the two of them looked like true heroes to me. It's hard to believe they're actually...well, never mind.

"Are you okay, young...man?"

Stunk was staring hard at me and knitting his brows.

"You an angel? Don't think I've met one o' you before."

"Me neither. Not once in two hundred years."

Stunk and Zel seemed unfazed. The surface world was populated by so many different species; running into someone completely new was probably a common occurrence for them.

Their subdued reactions further reinforced my belief that they were great heroes.

"We'll drop you off at a town up ahead. Just follow us."

It was decided just like that. I didn't even get a chance to show my gratitude.

Looking back, it's embarrassing to think these two were the only ones I could rely on for help.

"Could you find it in your heart to let me accompany you for the time being? Please, I have nowhere else to turn."

I was grasping at straws. I was unable to return to Heaven while my halo was broken, and with little knowledge of the world below, I needed someone I could

depend on.

But I had no idea what I was in for...

The pair willingly heard my plea. They even went so far as to promise they'd support me as best they could until my halo was repaired.

On one condition.

"When your halo gets fixed, you gotta take us to Heaven!"

And when I asked why...

"Why else? To see if they have succubus joints in Heaven!"

...That's right.

It may bear repeating, and it seems ungrateful to the ones who saved my life. However...

...Stunk and Zel are reprobate sinners, utterly devoted to the base desires that compose their very beings.

And they expected me to take them to a den of debauchery staffed by angels and gods!

Absolutely unfathomable!

Anyway, shortly after I arrived in town, I...er...ummm...

Urgh... Heaven, forgive me...

Soon after I fell to the surface, I was taken to a succubus joint.

Stunk and Zel covered my fees, and I entered a world of sinful indulgence.

The desire to share pleasure with another is a virtue, is it not?

If you think about it that way, they're actually upstanding gentlemen. They're certainly not evildoers.

But you know...

Now that I think about it.....

They knew I was an angel, yet they brought me to a brothel *immediately*! The nerve!

To be honest, being there made me even more nervous than when I had gotten cornered by that vicious monster. My face was on fire, and I was completely out of my element.

I had no idea what I was doing!

By the way, the place we visited was called Meow Meow Paradise.

The establishment was staffed exclusively by cat hybrids, and their enthusiastic meows were oddly alluring. Given it had only taken that small amount of stimulation to rouse my interest, I started to panic.

“This is his first time, so make sure he gets a good one.”

Oh, Zel, you were so considerate.

Thanks to him, my girl was a real winner...though I still think it's impolite to talk about women that way.

Regardless, it has to be said. The succu-girl I got paired with was delightful, to say the least... Her name was Mii. She was covered in soft fur from head to toe, and there was a striped pattern on her ears and tail. Her expression was dripping with lust, as if she had just sniffed catnip.

For the first time in my life, I felt a strange sensation between my legs.

“Meow... I've never been with an angel before.”

Atop the bed in our playroom, Mii hugged me from behind. Though it goes without saying, I felt two soft lumps pressing into my back.

They were oh so plush. And because they were covered in fur, the tighter she gripped herself against me, the more I felt myself sinking into them.

The pliability of her prodigious pair was a godsent miracle. I could feel my mind starting to melt...

Ah, how I adore breasts...

Oh, but this is a common opinion! In fact, Stunk and Zel love breasts on an instinctual level! To deny them their love is to deny a living organism the foundation of its identity!

...Though if I made that argument to God, God would probably say *That's not*

true at all.

I wonder if I fell from grace the moment I fell from Heaven...

It was easy to think that way because...Mii's breasts were so big.

Later on, when I asked Stunk, he said she was probably a G-cup, or maybe even an H-cup. Faced with a such a titanic bust, it was small wonder I became so stiff. And by that, I mean I was so nervous, I was practically frozen solid. Though I would be lying if I said I wasn't also hard down there...

"Is it your furrst time in a place like this?"

I was too flustered to answer her. It was indeed my first time at a succubus joint, and I was already in over my head. I was captivated by her sweet scent, her exploring hands, her delicate paw pads, her breasts she kept glued to me, her breasts she smushed against my back, her paw pads, her pillowy thighs... and her breasts.

Did I mention her breasts yet...?

"Why don't we rrrinse off in the shower?"

I blindly followed her lead. I wouldn't have known what to do with myself otherwise. I just assumed if I did as she asked, heaven would await me in the end. I'm so sorry, God.

Once I surrendered myself to her, the things I experienced were nothing short of divine.

I had delved into an unknown world of slippery, syrupy, and sensual bliss. In other words, she was washing me in the bath... Well, I call it washing, but in truth, it was more of a full-body rubdown, with every inch of my flesh at the mercy of her paws. It felt so good.

"You're thin, but your skin is so soft, just like a girl's... *Down here*, however, you're a regular lady-killer. ♪"

Mii gulped a number of times to keep herself from drooling in between phrases like "My god," "It's unbelievable," "So big," "Bad boy," and "This torture device would make any woman scream."

Back then, I wasn't familiar with the many ways men and women spoke to

each other. I thought she was genuinely upset with me, and I started to sniffle and tear up.

“Is it really...*sniffle*... Is it really that bad?”

“Bad? It’s pawsitively *evil*... You are in so much trouble. I need to punish you right *meow*.”

Mii let out a mischievous giggle as she ran a paw over my torture device.

“Oh—!”

Lightning raced up my thighs, and I jumped. As her soapy, wet fingers traveled up and down the length of it, my entire body was awash with minute electric shocks.

“Ah— Oh, umm— Oh, ohhh?! What the...? What—unnnh...!”

The rain cloud over my head vanished in the blink of an eye. I became focused, body and soul, on the wondrous numbing sensation.

I had yet to comprehend that what I was feeling was pleasure.

Overwhelmed, all I could do was cry out as I latched onto Mii’s chest for dear life.

“Hahh, ungh, wait... Mii, please wait...!”

“I don’t think so. It was awfully naughty of you to conceal such a lethal weapon between your legs. I’m gonna have to get serious, so prepare yourself, okay? This is legitimate self-defense...!”

Mii then launched into a feat of acrobatics unlike anything I had ever seen before. She unleashed her special move: a concentrated erotic massage using her paws, breasts, and everything else. How she managed to effortlessly glide her entire body from base to tip and back again, I’ll never know. Words simply can’t do it justice.

There wasn’t a single shop I visited afterward that provided a similar experience. As it turns out, Mii’s rough, feline tongue effectively barred her from the realm of oral pleasure, and that was what prompted her to perfect other techniques.

In no time at all, I was twitching and writhing and then—

Yes.

I came.

“Meowww... Wow... Oh my god...it’s still coming out! A big load for a big boy. And you’re still so hard! How about it? Got another one in ya?”

I ended up cumming three more times after that. Ropes of thick, sticky fluid covered Mii’s face, hands, and chest.

It was so viscous, I was worried it would get stuck in her fur and be impossible to remove without some special cleansing lube. I had never imagined my body could produce such...volume. It had a peculiar smell to it, too...

“Mmm, I love this smell.”

Mii playfully swished some around in her mouth. She then opened wide and swirled it around her rough tongue, and I could see the myriad threads of white. It was the height of eroticism.

“I usually charge extra for this, but...it’s your first time, and your milk is so sweet and delicious. As an extra special treat, I’ll drink it all right *meow*.”

Gulp.

Mii fervently swallowed my heavy cream.

“Mmph...*glug*... *Pfah!* Thanks for the snack.”

She graciously took my impurity within herself. I couldn’t hold back and I... I, um...

I returned to the bath with her and came one more time.

But I still wasn’t finished. I felt like I could keep going forever.

That was around the time I slipped up and got careless...

She ended up figuring it out—my secret, that is.

“Oh me, oh my, what have we here? Dear customer, could it be...?”

As Mii washed my body with cleansing lube, her chest pressed up against my crotch—against a deeper place between my thighs—and her slit-shaped pupils

contracted.

“You’re a boy...*and* a girl?”

...Yes, that’s right.

We angels are intersex. It seems this isn’t common knowledge on the surface.

We don’t really have breasts, but we do have both kinds of bits between our legs.

If Stunk and the other pervs found out, they would probably try to jump me... or that was my fear anyway. As a precaution, I decided to keep my lady bits a secret.

“*Purrrrr.*”

I didn’t really understand the intent behind Mii’s mischievous glance. I was in a succubus joint, where any and all words and gestures contained worlds of hidden meaning.

The truth only came out in bed.

“Let’s make your furrst time a pawsitive experience. Just relax and enjoy.”

As I lay faceup on the bed, Mii straddled me.

My body squirmed with anticipation as I thrashed about below.

She teased her entrance over the tip.

She was about to swallow me whole...

There was no turning back...

The world grew hazy...or maybe I was just flustered. At any rate, I had been completely swept up in her momentum.

“Mmm, nya!”

Undeterred by my hesitation, Mii slid me inside all at once. I was engulfed by a hot, slippery sensation, and before I could even fully process what I was feeling—*pshooo!*

I blew another load as easily as one would exchange greetings.

“Mnf...hff...hee-hee, you sure have a lot of energy for a first-timer.”

After seeing how happy Mii looked, I couldn't help feeling a little proud of myself.

Getting to finish inside her was indescribable. That said, I wasn't given the chance to savor the lingering sense of ecstasy.

"Here comes the hurricane."

As I struggled with pointless thoughts like *Is hurricane another name for male genitalia?* Mii fell upon me with reckless abandon. My concerns hadn't even crossed her mind.

Her hip work was otherworldly. She was a feline, after all... There was no limit to her body's potential for smooth, coordinated movement.

Her tail danced wildly as she grinded back and forth, side to side, 'round and 'round. The way she moved made it abundantly clear that she had no intention of showing me any mercy.

That must have been how the monster felt right before Stunk killed it.

"Unh, I c-can't, I can't, oh God...! I'm cumming, I'm cumming, *I'm cumming* —!!"

Immediately, I came inside again. With my last shot depleted, I was running on empty.

Looking back on my experience, it's a wonder the sheer ecstasy didn't leave me in a vegetative state.

"Mmm, meowww! I can't believe you still came so much! You have a cute face, but your sexual appetite is off the charts, you horny little angel..."

Mii had taken to nuzzling her cheek against mine when she was happy. By then, I was drunk on the feeling of her soft fur. Being close enough to nuzzle me meant she was also close enough for me to feel her breasts pressing against me.

But no matter how I drowned in pleasure, it seemed Mii wasn't done with me just yet...

"Now then, I wonder what'll happen when I do *this*."

I could feel something long and fluffy prodding at my pearly gates.

It was her tail.

“Ah—!”

A voice I had never heard before leaked out of my own mouth. As my femininity took the reins, a gasp of pleasure escaped my nose.

Up to that point, my gates had been shut tight to the world. But now, the dam was fit to burst. Not to mention, my ivory tower, yet to fall, was still buried in Mii’s warmth.

I had no energy left to resist.

“Ahh, no...! Not there...! Please, anywhere but there!”

“Don’t you worry, kitten. I’ll be much gentler than a man ever would...”

...I don’t think I need to explain what happened next.

That day, I lost my virginity. Twice.

Mii’s fluffy cat-tail made short work of me. I didn’t even have the luxury of writhing in exhaustion.

Both halves of my sex were screaming.

“Hahh...hahh...hahh...hahh! Oh Goddd...!!”

As my gateway erupted, my tower followed suit.

An unrelenting deluge.

There was no end to it.

Manna rained ceaselessly from my dual heavens.

How could I, a tainted angel, ever hope to show my face in front of God or my fellows again?

“*Purrrr...* What a feast that was. Your O-face was the icing on the cake, my little angel.”

Mii affectionately kneaded my head with her paw pads as she spoke. The praise she lavished me with helped ease the guilt, if only a little.

I felt so dirty. Despite all that has happened, I am still an angel.

Maybe having my reentry into Heaven barred by my broken halo was a blessing in disguise...

It hasn't been fixed yet, so for the moment, I remain on the surface. In an attempt to support myself, I took a job at a local pub called Ye Pubbe.

Sometimes, I write reviews of succubus joints that then get posted on the bulletin board at the pub, and that brings in a little money, too. I am finally making enough to live in relative comfort.

...And I still visit succubus joints often.

Or no— Not really! I only really go when Stunk invites me!

I almost never go...of my own volition. I'm not like Stunk. I'm not a slave to the compass swinging between my legs!

What's more, my gates have remained firmly shut ever since.

It's not that I didn't enjoy myself, but having both bits stimulated at the same time was way too much for me. It felt amazing, yet terrifying, and a little embarrassing.

That's why when I found myself at this new shop, I found it hard to relax right away.



*

Crim stopped talking and waited for their partner's reaction. It was the first time they had shared their sexual history with a new companion. She made them feel comfortable enough to lay their heart bare, right then and there.

"...I see."

Elza spoke slowly and gently, stroking Crim's shoulder. The two of them were lying face-to-face in bed as they spoke.

"It sounds like you've been through a lot."

"I have... I really have."

"Hmm..."

The hand on Crim's shoulder wasn't overly sympathetic. There was no overt sense of compassion or ulterior motive of seduction.

She was simply stroking their shoulder. It did wonders to put Crim at ease.

Though the succu-girl appeared brusque, something about her demeanor was oddly reassuring.

"Elza..."

Elza was a hyena hybrid—tall and slender, with sharp, almost masculine eyes. Her protruding muzzle contributed to her cut physique.

Crim's traveling companion had said, *"This place might be a little different than what you're used to."*

What's more, Crim had chosen Elza personally. As they had suspected, she was just their type.

With Elza, Crim's femininity issued a powerful response. Even now, the woman within them wanted nothing more than to be with her.

Their dynamic was partly due to the unique theme of this particular establishment.

The Genderswap Inn.

At this succubus joint, male customers could use a special potion to change

their sex and experience the ecstasy of the female form directly.

When Crim took the potion, their member completely disappeared, leaving only their lady bits.



Crim thought selecting a more masculine playmate would be better at helping them get in touch with their feminine side.

“Go ahead and relax. You chose me, so I’ll make sure you won’t regret it.”

Elza whispered into Crim’s ear and ran her fingers through their golden locks. Their heart was beating out of their chest.

Oh wow... She’s something else...

If Elza hadn’t had such round, full breasts, Crim might have mistaken her for a man. And yet she was so much more magnificent than any man Crim had ever met. Plus, she had all the beauty and warmth of a woman; how could one person be so perfect?

Crim’s chest was pounding even harder. Their inner maiden had been fully awakened.

“Stick out your tongue,” commanded Elza as she placed a palm on Crim’s cheek.

The sudden order made their heart skip a beat.

“L-like ziss?”

“Good girl.”

As Crim sheepishly poked their tongue out from between their lips, Elza playfully nipped at it with her fangs. She then applied pressure while teasing the tip with her own tongue.

This combination of soft bite and numbing tickle melted Crim’s nervousness away, giving way to arousal as their fire was lit.

“Hff...mmm...shlp...shlp...ahhhh.”

Crim opened their mouth wider, and their tongue began to dance, all the while intertwined with Elsa’s. The sounds of their kiss echoed around the room.

“Hey, you’re not half-bad.”

Elza received Crim’s kisses like an owner with a fawning puppy. She welcomed the angel’s enthusiastic tongue movements and matched their rhythm, occasionally evading to enhance the tension.

It's like my tongue is melting... My God...

This was a pleasure Crim could never experience in Heaven. Such a thing was forbidden, of course.

Yet Elza's hands gently caressing Crim's head and shoulder dispersed their fears like flour in a bowl of water. She kneaded the dough, set it aflame, and what was the result...? A perfectly plump, piping-hot loaf of passion.

Well, a *certain something* was missing at the moment, so Crim had nothing "plump" to speak of—but in its place, their remaining portion was hot and ready.

"Ohh, what should I...I...I...ahh..."

Crim's body shuddered with an unfamiliar feeling. This was all new. Losing one part had allowed Crim to focus all their pleasure on the other.

When Crim was erect, they could *feel* their masculinity bellowing *All right, time to crush it!* It was an intense, violent impulse most unbecoming of an angel.

Yet right now, Crim's femininity was cooing *Ohhh, my kitty's been so lonely!* Just where the hell did *that* come from? It was jarring enough to give Crim pause.

Crim covered their face with both hands.

"Don't you worry about a thing. Just let me take care of you."

The words shot straight to their heart, making Crim sopping wet in an instant.

Elza shifted her body. A wet *schlick* leaked from between Crim's thighs.

"Hah, ahh—!"

"Easy there. I've been inside you for a while now. Still not used to it yet?"

Elza shifted again—not her hands or her legs, but her hips. The curved, red probe between her thighs had already been well acquainted with Crim.

Indeed, female hyenas possessed a pseudophallus that resembled the male penis. Elza had been inside Crim for the majority of their bedtime.

Before the festivities, Crim and Elza had both washed their bodies in the bath

and gotten nice and clean. Incidentally, Elza's tongue had given Crim's slit an extra vigorous scrubbing, causing them to climax not once but thrice. When she playfully nibbled Crim's clitoris, they were so consumed by ecstasy, they feared they might actually return to Heaven.

After moving to the bed, Crim was hopelessly hypnotized by Elza's attentiveness and consideration.

She's so, so wonderful... How many times had Crim had that thought?

The way she carried on their conversation while ever-so-slightly inside Crim was beyond sensual.

With our bodies joined like this, even a simple chat makes me so happy...

Elza's every movement was delicate, as promised. Thanks to how gentle she was, Crim felt like they could let out everything that had been welling up within their chest.

Crim's body felt light, as did their heart.

"Hnh... Elza..."

Crim was coaxed into the position Elza desired. They were now lying on their side, with their back to Elza.

"I'm going to make you mine."

Elza grabbed hold of Crim from behind and pulled them close. The feeling of her breasts against Crim's back served as a reminder of her femininity. She lightly stroked Crim's upper arm, and they shuddered in anticipation.

...It's coming.

The heat of Elza's rod slowly rose through Crim's lower abdomen.

"A-ah... Ahh! I can feel you so deeply...!"

Crim was drenched and shuddering relentlessly. Greedily, they took Elza in deeper and deeper, becoming numb.

"Good girl. You let me all the way in."

"Oh my... I'm...so embarrassed."

“I’m not gonna stop, so feel whatever you want.”

In spite of her brusque voice, Elza’s movements were the epitome of grace; they were nowhere near as forceful as her words, and if anything, they gave Crim the reprieve needed to reach climax all on their own.

“Oh, I...I’m...I’m gonna—!”

In a breathtaking show of force, the space between Crim’s thighs exploded with love nectar. Crim was perplexed by the amount of liquid one angelic body could possess, but the real show was yet to begin...

Elza continued exploring their depths...

Squik.

...and the moment she touched down on their final frontier, they exploded once more.

As Crim’s face blanched, another spot on the bed was hit by a tide of white.

“Haahhh, ahh—!!”

“Did you finish? You’re too cute.”

Crim was absolutely intoxicated, surrendering to Elza as their hips bucked violently.

Their mind all but shut off as they tasted unholy ascension.

Elza halted her hips, allowing Crim to savor the moment. Her arms tightened around them. Their hands clasped. Fingers intertwined.

She nipped at Crim’s ear.

“Ahh— Elza, Elza...!”

As their bodies wove together, Elza’s tender embrace prolonged Crim’s euphoria. Even as the ivory tide began to recede, Crim’s contentment never wavered.

“So? You understand a woman’s pleasure a little better now?”

“Ooh...y-yes, I—I think I do...um...but...”

As Crim finally settled down, an extraneous thought entered their mind.

“I wasn’t able to be as tender and affectionate as you.”

Crim’s voice cracked with guilt. Elza nuzzled Crim’s cheek, encouraging them to say more.

“I’ve always told myself I would be gentle with the succu-girls I spent time with...but I’m nowhere near as skilled as you, Elza. Sometimes, I lose all control and become completely absorbed in thrusting...and thrusting, and thrusting...”

Crim knew their worries were unfounded. The services at a succubus joint should only be provided by the succu-girl. As long as customers didn’t cross the line, the only thing they needed to concern themselves with was their own pleasure.

But Crim was an angel—ultimately conscientious of others.

If someone makes me feel good, I’d like to be able to return the favor.

They had only returned to dry land for a moment before hearing Elza say, “I’m gonna get a little rough, okay?”

“Y-yes...okay.”

“All right—ungh!”

Elza thrust deep inside Crim.

“Ohh—!”

A jolt of pleasure tore through Crim and caused them to jump. Elza pumped with newfound vigor.

“Unhh, unf— Hnnh, ahh, hyaaa—!!”

Crim cried out as if they were the only one in the room. Though their secret garden had shared its bounty numerous times already, it eagerly welcomed the return of its favorite visitor. The now-familiar sensation caused Crim’s eyes to roll back in their head.

Plap, plap, shlick, schlick, plap, plap, schlick, schlick—

Crim’s taut, youthful limbs were beaded with sweat, and their inner thighs were slick with fluid. Elza didn’t seem to mind that her fur was now damp with it. As she thrust in and out, her only focus was maximizing Crim’s pleasure.

“You’re getting lost in it, aren’t you?”

“Mmmm, mmf...yes... The feeling of you gripping my waist and slamming into me over and over again—!!”

“Is it too rough for you?”

Posing this question as she churned Crim’s insides, there was only one response.

“Mmn, ngah— N-no, I don’t mind.”

Crim loved it. They loved feeling this good. They were becoming absolutely enamored with Elza.

“It’s the same way for the professionals. A customer could be as sweet as can be, or they could simply see us as a means to an end. We accept all circumstances—within reason—and make sure that everyone enjoys themselves as much as possible. That’s what makes a good succu-girl.”

Elza’s movements eased up, if only slightly. Now she was teasing Crim with her hands and mouth. Her fluffy fur rubbed against the angel, her tongue showered them with canine kisses, and her fangs and claws added playful prickles.

“Ah, ahh, I’ve never felt this way before...!”

Every element of Elza’s tenderness sent a small wave of bliss washing over Crim, stoking their fire, body, and soul.

Below, Elza’s hip movements had grown rhythmic, taking care not to cause Crim the slightest ounce of discomfort. Though their shared performance had entered its final act, Crim felt no less at peace.

They could feel their peak nearing, little by little.

“I...I’m...so happy...”

Crim’s body curled in on itself, as did their toes. And so, for the final time that day, Crim embraced their inner woman as they ascended.

“Don’t feel like you have to discount your happiness. I’ll be here to hold you whenever you need.”

Elza cradled Crim as the two basked in the afterglow. Crim could feel her ample bust against their back and felt right at home. They could finally accept their love of breasts, and as an added bonus, they also came to terms with the masochistic thoughts that usually accompanied such an epiphany.

With Elza, Crim didn't have to stifle their indulgent moans.

"You've got a pretty nice voice."

Elza's deep voice sent Crim's feminine heart aflutter.

And so the sweet angel reveled in the rapture of the female experience.

*

Angel Crimvail 9

The potion turned me entirely into a woman, so I went along and picked a cool hyena girl, who was close to being male in both body and heart. While the way she talked and acted was a little scary, a sense of security actually started washing over me at her gentle treatment, and my mind was even more fulfilled than my body. By the time we were done, I may have felt more satisfied than I had at any regular store. I did feel a little nervous in the beginning because it was my first time doing anything like this entirely as a woman, but I guess it is nice to be able to focus on my female side now and then.

Thus concluded Crim's review of the Genderswap Inn. The establishment easily rose to the top of their tier list.

Crim's first sexual experience, which they were goaded into, focused on their male bits and had been far too intense. But this time, they were able to choose their own partner and focus on their female side, which made for a completely different experience.

The world was far vaster than they had ever realized.

There might be succubus joints out there that are even more incredible.

Crim had become obsessed with succu-girls. Though they appeared feminine at a glance, in their heart, they were no different than Stunk and the others.

None were immune to the draw of the compass.

Not even Crim, who enjoyed the best of both worlds.

Thanks to their experience with Elza, Crim no longer felt obligated to bring their sword into every battle.

“I guess Crim’s more of a fallen angel now, eh...?”

“He chose a hyena girl with a penis? He definitely knows something we don’t.”

“And his cock is bigger than any of ours to boot...”

“What manner of beast have we unleashed unto the world...?”

Crim didn’t realize that Stunk and the others were singing their praises.

For them, it was just another busy day at Ye Pubbe.

When I make some more money, I’d like to visit the succubus district again.

Even Crim had thoughts like this from time to time.

And in no time at all, a dog hybrid staggered into Ye Pubbe and shattered the peaceful atmosphere.

“Ah, Brooz, welcome.”

“...Mm.”

Brooz stared at the ceiling and rubbed his eyes. He was still suffering the aftereffects of his visit to Kama Sutra.

“...Crim, gimme an ale.”

“Coming right up. By the way, does your nose feel better yet?”

“Mm, yeah. I’d almost forgotten about that... It’s more of a mental thing, really. I guess I just let it get to me... ’Kay, time to snap out of it and move on!”

Brooz gave a quick slap to his fuzzy face to psych himself up. There was no immediate change, however, as he still seemed lost in thought.

A moment later, Crim returned with an ale.

“Sorry to keep you waiting; here’s your order. Also, have you been sleeping

well, Brooz? You're practically glowing."

Brooz couldn't admit that he just slept way too much. For obvious reasons, getting an early night's sleep was an utterly foreign concept at Ye Pubbe.

He took a swig of ale and licked his chops.

"Yeah, I was asleep before I knew it...or rather..."

"Why're you making the same dreamy face I usually make right after I bust a nut? You find a next-level succubus joint or something?"

"Yeah, Brooz, you can tell us. We're friends, aren't we?"

The delinquent duo, Stunk and Zel, poked at Brooz's cheeks in between japes.

No less interested, Crim paused midfloat, eagerly awaiting the dog hybrid's answer.

"Actually, I met someone."

"Who—?"

Brooz took another pull of ale. His next words were a shining beacon for all compasses in attendance.

"The succu-girl of urban legend...the Time-Traveling Temptress."

CHAPTER 3

CLUB BASILISK

The Time-Traveling Temptress.

Though she was widely considered an urban legend, some claimed to have had firsthand experience with her.

Legend said she would appear without being summoned.

Legend said an entire day of fooling around with her would feel as if it had passed in an instant.

Legend said she would assume the form of a succu-girl you had met only once in the distant past.

There were many such theories, but they all shared two common points.

First, she disappeared while you slept. Once the deed had been done, you would suddenly be overcome with drowsiness, and the moment you closed your eyes and drifted off into slumber, she would be gone. At first, it would seem like a dream, but upon waking, you would discover that the exact amount she charged had vanished from your funds.

Second, there was a 100 percent chance she would be hot. Unlike regular succu-girls, there was no hit-or-miss with the Time-Traveling Temptress. She was somehow able to pinpoint her customers' deepest desires and then manifest them with perfect accuracy. Even if you didn't have a clear picture of your ideal partner in your mind, the moment you saw her, you would say *Yes, yes—that's what I'm talkin' about!*

These two points, coupled with the various rumors, created quite the urban legend.

"She walked right up to me."

In a quiet corner of Ye Pubbe, Brooz lowered his voice. Surrounding him were Stunk, Zel, and other hopefuls salivating at the prospect of a brand-new succubus joint.

Brooz, the focus of their mounting curiosity, continued to sip his ale.

"To be honest...at the time, I was just about to hit a succubus joint. I wanted to reset my sense of smell by doin' it with a species closer to my own, so I was on my way to a hybrid joint."

Hybrid joints were rich in supply and high in demand. The fluffy feeling of soft fur was irresistible in the bedroom.

With so many options to choose from, it was easy to be indecisive in this world.

“I was deciding between going a familiar route or trying something new...”

“You went for something new, I bet.”

Stunk grinned from ear to ear as he spoke, ever sure of himself. They were both men, after all.

“Yeah. I headed down an alley in the back streets of the district—one I never go down...”

“Don’t you think those joints are a little weird? Like, you could find a hybrid joint, but all the girls would be naked mole rats or some other species without any fur.”

Zel spoke with a level voice, and Stunk grunted in agreement.

You would have to be a pretty high-level patron to be able to enjoy a wrinkly, naked-mole-rat girl. The only person Stunk knew who had a taste for them was Nalgami, the lamia. And he only liked them because they *“felt good sliding down the throat.”* That was something no one else could—or should—relate to.

“Nah, I could never do a naked mole rat. But honestly, I was ready to settle on just about anyone so long as they reset my nose. That smell was bothering me so much, I was losing sleep... I was so out of it.”

“Yeah, lately, you’ve been lookin’ like you were about to keel over... So it was ‘cause of the smell?!”

“That smell could kill a dog, Stunk... I don’t know how you guys put up with it.”

Brooz grumbled, but he did seem to be doing much better. His eyes were bright and clear.

“...So anyway, that’s when it happened. From the opposite end of the alley, this thick drink of water with chestnut fur started walking toward me.”

“If she was thick by your standards, she must have been superthick.”

Stunk chuckled to mask his shock.

“Yeah, she was something else. The *volume* of this woman—you’d mistake her for a polar bear. It was like her skin was trying to outdo her muscles in terms of sheer bulk. And that glistening, wet nose...!”

Wet noses were a huge turn-on for dog hybrids.

“‘*That’s what I’m talkin’ about!*’ I shouted, and I guess she must’ve heard me, because she gave me her card right after that. It was the kind that had a small telepathy-magic symbol on it. So I rented a room at an inn typically booked for outcalls and used the card to summon her...”

“Wait. Instead of just walking to the inn with her, you called her with the card?”

Stunk raised his hand and posed the question. He didn’t have much experience with escorts, so he wasn’t up to speed on the protocol.

“I guess it was some sort of issue with their business model. I don’t get it, either.”

Brooz brushed it off; he seemed very excited to tell the next part of his story.

“All I could think about was burying my nose in that furry cleavage and inhaling her scent as much as possible... After I took off her clothes, I didn’t do anything else but breathe. I sucked in her smell with all my might. I damn near sucked the clouds right out of the sky. And with that, the spicy scent stuck in the back of my nose was finally washed away. I felt like my soul had been cleansed.”

Brooz’s passionate speech about the woman’s scent went on for another thirty minutes or so.

In contrast, his recount of the actual sex was pretty noncommittal. When asked, all he said was “*It was normal.*”

“It was a good lay. I just wanted something normal, and that’s what I got. And I’ll be damned if it wasn’t exactly what I needed. I ended up getting so absorbed in it that I fell asleep...”

Brooz gulped down the last of his ale and let out a loud, satisfied sigh.

“...When I woke up, she was gone, and it was sunny outside. Like, *morning* sunny. It was afternoon when I got to the inn, which means I’d been there all night. It was like I time traveled...”

“Nah, you were sleep-deprived and got a good night’s rest. That’s it.”

“And now you’re gonna tell us the urban legend is real? Just from that?”

Stunk and Zel looked at Brooz skeptically.

“See, I would’ve, but it’s really weird. Afterward, I didn’t detect her scent anywhere on my body. You can usually smell a girl on you for at least three days after, right?”

“Uh, I have no idea about hybrid standards. Are you sure it wasn’t all a dream?”

“Brooz, you really were exhausted, weren’t ya, bud...?”

“Don’t gimme that... But yeah, when I asked, the innkeeper said nobody fitting my girl’s description had come in...”

“Definitely a dream.”

“At least it was a nice one.”

Lukewarm gazes fell on Brooz from all around.

“But the amount she charged was missing from my gold pouch!”

“You probably got robbed while you were sleeping.”

“My condolences, Brooz...”

The sympathy started pouring in, but Brooz didn’t lose his cool. From his front pocket, he produced a single leaf. It was a vibrant green.

“This is her card. The name was written right here.”

“That’s a damn leaf!”

“It was a normal paper card when I got it from her.”

“You must have been sleepwalking...”

“I’d appreciate it if you didn’t look at me with such genuine pity. Take a closer look at this leaf.”

The group looked at the “card,” unamused.

Zel was the first to cry out in surprise. Next was the angel, Crim, and the demon, Samtahn, followed by a number of patrons familiar with magic.

“What does it mean?”

Stunk raised an eyebrow as he prodded Zel for an explanation.

“There’s magical residue on it... Undeniable proof that a magical being left their mark.”

The atmosphere in the room had changed. All former nonbelievers were now chomping at the bit for that slim sliver of hope.

“Zel, can you restore it?”

“I’ll try. Brooz, put it on the table.”

Zel stared hard at the leaf and recited an incantation before tapping it once with his finger.

Then, in the space of two breaths, an azure light faintly emanated from the leaf.

A magical script had appeared on it’s surface, making Zel’s mouth contort. He didn’t know what he was looking at.

“What the hell...? What kind of magic is this?!”

The magically inclined all shook their heads.

“If you twisted my arm, I’d say it was magic from a far-off land... No, more like ancient magic.”

“Damn, ancient even from an elf’s perspective?”

Stunk felt he should at least ask.

“Yep. From long before I was born, I bet.”

“That means it’s at least three hundred years old. How do we get it to activate again?”

“That I can’t help you with. The residue is very faint and from a completely different school of magic than I’m versed in.”

The leaf’s glowing aura faded as the group chatted, causing the corner to grow silent. They were quiet enough to rouse Meidri’s suspicion. When the pub’s patrons weren’t hooting and hollering as they normally did, something was off.

Even men had their moments of silence. They entered a trancelike state, waiting for their compasses to point the way forward.

“An escort guaranteed to be hot, huh?” Stunk mumbled quietly to himself.

It was too good to be true and should’ve been treated as such—an urban legend and nothing more. Even at The Elven Inn, a place widely considered to be a fail-safe, there was a nonzero chance you could get a girl with an attitude that completely ruined your night.

But...what if it was real? What if a woman who was guaranteed to satisfy you suddenly appeared?

“...It’s worth looking into further.”

Stunk and company stood up in unison.

The proprietress at the inn specializing in outcalls had a sour look on her face.

The moment she learned Stunk wasn’t a customer, she furrowed her brow, and wrinkles formed around her mouth. It was clear from her appearance that she didn’t want to be involved in any trouble.

“Mind if I ask you something, cutie?”

She looked a little too old to be considered “cute,” but Stunk pressed on with a smile.

At times like this, one had to pour on the charm.

Once Stunk put enough money in her hand to buy two days’ worth of cigarettes, the wrinkles on her face smoothed out a bit.

“Did a dog-hybrid customer check in some time yesterday afternoon and stay till morning?”

“Yeah, that sleepy dog boy? I remember him. He came in by himself and left by himself, which is pretty odd for this place.”

“And did a plump hybrid woman come in or out after him?”

“Nope. I didn’t sense any summoning magic, either.”

The proprietor tapped the room list on the wall. Each had a red or blue light next to its name. Stunk deduced the lights magically lit up when a room was occupied.

I guess Brooz’s story was just a dream after all...

Just as Stunk was about to sit down, the proprietress casually offered: “Oh yeah! Come to think of it, when he was here, his room light turned green.”

“Green? Blue is male, and red is female, right? So green is...nonbinary?”

There were species that didn’t fit neatly into any one box of gender or sex, kind of like slugs. As an example, the girl Crim had chosen the previous day at the Genderswap Inn had a pseudopenis. It would be a lie to say Stunk wasn’t curious.

“Green means a safe level of magic has been used. Purple means danger.”

“So summoning magic, then?”

“If that were the case, red and blue would have shown up, too. But there was only blue, for the dog boy. He was probably using a magical hole, eh?”

“Magi-holes feel so good...”

A magical hole simulated female genitalia, and using one felt far better than any hand job.

One explanation was that Brooz could have been using a magi-hole while hypnotized to think someone else was with him.

Stunk wasn’t fully satisfied with the answers he had received but left the inn all the same.

If nothing else, I know that Brooz can’t use magic on his own.

Brooz was a tried-and-true martial arts specialist who fought barehanded. It was unlikely he had been hiding a secret magical affinity for as long as Stunk

had known him.

Something must have happened at the inn. Did the mysterious woman's card transform into a magi-hole or something? Maybe Brooz got bewitched, thought the magi-hole was actually a peerless beauty (from a hybrid's perspective), and spent the entire day huffing and puffing through his canine nose.

Then he put his gold in the magi-hole, and it was transported to the mage behind it all.

Stunk imagined the situation but still had trouble believing it was anything more than a crude scam.

"I guess I've got some more digging to do."

Not in any huge rush for answers, he sauntered around the succubus district.

The alley where Brooz had met the woman in question wasn't far from Ye Pubbe. A number of Stunk's regular spots were also nearby, which meant there was an abundance of people he could question.

"Huh? We're talking about Brooz here. Of course he was sleepwalking."

"That dog guy was wasted out of his mind."

"Hey, Stunk, you owe me five smokes for the one you bummed the other day. Interest, boy, interest."

"What the hell was with your recent review? I used it as a reference, and the girl was trash."

"Hey, Stunk, do you think we can hire Crim here? Men like him are in high demand— Hey, hey— Are you listening?"

"Hey, hey, Stunk! Would you like to work here? Men like you are quite popular with a select customer demographic. Don't worry...all you'd have to do is top them..."

No one he spoke to told him anything useful, but he didn't feel like giving up just yet.

If he grew discouraged after every misfire, he would never last as a succubus-district regular.

There was an old saying about the best information being gleaned from the streets. Anyone who had ever been asked to look for a missing person knew this in their bones.

At any rate, Stunk wasn't a hybrid or a mage; he was a human swordsman. He couldn't chase down scent trails or trace amounts of magic. Asking around was the best he could do.

"I better find a great new joint while I'm at it."

Presently, Stunk was on the hunt for the Time-Traveling Temptress. That said...he was ever on the lookout for an amazing new succubus joint. As he walked the streets of the succubus district, not a single place escaped his scrutiny.

"Tranquil feeling, sexual healing—bathe in The Forest Spring. "

The name and tagline make it sound like an elf place—wait, maybe nymph? Either way, that's a check.

"Multi-boob Paradise—you can never have too many!"

Hybrid girls with extra jugs? Color me interested.

"Long bones and longer noses! Blow your load at The Big Tusk."

Elephant chicks. Tall as ogres and thick as orcs. My elephant says no.

"Our orcs will work you to the bone! Stay after hours at No-Mercy Cram School."

Like I said, my elephant can't handle anything orcish.

"Come spoil daddy's little girl at The Garden of Wisdom."

A halfling place, hmm? Maybe I'll check it out if I get tired of huge tits.

"Hard in the shell, but soft where it counts! Get wet and wild at Double-Peace Soapland."

Crabgirls? Crabs make me hungry, not horny.

"Enter once and never leave—Hall of Cursed Desire."

That sign looks creepy as hell. Does this really hook customers?

“We walk on our noses! Nothing is too weird! Naughty Nasobemes.”

What?

“Fancy a close encounter of the lewd kind? Check out Crop Circles tonight!”

Again, what?

“There are so many shops I’ve never noticed before. Guess I’m still wet behind the ears.”

Stunk had to admit he still had a long way to go. His tendency to frequent the same joints was likely preventing him from exploring something new.

At the moment, he was investigating spots off the beaten path. He wanted to glean as much as information as possible.

Then again, perhaps his compass still needed some calibrating. It was swinging back and forth at will and directing him to miss after miss. He was getting worn down.

“Hey, Stunk, how goes the hunt?”

Zel waved from the other side of the road. The look on his face was at least three times as devious as usual.

“I got nothin’. Were you able to track down the source of the magic?”

“Nope, no luck. There’s so much residual magic around, I don’t even know where to start. It’s like ordering a mixed milk from The Dairy Farm and trying to guess which girl the milk came from.”

“That’s the worst way you coulda put it, but I get what you’re sayin’. That’s just the kinda place this is, I guess.”

Even in this world inhabited by myriad species, the succubus district was an especially chaotic melting pot. Aside from sorcerous humans and the inherently magical elves, there were endless iterations of species that had arcane affinity. Demons visiting from Hell were common, too. In other words, Zel’s compass was spinning in circles.

Though the two had come together to exchange information, they were no closer to their goal.

All they knew was that some form of magic had been cast in the room that Brooz had stayed in.

They were soon rejoined by the rest of their hunting party, but no new information came to light.

“We’ve only been looking for one day. Let’s try to remain patient.”

Stunk proposed going back to square one.

“...There’s one problem, though.”

“Yeah...”

“Yep, definitely.”

Zel and Nalgami agreed. Crim cast their gaze down, but inside, they felt the same.

“...After checking out so many places, I’m horny as hell.”

All things considered, men could not deny their nature.

The next joint they found was Club Basilisk. As they wandered aimlessly, their compasses had all reacted and tugged them in the same direction.

The place was uncharted territory. Aside from Nalgami, the lamia, none of them had ever been there.

“A basilisk joint... Gotta admit, I’m a little nervous.”

Like a warrior before battle, Stunk was awash with tension.

Despite the wide variety of intelligent species, and even in spite of their relative scarcity, basilisks were known all over the world. They were a reptilian, lizard-like species—smaller than dragons, but no less fierce, and just as rare.

So rare, in fact, that Stunk had never met one in person.

The most important detail was how dangerous they were. They belched poisonous gas, and their gaze could petrify a person on the spot. If you didn’t have a resistance to either, it would be hard to approach, much less touch.

“A-are you sure we’ll be okay...?”

Crim was curious enough to tag along, but that didn’t mean they weren’t

terrified.

“If I cast resistance magic on you, you won’t die, at least.”

“Yeah, if the girl’s poisonous or cursed, ol’ Zel here’s got the hookup...”

With Zel’s help, you could even get it on with a dangerous girl. Like anything else, this perk had its limits, however. There was still no guarantee you would be protected from especially powerful or noble basilisks.

Right at the entryway, an aura of apprehension fell over the group.

“Um, guys.”

Nalgami tapped on the sign hanging from the storefront.

SOME LIKE IT TOXIC! OUR SYSTEM LETS YOU PICK YOUR PREFERENCE FROM OUR TEN LEVELS OF POISON!

OUR GIRLS WEAR SPECIAL GLASSES TO NEGATE THEIR PETRIFYING GAZE. (CAN BE REMOVED.) “This place has been around for a hundred years. They’d obviously have countermeasures in place by now.”

“Okay, let’s head in.”

The group advanced into the unknown.

A greeter came out to welcome them, rubbing his hands together. To their surprise, he was not a basilisk, but a human.

“Welcome! What sort of girl are you looking for today?”

“Well, a basilisk, obviously...but be straight with us. What do we need to know about the poison and the petrification?”

Stunk cut straight to the chase.

“Don’t worry about either; we’ve got you covered! Their poisonous breath can be mitigated to your preference through the use of a special potion, and their petrifying gaze can be nullified by the magical glasses developed by the grand wizard Demia! If you need further proof, just look at me! I’m fit as a fiddle!”

The greeter straightened his back for good measure. He was so spry and healthy-looking, it was almost annoying. Humans didn’t have any notable resistance to poison. They didn’t have any real resistances at all, for that

matter.

“Well, to be honest with you...”

The boy suddenly put his pointer fingers together to his lips and lowered his voice.

“About four hundred years ago, the basilisks received administrative guidance... They were asked to go easy on the customers and to stop making them pass out.”

“I guess you guys were in pretty hot water, huh?”

“Yeah... It’s a wonder we weren’t shut down immediately...”

“If we’d gotten in trouble back when the last demon lord was in power, we would’ve been tossed into a temporal rift, or so I’ve been told. However—!” he added, raising his voice. “—Thanks to that turn of events, this establishment was reborn as a proper place of business that puts safety first. Even I, a human, can work here without fear! So please relax and enjoy!”

The greeter opened up a catalog of succu-girls. Every single one pictured inside was wearing the special glasses.

“Hmm... I knew what to expect, but, uhhh... Yep, they’re definitely all wearing glasses...”

“I’m into it. That brainy-librarian look totally does it for me.”

Who didn’t love a girl who’s a bookworm on the streets and a freak in the sheets?

“I’d like someone gentle, if possible.”

Crim’s voice was trembling. If they already had poison and petrification to worry about, a bit of delicacy was the least they could ask for.

“If you ask me, it’s all about the size of their tail and the sheen of their scales... Today, I’ll choose based on thickness, rather than length.”

Nalgami’s tastes were very lamia-esque.

“For the sake of the review, I should probably pick one who’s pretty different from both of yours... Zel, I’m guessing you want dibs on the girls with the

biggest tits, right?”

“Stunk, the whole ‘calling dibs’ thing was your idea, remember?”

Zel gave a naked smirk, his elven attractiveness in full effect. Smug bastard.

“.....I’ll have my girl’s toes curling in no time.”

“Izzat so? Well, good luck with that, Stunkie.”

Stunk couldn’t stop staring at a profile of a succu-girl with bloodshot eyes. Her chest was sorely lacking. His bitter feelings toward Zel intensified.

Stunk pored over the catalog, top to bottom, lapping at the selections with his ravenous gaze. His eyes were as big and round as dinner plates—nay, as round as the very breasts he sought.

“Ugh, goddamn it. Zel definitely took the one with the biggest rack...”

The haughty Zel had selected a companion with a G-cup bust.

G for Gargantuan. G for Goddamn, what a pair.

But try as he might, Stunk couldn’t find another girl with similar proportions. There was one who had an even bigger bust, which technically put her at the top of the charts, but her chest was literally immeasurable. It was so big, it occupied the majority of her midsection from belly to back. Truly spectacular breasts fell within the confines of the alphabet size chart, which increased with every 2.5 centimeters of underbust.

Stunk couldn’t find any other G-cups in the catalog or anyone with an H-cup or above, either.

“Zel, you prick—she’s even five foot five. Shit.”

“You sure love tall, beautiful women, don’t you, Stunk...?”

“Not necessarily, Crim. I can take on shorties, too. But tall girls usually have long legs, which naturally draws me in, y’know...?”

“You gonna be flapping your gums much longer, Stunk?”

Zel’s last jab hit home, and Stunk shut his mouth. He knew he had to quit the endless exposé and make a decision already; that was more his style. But he had spent most of the day investigating Brooz’s incident, so he had fallen into

the habit of talking people to death.

“Hmph... What is life but a great labyrinth wherein forsaken souls wander endlessly in search of the perfect pair?”

“Stunk, could you not do the thing where you get fired up and start talking nonsense, please?”

“Guys, I’m telling you, it’s all about the scales. They make each girl feel completely different.”

“What’s the matter, Stunk? Can’t that big, sharp blade you’re so proud of make a simple decision? Or perhaps, has it grown dull? Come on now, focus your mind and slash through to the other side.”

Shut up, Zel.

At times like this, I just gotta change my perspective.

Stunk closed his eyes, breathing deeply as he talked himself down.

The second he opened them, he gawked. Crim was right in front of him. As Stunk took in the sight of them, he was struck with a great idea.

“...? Is something the matter?”

“Nah, I just realized something... At the end of the day, it’s all about proportion.”

Though Stunk’s mind had been clouded in fog, he was able to find a small glimmer of hope.

“I’ll take Lizzy, the F-cup.”

“Oh, F-cups are nice, too! Make sure to give her some good, good lovin’, okay, Stunkie?”

Shut the hell up, Zel.

Basilisks were known for their poisonous breath and petrifying gaze, but aside from those features, their physical traits were largely lizard-like. This was obvious after one look at their long tails and scaly limbs.

The one feature that separated them from other lizard species was the tiaras that adorned their heads, as well as the shiny, green hair below them. To put it

more accurately, this species' reptilian crests were shaped like tiaras.

"Um... Hi, I'm Lizzy. It's a pleasure to meet you."

The second they entered the playroom, Stunk looked over his chosen companion, paying special attention to her tiara crest and glossy green hair. Lizzy's upturned eyes were visible through her glasses.

She looked great in her cute, frilly negligee—a natural beauty.

"It's nice to meet you, too, Lizzy."

"Thank you... Um, I'll do my best, okay?"

Stunk couldn't tell if her hesitant speech was part of her work persona or if she was just a naturally timid person. Her hunched shoulders added to her meekness, but because they were slender, it didn't make much of a difference whether she raised them or not.

Lizzy was short, with thin arms and legs, though that wasn't to say she was *too* skinny. She had the lithe body of a healthy young woman. The green scales that covered her arms and legs glimmered in the light, but that was also a sign of her youth.

Whoa! Youthfulness ain't the only thing she's got goin' for her!

Stunk couldn't believe his eyes. Between her baby face and slim waist sat two enormous twin peaks. Lizzy's F-cups bounced with every movement of her body.

"Niiice! This is exactly what I was hoping for, heh-heh-heh."

Even though they were F-cup, they had so much impact that they didn't feel inferior to a G-cup at all. The contrast provided by her otherwise delicate features made for quite the spectacle.

Cup size denoted their general breast size, but their voluminous appearance was determined by the difference in size between the girl's frame and her actual breasts. For example, if a muscular amazon had F-cup breasts, she would likely still look as flat as a pancake.

You really did me a solid, Crim.

This was the realization Stunk had earlier when he looked at Crim, the spritely youth with a frightfully massive member.

“Do you...like my breasts?”

“Ah yes. You see, breasts are the endless pursuit of man.”



“Well then...um...here.”

Lizzy grabbed both of Stunk’s hands timidly—“timid” as far as he could tell anyway—and drew them toward her breasts.

“Hey, you’re pretty bold...! Can’t say I hate that gap in your persona.”

Stunk massaged Lizzy’s chest over the sheer fabric. Her breasts filled both his hands and then some—an F-cup for sure. They were soft, yet malleable, with just the right amount of firmness.

A humongous pair that retained its youthful buoyancy was a rare and impressive treat.

“Mmm... Anh... Oh...oh my goodness...”

Lizzy cried out sweetly, as if her voice was about to fade into thin air, but she kept her delicate fingers around Stunk’s hands as he took to his task. The scales on her palms were cold and hard in contrast with her breasts, but Stunk didn’t mind. He compared it to the pleasant sensation of cool marble against warm skin.

Damn, I’m really getting into this.

The real thrill of a succubus joint was enjoying the unique nature of a species other than your own. It was only natural for people to be attracted to the unfamiliar—things they themselves didn’t possess.

Hunting for the perfect pair was a similar experience. Men didn’t have breasts, after all.

“Umm, I’m...I’m starting to feel hot.”

Lizzy arched her spine and wrapped her hand around the back of Stunk’s neck. A sweet aroma wafted from her parted lips. Basilisk breath carried a scent utterly alien to humans, and when Stunk smelled it, his brain melted into a puddle.

His synapses were on fire, and his lower abdomen started to throb.

“Oh, ohhh... This is it.”

Poison flowed into Stunk’s body. But in place of the pain or fear one would

normally expect, Stunk was awash with excitement and a tingly feeling. He had goosebumps, which made him think his pores had closed up, but they had actually opened as he began to sweat.

Even at level three, this poison is no joke!

In high enough doses, medicine could become poison, but evidently, the reverse was also true. Club Basilisk used the basilisk girls' poisonous breath as a sort of aphrodisiac.

The highest level of poison that could be recommended to a healthy human was level three. Anything higher could produce negative side effects, and according to the waivers that each customer signed, the establishment could not be held liable for any developments thereafter.

"What...do you think? It doesn't smell strange, does it?"

"No, it smells amazing... I'm getting light-headed..."

Stunk wasn't actually sure if he was fine. The more poison he took in, the better he felt, and the more his overall impression of Lizzy's looks continued to soar.

He became laser-focused on her mouth, which was producing the heavenly scent.

"Does kissing cost extra?"

"No, it's included...but...is my heart ready?"

"Ready or not, here I come!"

With no further questions, Stunk puckered his lips. His goal was to breach Lizzy's mouth—which rarely opened much, even when she spoke—with his tongue, like he was forcing back the petals of a flower bud. The illicit nature of it excited him all the more.

"Mmmph...mmm...mmf..."

Stunk entwined his tongue with Lizzy's, which was reticent and contracted and tasted her saliva.

It's...sweet.

The regulated poisonous aroma was sweet like fruit liqueur as it coated his tongue, but when he drank it down, it burned like moonshine. Stunk's face flushed red as he got more and more into it.

Stunk could feel himself getting drunk on her, and he poured passion into the kiss.

As their tongues explored each other, he indulged in the taste.

He wasn't so consumed by the kiss that he let his hands sit idle, however. When he discovered her pink nipples had become as hard as her scales, he zeroed in on his new target.

He rubbed them with the pad of his thumb. He squeezed, twisted, pinched, and even employed his fingernails.

"Mmm—ohhh—ahhh—mmm—!"

Lizzy continued to squirm, but her moans were only getting more erotic. She never once recoiled her tongue, so Stunk assumed she was enjoying herself.

The greeter had said, *"You can tell if your girl's not into it, because her crest will become inflamed. That means she no longer consents."*

Stunk couldn't see Lizzy's crest while he was kissing her, so he decided to pull away for a moment. Their mouths were connected by a single thread of saliva. Lizzy's tongue flicked out of her mouth, chasing after Stunk's.

"Ah—"

Lizzy was embarrassed and quickly pulled her tongue back. The appearance of her crest hadn't changed since Stunk entered the room.

"...You taste like cigarettes."

Every word from the bashful basilisk's mouth was as sweet as her saliva.

"You taste like syrup, Lizzy. Our kiss made the world turn pink... Oh— Wha—? Huh—?!"

Stunk blinked his eyes rapidly. He wasn't just imagining it; the entire room had turned pink. He could see a pink gas swirling around Lizzy.

With every breath he took, the gas turned a deeper hue, and his brain and

crotch pulsed in rhythm.

“Whoa! This must be from the poison, too! Whoa! *Whoa!* My brain’s got a boner!”

“I-I’m glad...that you’re enjoying yourself.”

“Oh, I definitely am. But I gotta admit, this is pretty trippy!”

Stunk felt like he was having an out-of-body experience. His entire world had become an erotic paradise, and in the center of everything stood Lizzy, shimmering.

Lizzy, sweet Lizzy. You shy, slender, buxom little nympho. I bet you love luring men in with those shimmering scales.

Every time Stunk saw her peer up at him, a fresh torrent of lewd thoughts swirled around his mind.

“Sorry, but I kinda wanna bully you. Mind if I get a little rough?”

“Why do all my customers ask me that...? ...A-anyway, first, we need to go to the bath.”

“Oh, so you wanna get bullied in the bath, huh, Lizzy? Sure, let’s go. I’ll show you true paradise, Lizzyyy.”

“But I’m the one who’s supposed to wash you...”

Stunk led her to the bath by her delicate arm.

Lizzy explained that she was from a frozen village to the north—a place of ravaged earth where even animals struggled to survive. The summers were short, and the heavy winter snowfall blanketed everything with a rich silver. All the men were devoted to hunting, and the women to leatherworking.

Her great-grandparents were the first ones to come to this land. They were also basilisks, but they didn’t have poison in their blood. Lizzy owed her poisonous breath and scales to her distant ancestors.

She was fortunate in that her grandfather was a rich landowner. He had a magician from the neighboring village create magical glasses to dampen Lizzy’s petrifying gaze. And he had the economic wherewithal to have potions

concocted to regulate the effects of her poisonous breath.

All told, the most detrimental factor was the cold.

Basilisks were a cold-blooded races that shared many physical traits with certain lizard species. Even if they wore fur coats or sat in front of a fire, they would still be cold.

In her youth, Lizzy would often wear so many layers that her friends began calling her “Lumpy Lizzy.” There was one boy who was especially mean about it.

But she didn’t resent for him for it, and she remembered never being far from his side.

“You didn’t *really* hate him, did you? In fact, I bet you probably liked him, right?”

Stunk saw the opportunity to tease Lizzy a little.

He was embracing her from behind on the bath mat, his hands traveling all over her body. Her body was covered in a thick lather that Stunk had whipped up with the magical cleansing lube. Though their roles had been reversed, and he was attentively bathing her, he loved every second of it.

“I’m right, aren’t I?”

“Um, well...mmf, ahhh...um—anh...”

“Since you won’t give me a straight answer, I’m gonna have to hit you with a special move I like to call The Double Ultimate Titty Twister.”

“A-ahn—! I...I liked...him...!”

Stunk’s sadistic heart sang as he teased Lizzy, her body twitching each time she felt the bite of his fingers. Her body temperature was relatively low, as she herself had mentioned, but now that she was locked in Stunk’s embrace, her body relaxed against his. Her lips had loosened in turn, and Stunk found that with only a bit of prodding, she would tell him anything he wanted to hear.

Her crest still hadn’t changed, so there was no need for Stunk to hold back.

“Now tell me. How does it feel to be on the receiving end for a change?”

“Ah, aahn...please...you shouldn’t—!”

“Does it feel good here? How ’bout here? Now for a little o’ this!”

No matter where he touched her—her slender limbs, her full breasts, her shapely butt—she felt amazing in his hands.

The very scales of her arms and legs trembled with his touch.

“You horny little lizard. I bet you did stuff like this with the boy from back then, didn’t you?”

“Ah, ah, ah...! Y-yes, we did, just a bit...”

“Was he your first?”

“N-no, my...my first was...an older merchant.”

Faced with her completely unexpected response, Stunk swallowed the lump in his throat. His excitement had reached new heights.

“I can’t get enough of that bashful face. So there was a boy you were crushing on, but you went and had a fling with some older guy, huh?”

“Our village was quite...open...in that regard.”

In the countryside, the cheapest and best entertainment was sex, or so went the old saying.

To think, the prim and proper, quiet girl gave up her chastity to an older guy... There was no doubt the friend in question would’ve been upset, but the older guy probably thought he’d hit the jackpot.

From Stunk’s third-person perspective, all he could think was *Lizzy’s secretly a freak, heh-heh-heh-heh*.

“And given my physical disposition, I wasn’t sure if he would be okay or not...”

“Wait, so the older guy was just a trial run...?”

“Altogether, I experimented with four different men while trying to get the dosage of the neutralizing potion right... Ah! Don’t worry, I didn’t kill anyone! And seeing as no one perished during their time with me, I felt confident enough to approach the boy! And our first time together was perfect!”

“Hey, Lizzy, are you actually just shameless?”

“N-no, I’m average... I’m just Lumpy Lizzy.”

Now Stunk was convinced her meek persona was an act. But even if she was just putting on a show, he wasn’t about to say anything that might ruin the mood.

He shrugged it off as his hands ventured farther south. There was no resistance. Her thighs were slick with love nectar.

“Mmm...ahh—hff!”

“So tell me how it went down when you finally fucked your friend.”

“It w-was during the festival, beneath a tree in the forest...ahh—!”

“Your first time with him was outside, huh? Sounds like you’ve been a bad girl from the beginning, Lizzy.”

His fingers slid in and out. She wasn’t as warm inside as he was used to. Lizzy, meanwhile, was avidly grinding against him, drinking in his warmth.

“What position did you do it in? Did he get to sample that greedy mouth of yours?”

“Mm, mm...unf...uhhn—!”

“You really liked him, so you must remember it well, hmm?”

Lizzy sighed through her nose as her juices flowed even more aggressively. She might have been acting, but there was no doubt she was a full-blooded masochist.

“Hey. Answer me.”

The rougher his voice got, the wetter she became.

“F-first, I braced myself against a tree so that he could take me from behind... but my tail got in the way, so he arched back on the ground, and I got on top...”

“So you looked him in the eyes when he penetrated you?”

“...Yes.”

“And did it feel good?”

“...Yes.”

“Did you kiss him like your life depended on it?”

Their conversation stopped for two breaths. Lizzy’s eventual reply was a bit heavy.

“He...wouldn’t kiss me. I think he was afraid of the poison.”

Stunk then brought Lizzy’s face toward his with a hand and kissed her deeply. When he wrapped his tongue around hers, she gushed once more and tightened around his fingers. She was absolutely ravenous. Her sweet poison was the perfect pairing for the moment.

In this scenario, the spot I should obviously go for is...right here!

Stunk had explored the whole of her body with his slippery hands and, in doing so, discovered her greatest weakness. With a free hand, he began stroking her long, green tail.

“Hyahhhh...mmmm...haahhn—!”

“Wh-whoa. That’s one hell of a response for a little tail attention. It’s throbbing like crazy... Kinda reminds me of a certain something.”

“D-don’t say that... I’m proud of my tail...!”

“That was a compliment. Lewd things are lovely, my lusty Lizzy.”

Stunk couldn’t help talking like a pervy old man when he got excited. He didn’t understand why it happened, either, but such were his tastes as a man. Zel said he got the same way sometimes.

“C’mon now, lemme stroke that long, thick *shaft*.”

“My...tail, right? Wh-why did you say it like that? Mm, ahh—!”

Stunk lifted up Lizzy’s tail and started scrubbing it, tip first. It was so wonderfully slippery—perhaps due to the lather from the magical lube—and her scales were as smooth as polished crystals. The muscle underneath was firm...much like the *shaft* all men possess. When Stunk squeezed it harder, Lizzy began to squirm.

“Did your childhood friend ever tend to your tail like this?”

“H-he didn’t even think to do so... He was just a normal, horny human... Ahh—

mmm—hyahh, I'm—I'm cumming! I'm cumming...!"

"Cumming already? You really wanna cum that badly? Are you the feudal lord of cumming?"

"...Feudal lord?"

"Don't lose momentum, Lizzy! Take this!"

"Nrgh— My tail is cummingggg!"

Lizzy pushed her back into Stunk's chest and spasmed as her tail wrapped around his arm. She was constricting him tight—proof of how hard she had climaxed.

After a few moments, the entire bath filled with a sweet scent—it must have been her poisonous breath. Looking in the mirror in front of them, Stunk could see that her mouth was half-open with a line of drool leaking out.

"Did your childhood friend make you cum this hard?"

"...I never came once."

"That's a damn shame. Let's make sure you cum like crazy today, okay?"

Through the combined methods of kissing her, stroking her tail, and going to work with his fingers, Stunk quickly gave Lizzy another orgasm.

Her childhood friend ended up marrying another girl from the village, or so Stunk was told. Lizzy left the village soon after that.

There's no guarantee it's even true, though.

Her entire story could have easily been fabricated to flavor the experience. That said, seeing her completely listless and covered in frothy lube, Stunk was finding it hard to believe she was faking.

He had an even harder time imagining she was a magical being who ushered in death through poison and a petrifying gaze.

Basilisk or not, women were still women.

"We haven't even gotten to the main attraction."

Stunk scooped up Lizzy gleefully. He gently picked her up like a princess,

though she wasn't particularly light. Thanks to her tail, she weighed considerably more than the average human woman.

Oh shit, I didn't think this through... I might actually throw out my back.

Having narrowly avoided tragedy, Stunk came to his senses—but only for a moment, as Lizzy cooed and curled up in his arms.

“You're such a manly man...”

Her cheeks flushed red as she spoke.

The sweet poisonous breath wafting from Lizzy's mouth kindled Stunk's flame once again.

“Bullying a cute girl is a man's most coveted pastime.”

Generally, at succubus joints, the girl took the lead, but their situation was an exception. Stunk could tell that Lizzy was going to stimulate his sadistic side. Stunk's excitement could have been attributable to the effect from her poisonous breath, but either way, he was revved up.

After laying Lizzy down on the bed, Stunk jumped right into it.

“Get on all fours and stick your ass out this way.”

Stunk spoke brusquely and gave Lizzy a hard slap on her rear.

“Ahn—!”

Lizzy cried out sweetly and stuck her ass toward Stunk obediently. Her butt wasn't big by any stretch of the imagination, but compared with her thin waist, it looked pleasantly plump. It was almost tempting enough to cause Stunk to skip the foreplay and nail her brains out right then and there. Her cheeks, growing red from the spanking, stirred the male soul.

“Please...be gentle...”

“I refuse!”

“Ohh...you meanie.”

She was one to talk, considering she liked it rough.

Lizzy's tail was swaying back and forth, and Stunk grabbed it forcefully.

“Ahh—!”

She cried out in a sultry voice—just the reaction he had expected.

“You said your tail got in the way during your first time with what’s-his-name, but here’s what I think about that!”

Stunk grabbed her thick tail with both hands and hiked it high. It would still be in the way even if he pushed it to left or right, and in this position, he would need to support it the entire time. It was probably impossible for a middling virgin, but a swordsman who had seen countless battlefields and lived (for the sake of visiting even more succubus joints) simply had more drive.

“Wow, you really open up down there when I tug on your tail; I’ve got a perfect view. How does that make you feel?”

“...E-embarrassed...”

“Oh-ho...? I guess basilisks have two holes after all.”

“Mmm, the way you look at me... Um, basilisks share traits with reptiles, but that doesn’t mean we all have cloacae...”

At the moment, Stunk was more focused on the front hole than the back. The wealth of love juice that gushed forth had gathered around the tiny scales near her pubic hair, making them shine. Drawn in by their brilliant gleam, Stunk moved his hips toward her.

“I can’t wait any longer; just take the whole thing!”

Stunk thrust his way deep inside, which caused her tail to quiver.

“Ah, ahhh...all the way to the hilt, right from the start...!”

“You know you love it. You’re insatiable, Lizzy.”

“You’re cruel... So mean!”

“You haven’t seen ‘mean’ yet.”

Stunk fully adopted his sadistic role and bored his way in. He unfocused his gaze, refusing to stare at any one spot. Instead, he stared far off into the distance in an attempt to feel Lizzy’s movements with his other senses.

Then he channeled all his focus into his member. Where was Lizzy’s weak

spot? What kind of stimulation made her squirm the most? Every reaction he felt helped guide his way forward.

This is the same as fighting with a sword.

An enemy's general movements could be perceived by the eye, but it fell to the blade to detect the more minute changes during an exchange of blows. And if such things were perceptible to the inanimate sword, much more could easily be perceived by Stunk's flesh-and-blood blade.

"Lizzy, your weakness is your soft underbelly—here!"

"Ah— No way! ...Ngh, I'm cumming!"

Instant defeat.

Lizzy's tail was twitching fiercely. But he wasn't done with her yet.

"I wonder what'll happen if I stir you up at the same time?"

"W-wait, hold o— I'm cumming again...!"

"If you're already sensitive, I oughta get a real nice response if I focus on the bumpy bit right *here!*"

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumminnnng—!"

"And now for the finishing blow! Suuuper— Psyche! Spanking time!"

"Mmm, mmm—ahh!! That's so good, so goooooood!"

"Let me bite down on that tail!"

"Hyahhhhh!!"

"And now for the sure kill! Rapid-fire penetration! *Ora, ora, ora, ora!*"

"Hyahhhhh, ahhhhhhh—!!"

As Stunk predicted, Lizzy was going crazy.

Her delicate body trembled, and her soft breasts bounced. Getting taken from behind had her drowning in ecstasy.

Stunk had learned of her tail's sensitivity while they were in the bath. One of the reasons he lifted it up was so he could get a proper bite. Everything was going according to plan.

Of course, he hadn't forgotten to check the condition of her crest. He was in the clear. Evidently, Lizzy was more than okay with multiple orgasms.

"Ahh—ooh—mmph—ahhhh... I...I can't...anymore..."

Climaxing so many times caused Lizzy to feel as if her insides were melting. Yet the softer they became, the tighter they wrapped around Stunk.

"It's time for me to cum now."

"A-ahh... If you cum now, I'll—"

"—feel so good that you'll cum again? Well, that's what I'm aimin' for!"

"Ahh, ahhhn—!"

Stunk slammed his hips into Lizzy again and again. That single technique would have been more than enough for him. Neither of them needed any special tricks on the plane of euphoria to which they had both ascended.

I've already made her cum this much. It's about time I got mine! To the victor go the spoils!

It wasn't a matter of winning or losing, but today, Stunk's perverted competitiveness was in overdrive. With each instance of his lower abdomen slapping against Lizzy's soft behind, he felt like he was dealing a critical attack to his prey.

He took to task like he was raising his sword against a bitter enemy. He pounded and pounded...

...and pounded some more.

"Hnngh, oh god... Oh my god, ahhhhhhhhh—!"

Lizzy's body was racked with spasms again, and a wonderful sense of pleasure spread throughout Stunk's crotch.

"O-okay, try this on for size! My supreme blow!"

Getting caught up in the heat of the moment, Stunk started spouting weird stuff as usual. But his bluster was soon dashed to the wind as he shook with a powerful orgasm.

He convulsed with release as a thick, sticky fluid erupted from the depths.

“Ohhh my god, it’s so much...! It can feel it so deep inside me! You’re filling me up... Ahhh—hyahhhhhh... I’m cumming agaaaaain!!”

Lizzy arched her body backward as her ripe breasts bobbed and her tail went stiff.

Was there any greater pleasure in this world than two people sharing their bodies with each other?

Stunk and Lizzy had transcended the working relationship of succu-girl and client. They eclipsed the boundaries of species and became an illusion of two souls melded as one.

Stunk felt true victory this time.

I won... I’m so powerful... and other such thoughts filled his mind. He was on cloud nine.

Conversely, Lizzy was facedown on the bed like a corpse.

“Hrghh... Ah’m gonna die... Hnnh... I’b godda die...”

She did resemble a half-dead opponent lying in the dirt after battle, save for the fact that her rear end was raised skyward and Stunk was still as deep in her as he could go. Her tail rubbed against his arm as her honey pot overflowed. It was as if her body was saying *It was an honor to be defeated by you.*

“Heh-heh-heh, when I get serious, I even scare myself.”

Stunk held his head high as he reveled in his ability to beat succu-girls at their own game.

“Hahh...hahh...hahh... Oh my god...”

Stunk heaved his shoulders and turned to look back at the panting Lizzy.

“What’s the matter, Lizzy? Did it feel so good that you’re in love with me now? Now, now, you know we can never be together. I’m like dust in the wind, endlessly wandering—”

Stunk continued his self-aggrandizing rant with a hand on his chin, and in that moment, he saw a flash.

It was light glinting off Lizzy’s magical glasses. Behind them, lying in wait, was

the petrifying gaze of her basilisk eyes.

Ka-thunk.

The impact of her stare was like a nail being hammered into Stunk's brain.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked at him, turning his thoughts to stone.

"Don't...tease me.....*like this...*"

Goosebumps raced across his skin. Instinctual fear took hold of him.

...Apparently, he was teasing her by *stopping*. He was immediately stricken with the sense that if he didn't keep the punishment coming, he would be turned to stone.

In rebellion against his moment of weakness, a burning anger surged up from his core. Rage overtook him. Her little trick... Her momentary advantage... He could forgive neither.

Even though he had nearly been drained dry, violent passion whetted his blade anew. He was as hard as stone.

"You four-eyed sex freak! I'll put you in your place! I want additional time!"

"Oh nooo! Thank you for your patronage!"

Stunk grabbed hold of Lizzy's shimmering behind and tore into her once again. His insatiable appetite blended with his sadism, and he greedily devoured Lizzy's body.

The moment he decided to extend their session, he felt his heart soar—and he also noticed the corners of Lizzy's mouth curl up.

Stunk ignored it. *If it feels good, then who cares?* He lived by those words.

*

The next day, reviews of Club Basilisk were posted at Ye Pubbe.

Stunk turned his back to the group of men flocking to read the assessments and quaffed his ale with gusto. He savored the drink before shooting a sidelong glance at Zel.

“Rare for you to screw up, Zel. You got so wrapped up in grabbing the girl with the biggest rack that you forgot about the golden rule of enjoying the place, didn’t ya?”

“Oh, shut up. By the way, if you were so worried about the aftereffects, you should have chosen level-one poison.”

“Nah, I’m a swordsman who gets more fired up the more threatening my opponent is. You wouldn’t believe how many times that hourglass Lizzy begged for mercy.”

REVIEW

CLUB BASILISK

HUMAN	ELF	ANGEL	LAMIA
Stunk	Zel	Crimvael	Nalgami
8	7	3	9
I chose a dainty little masochist with a huge rack. Jackpot! Her sweet poison really got me going, and I think I might've been a little bit too rough with her...? I mean, I didn't hold back in the slightest. Also, there weren't any extra charges aside from the extension I requested, so go crazy. Though, when I look back at my experience, I'm a little freaked out... I mean... am I really that much of a sadist? I wonder if that poison had any lingering effects...	I screwed up. Maybe it was my fault for being wary and magically buffing my resistance, but I wasn't able to enjoy the sweet poison at all... For me, it was hardly any different from going to a place specializing in girls with glasses! I should've just followed their recommended index without any extra buffs. My companion was really intelligent and had great conversational skills, so that was a plus. Her mana was exquisite—probably due to her inherently magical eyes—and I had a great time because of that.	Neither poison nor petrification works on angels, but this place filled me with a sense of dread for a completely different reason. It turns out the magic behind a basilisk's petrifying gaze is dark magic...so I had a hard time keeping it up. The basilisk girl was very polite about it, which ended up making me feel bad... Anyone who can't handle dark magic should probably stay away.	Basilisks are originally from arid climates, and they have dry scales... or so I thought! It turns out they have beautifully colored scales, like mermaids! It was actually my second time with a basilisk, and intertwining our tails was pure bliss. I could barely get enough. Anyone with natural poison resistance can enjoy their peerless brand of poison with ease. However, the magical glasses that suppressed her petrifying gaze really got in the way... If I was allowed to take them off, I would have given a 10.

“...I’ve heard a lot of the girls at that place are great actors.”

“You’re just upset because you didn’t have a good time, heh-heh-heh-heh.”

Stunk let out an odd laugh. Perhaps the poison had negative lingering effects after all.

“...Hey, you guys.”

Brooz called out to the gang from across the way.

“Weren’t you supposed to be looking for the Time-Traveling Temptress girl?”

“...Oh.”

They had completely forgotten their original mission, wandered off course, and found a great joint, thereby moving pleasure to the top of their priority list.

Thus, the investigation of the Time-Traveling Temptress was put on hold. Stunk and company would need more time to track down the urban legend.

CHAPTER 4

THE CRACK IN THE DOOR

Whenever I looked up, there was always a silent, smiling face waiting for me—like the moon.

The face was silky-white, with narrowed eyes and a smile that was just as present as it was absent.

More than mere delight, it was an expression that oozed satisfaction.

It was the smile of a person who found joy in simply existing.

She was probably making the same face in this exact moment, while doing the chores, as her apron transformed into long, white hair that shone like silk.

She was a silkie, after all—a fae species that lived in people’s homes and helped with the chores.

I first realized she was a different species from me when I reached the age where I could nestle my face in her ample bosom.

I always thought she was just a sweet, gorgeous maid.

No matter how much clothing she washed in the winter, the work never took a toll on her skin, and the other maids said, *“She has magical hands.”* They were all jealous of this special maid.

She had been by my side ever since I was young, almost like a sister. Yet as I faced her, I started to realize there was an odd sensation in my chest.

I learned soon after that this sensation could be called “throbbing.”

It was even later that I finally learned what that throbbing meant.

She was my first love.

*

“...Stunk, you’re disgusting.”

Meidri spit the words out like venom, folded up her wings, and stared icily toward his table from the shadow of the bar.

“Was there any good reason you needed to touch me?”

Crim stuck their head out from behind Meidri.

Stunk puffed on a cigarette and blew in their general direction. He was staring

at the purple smoke rising from his cigarette. Just staring.

He hadn't even touched the bar snacks and ale on his table for over thirty minutes.

"...It looks like he's just staring blankly into space."

"He always looks like that...but today does seem a little different..."

Stunk let out a sigh of grief.

Meidri scratched her upper arm over the top of her waitress uniform.

"Are you sure he didn't get smoke in his eyes or something?"

"No way! His eyes always look glazed over like a dead fish's, or like he got rancid sap in them, or like he's a warthog in heat. But today, and today only, he looks almost sentimental—an honest-to-goodness thousand-yard stare! This is an absolute anomaly!"

"I know what you're trying to say, but really, you should take into consideration—"

Clunk—

A mug of ale slammed onto the counter. Next to Meidri and Crim, Zel was holding a drink in one hand and looking incredulous.

"No, no, you're both wrong. Even men have moments when they just want to mull things over."

The clearly drunk elf always playing sidekick to Stunk spoke up. He might have actually hit on something.

"Zel, when words like that come out of *your* mouth, they're a little—no, they're very creepy."

"Who the hell are we to you, exactly?"

"A couple of sex-crazed good-for-nothings."

Zel didn't even look fazed by her scathing remark as he took another sip.

Sex-crazed customers were far from rare at Ye Pubbe. Yet Stunk and Zel were easily the spearheads among them. They had become quite popular with the

locals ever since they started reviewing succubus joints. The red-hot passion they poured into their reports were an invaluable asset to district hopefuls.

Of course, for a waitress who wasn't a succu-girl at all, they were a constant headache.

"But, Meidri."

Crim stepped forward and started tried to appeal to her.

"Even Stunk and Zel have human hearts. When they first saved me, they really went out of their way... I mean, in the end, I learned some pretty messed up stuff, but...they just show their kindness in...different ways, so—"

"You're all the worst."

"Crim, if you're gonna back us up, do it right."

"I guess some people just can't be reasoned with."

"You might be even more fork-tongued than Meidri herself, eh?"

As the three of them bantered without a care in the world, there was movement at the table.

Stunk took out an ink pot and started writing on a piece of paper with a quill.

"Another pervy review?! Unbelievable! I swear, all this guy does is go to succubus joints..."

"But Stunk just presented his review from yesterday. There's no way he would've had time to go to a new spot."

Stunk's quill glided across the page without pause, as if he was in a trance. One could say his writing was the antithesis of his sharp, violent swordplay: It was elegant.

"Come to think of it, Stunk actually has immaculate penmanship."

"Now that you mention it, you're right... His reviews are always easy to read."

"Seeing that, I think he is well-educated after all. His mannerisms are also somehow refined... Well, that might be a bit much, but I'd believe he learned proper etiquette at one point in his life."

Meidri furrowed her brow in disgust at Zel's comment.

"Are you hallucinating? Did you hit your head, maybe?"

"No, it's just that, well, I don't really believe it myself. Perhaps he's just had many opportunities to rub shoulders with aristocrats through his trade, or maybe he just studied up for the sake of sexual pleasure."

Zel nodded repeatedly at his own statement. Clearly, he had convinced himself.

"Well, men certainly have their ways."

"No doubt women have their share of secrets as well."

"You're right about that...men and women both."

As the three of them said whatever came to mind, Stunk's pen continued flowing.

When he looked up from the page, his gaze drifted far into the distance. Each time, his eyes filled with a dim, listless light.

*

He loved the way she worked. She always completed her tasks in good time, with the minimum amount of movement required. Her chores included scrubbing, sweeping, bed-making, sewing, weaving, inspecting foodstuffs, assisting with cooking, attending to visitors, cleaning the yard, caring for the horses, and more.

She could handle any assignment, whether in the house or in the yard. If anyone ever lost anything, she would find it almost immediately as long as it was somewhere on the property.

Silkies simply had that sort of special power.

His father told him, *"They're different from humans. They're fairies who live in houses, yes; they're a species closely related to brownies and house spirits. Their main difference is the fact that they look like women of marriageable age. There's also the matter of their opaque, ivory skin and their snow-white hair... yes, their hair. Her hair seems to blend in with her clothing sometimes, doesn't it? In truth, silkies can transform their hair into clothing. It's their special skill."*

At the time, he didn't understand why his father explained the peculiarities of the species in such detail. Looking back on it, he realized his father wanted to stress the fact that she was not family.

But he didn't understand, so the words practically fell on deaf ears. She took care of the chores with incomparable skill and endless dedication. To him, she had always been the perfect maid.

He couldn't look away, and peeking at her through the cracks of open doors became his daily routine. Whenever she had a small break in her duties, she would look back at him, and their eyes would meet.

"Is there something on my face, young master?"

Looking concerned, she would touch three fingers to her mouth. This simple gesture was part of the playful ritual that caused him to stir below.

"Young master, you shouldn't snack so much!"

In the kitchen, she bopped him lightly on the head with an oven mitt.

He throbbed.

"Young master... I don't mind myself, but it's rude to stare at a lady's breasts or bottom so nakedly. Women are very sensitive to the eyes of others."

But...she was so well-endowed. With every slight movement, her chest would bounce and sway, stimulating him further.

So many times he had fallen victim to her charm... So many years he had spent pining for her.

Then, one day, he discovered if he massaged the part of his body that became hard when he thought of her, he felt unbelievably good.

He shut himself in his room and worked tirelessly to alleviate the feeling.

"...Young master? I believe I heard you calling my name, albeit softly."

Opening the door without knocking was unusually poor manners for her.



“Why are your pants down...? Ah, young master— Were you...?”

Why would she ask that? That was the last thing he wanted. He was mortified, and there were tears pooling in his eyes.

He wanted to flee. From this house. From her gaze.

“Worry not, young master... I’m not concerned... Not in the slightest.”

She sat down on the bed and put a hand on his head, gently patting him. Her other hand traveled south—to a place he did not expect.

Her inhuman skin was impossibly alluring as it wrapped around him.

“I’m not the most knowledgeable about these things, but this part became hard because you were thinking about me, yes? If that’s true, I’m...a bit self-conscious...but also...overjoyed.”

Her smile—never fully present nor absent, like the moon—assuaged his fears. Then her hand began to move.

It rose and fell, tenderly as could be.

In a voice that had not yet cracked, he let out gasp after flustered gasp.

“Does that feel good? Can you feel me? Please touch me as much as you want... As long as it’s you, I don’t mind.”

Her magic hands, which were the envy of so many others, gave him ecstasy unlike anything he had experienced. Her long, white fingers came together and slid up and down, alternating between firm and gentle strokes.

She held her young master, who had only just awakened to sex, and played with him deftly. Softly, she purred in his ear as he edged along the precipice of masochism.

“Young master, please... Bare your soul so that I may know your feelings...*mwah*.”

The moment she kissed his forehead, a new sensation graced the volatile space between his legs. A viscous, cloudy liquid he had never seen before shot out and adorned her white skin.

His vile secretion had sullied her perfect hands. In an effort to wipe away his

discernible guilt, she took the stickiness in her palm and stuck her fingertips in it.

“Young master, this is your... Ah, did you just cum for the first time? Oh my... that’s quite something... And with me, oh my...”

Her voice was soft and neutral, but the way she repeated *oh my* laid bare her excitement.

Then she put her sullied hand to her lips. The vulgar sound she produced as she lapped up the liquid greatly contrasted her otherwise graceful demeanor.

“I’ve tasted the young master’s...first seed.”

Her smile was deeper and more resonant than usual.

I love this person...so much.

His thoughts for her would never cease again.

From that day forward, he was always skulking around his family and the servants, ever in search of ways to be with her. And she never refused him. She would furrow her brow and say “You’re so naughty, young master” with narrowed eyes.

“Well then, let’s excuse ourselves... I’ll tend to your most pressing need until you’re bursting with satisfaction, young master.”

And so she tended, and so he burst. And so they continued in this fashion, day in and day out.

It had become routine.

“Your hands feel so amazing, but I’ve been thinking: Won’t it be a problem if your sleeves get messy?”

With an anxious sigh, Stunk explained what he had in mind.

“My lips...? And my tongue as well? Ah, I see, you do have a point... If I’m going to swallow it all in the end, it would be more efficient to use my mouth from the start. You are wise, young master. Well then, without further ado...*mlem, mlem, shlorp, shlorp* —How’s that, young master? Does that feel good? *Shlorp, shlorp, gawk, gawk...*! Cum, young mahhter...! Cum in my mouhh

— Cum as muhh as you wanh—”

He did as he was told.

He would not learn for a number of years that this activity was called fellatio.

Even without prior knowledge, his instincts showed him the path to pleasure.

“My...breasts...? You want to put it in between them?”

Needless to say, he had no prior knowledge of this, either. He merely saw her prodigious bust struggling against the confines of her apron and imagined it naturally. He knew if he didn't explore this new desire that very moment, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

“Ahn, it's so warm...and so hard...like a glowing, iron rod... Mmf, okay, time for the massage. Mm, mm, mm—! Ah, did you finish already? Mmm, so you did... It's shooting out so vigorously... It's overflowing. My, my... Young master... you really seem to love my breasts.”

No, he didn't love them. If anything, he detested them.

They were always in the way when he tried to look up at her face as a child. When he grew tall enough to be at eye level with her chest, they were even more of an obstruction. How could her breasts be so unbelievably self-assertive? The nerve.

He couldn't forgive them. They had to be punished.

“Ahn, unf— If you thrust so forcefully, someone might hear...”

Take this divine punishment.

Curse these tits. These cruel, cruel tits.

This was his instant-kill thrust attack.

“Mmph—ahh—! Young master, you're acting like a beast in heat...”

Her face was beet-red before he realized it.

Mating... The act of male and female beasts grinding their hips together, eventually producing a child.

He'd seen the horses in the stables doing it.

—Ah.

The gears in his head clicked into place, and he understood, in an instant, what all their interactions had been leading up to.

Everything up to this point was mere rehearsal. The use of her hands, mouth, and breasts had been nothing but an imitation of the true goal.

Though this act was the apex of pleasure, it had taken him this long to realize it. What a shame.

“Y-young master...what did you just say?”

He poured his heart out to her, holding nothing back.

Her face flushed red as her hands trembled up and down, like she was mindlessly banging a drum.

“Y-you want to...*mate*...with me?”

Of course he wanted to.

He wanted to grind his crotch into hers, make the beast with two backs, and release his viscous, white fluid deep inside her.

Because... Because...

“Do you truly...think so highly of me?”

...She was radiant, passionate, and made him feel better than anyone else in the world.

If he could have her, he didn't need anything else. If she demanded that he go and fight a terrifying monster with naught but a rusty sword, he would have set off to battle without a second thought.

However, she lowered her face and spoke in a voice that was barely a whisper.

“Please wait one week.”

Was she truly so anxious? Or was she just considering it that seriously?

If that was the case, it was a man's duty to exercise patience, or so he told himself.

One agonizing week passed. Going that long without release proved difficult, and with every passing moment, he was assaulted by relentless anxiety and dread.

What would he do if she refused him? What if she said no?

His silkie servant had been an eager accomplice thus far, but this was the first time she had hesitated. He couldn't bear thinking he had done something stupid enough to put their bond—fostered since his youth—in jeopardy.

What was the right move? Should he find her before it was too late and tell her he was just kidding? He didn't want to make his feelings at that time seem like a lie. That would be dishonest, both to himself and to her.

What to do, what to do?

As he passed his time in mental anguish, the fated day arrived.

"Come to the storehouse tonight," she whispered in passing one afternoon.

His torment had been extended by nearly half a day.

He waited until his family was fast asleep and slowly, solemnly approached the storehouse, like a man walking to the gallows.

He opened the door, his heart in his throat...and there, a peerless beauty, a goddess made flesh awaited him, fully nude.

Her body was bathed in moonlight, which streamed in through a small window. Her hair and skin shone a brilliant silver-white.

"I met with some difficulty acquiring this medicine. I'm not allowed to leave the grounds of this estate, you see... However, it was worth the trouble."

She held what looked like a small bottle of medicine in her hand.

"With this, we won't have to worry about the conception of a bastard child... So please do as you wish, young master. Indulge in my body to your heart's content."

She wrapped him in a gentle embrace and drew him close. Both his anxiety and sense of reason had completely melted away.

All that remained was the beast.

He tasted her flesh, returned her embrace, and gave himself entirely to the movement of his hips.

His hands, mouth, and chest were on another plane of ecstasy as he poured his lust into her again and again.

Night turned to dawn. From then on, whenever he had a spare moment, he took her to the storehouse and freed the beast.

“Ahhn—mmm! Young master, oh my young master! You’re incredible...!”

Unlike their other pastimes, when they did this, she, too, writhed in pleasure. This pleased him above all else. He felt their bond deepening every time they became one.

Yet at the end of each coupling, she redrew the line between them.

“No need to think meddlesome thoughts, young master. Just have your way with me...”

“Right... It’s just recreation... A game.”

“My body is your plaything, young master... I can no longer bear children. I am but an outlet for your desires—a pleasure hole at your beck and call.”

The line between master and servant remained firmly in place. She adhered to this one clause with every ounce of her being.

However, there was no greater struggle than swaying a young man to see the sense of his elder.

He raised his voice in protest.

Again, she shook her head.

“You’re mistaken, young master. These feelings are not genuine. The affection you hold for me is muddled with what you might feel for any other member of your household... A delusion and nothing more. Instead, use my body to learn all you can about pleasuring women. I’m sure the knowledge will be useful when you have a wife of your own... Please think of our time together as training for that day.”

But the more he delighted in her body, the more intense his feelings became.

He knew in his heart that their bond was growing deeper and refused to admit he was deluding himself. He hoped against hope that she didn't believe her own words.

He gave her a gift. It was a crude ring that he had saved his allowance to buy.

"We can't... We can't, young master... You can't hope to make me happy with this, for nothing will come of it... Why can't you see...? Why are you so adamant...? I..."

As they stared into each other's eyes, a truth she hadn't realized finally came to light: They were of equal height.

He was no longer a boy constantly looking up at her.

"...You've grown up splendidly, young master... You've become such a wonderful person."

She slipped the ring onto her left ring finger. Her smile was as bright as the sun.

Their joining that evening served as a confirmation of their feelings for each other.

Nothing fazed them anymore. Not their difference in height, not their difference in species, nothing.

Yet in spite of that...

The next day at dinner, his father spoke to him with a stern expression.

"After today, this servant will be performing her weaving duties in another part of the estate. The work in the central manor will be assigned to the younger maids. You are to leave on a journey, acquaint yourself with the world, and become a man."

His mother sat next to his father, her face equally hard.

Evidently, they had learned of Stunk's clandestine affairs. Casual copulation was one thing. But trying to make an honest wife of the silkie servant was unacceptable. As the heir to the estate, he had to take a *proper* wife—such was the gist of his parents' argument.

“Fuck that!” he had lashed out.

He was still so young. So immature.

The verbal altercation grew physical, and he ended up breaking one of his father’s bones. At that point, he was done for.

“This warrants disinheritance. The estate will go to your newborn brother. Don’t you dare set foot on this property ever again.”

He had screwed up, and there was no coming back from it.

He had no interest in heading the family. He was good with a sword and could survive on his own in the wider world. He wasn’t concerned about that.

The one thing... The one person he desired cast her gaze to the floor, her heart full of sorrow.

“If only I wasn’t a silkie, I would be able to come with you.”

As a rule, silkies could not venture beyond the homes to which they were assigned. If a home fell into disrepair, the silkie would cease to exist.

They were able to change housing assignments with a special ritual, but it required a tremendous amount of work. And money. The travel funds Stunk received from his mother wouldn’t make a dent in the cost.

“Young master, no matter where you go... No matter who you meet, my heart will be with you, always and forever...”

She sealed their good-bye with a kiss, and the two parted ways.

But their separation wouldn’t last forever. They needed only wait until Stunk had saved up enough for the ritual.

“Wait for me... I’ll come back for you, I promise.”

*

Two full days passed before Stunk actually left for the succubus joint.

Stunk liked to strike while the iron was hot; it was rare for him to wait two days for anything, especially a brothel outing. The place wasn’t even that far away, a few hours’ walk, at most. And all he needed to prepare was his heart.

But for Stunk, that type of preparation was the most crucial and definitely warranted resignation.

When he finally arrived at the succubus joint, the expressions of the men in his party perfectly mirrored his own—a warrior’s resolve.

“And here I am...”

Stunk gulped as if he were standing before a fully armored giant.

“Hmm... This time, I hope the girl I choose doesn’t flinch too much.”

A bead of sweat rolled down Zel’s brow as if he were facing off against a slime that was resistant to all magic.

“I wasn’t into it at first, but this idea’s actually not half-bad!”

Kanchal laughed mischievously, which suited his youthful halfling face.

The demon Samtahn—the most excited member of the party—said, “This is a grand idea. I can already feel my blood surging, wah-ha-ha!!”

His arrogant laugh resembled that of a demon lord.

“I’m not sure *fired up* is the appropriate mood for this sort of place...”

“No sense in getting scared now! You might be an angel, but you’re not a baby.”

“Crim can’t help it. Given how sensitive he is, if he’s not careful at this place, they’ll eat him alive.”

The second Crim heard the description at Ye Pubbe, it was obvious that deep down, they didn’t understand a single thing.

Angel or not, the appeal of this sort of place was difficult to grasp for many people.

Stunk looked up at the joint’s sign.

’TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST... COME GET CUCKED AT THE CRACK IN THE DOOR.

NOTE: A PLACE FOR CUCKOLDS, NOT THOSE TRYING TO SNATCH WIVES.

NOTE: SERVICE DOES NOT INCLUDE SEXUAL INTERCOURSE.

A number of caveats were listed on the sign.

Just reading it made them feel as if swords were pointed mere inches from their throats.

A cuckold situation is definitely a first for me...

Stunk had experience cuckolding other men, but he had never been the cuckold himself.

One who cuckolded others typically said things like *Is this what you want, baby?, Heh-heh, I bet your husband can't give it to you like I can., You're getting off on the risk, aren't you?*, and so on.

A cuckold was the opposite. At this establishment, customers adopted the role of "the husband who can't satisfy their wife in bed."

Stunk wanted to lash out and say *What's so great about being betrayed by the woman you love?!*

But there was a reason he couldn't back out.

"We received a special request to review this joint. The only way is forward, men."

Ever since they had started writing reviews, the requests had poured in. They were often something along the lines of *I'm interested in trying such-and-such place, but I wanna make sure it's worth it. Check it out for me, will ya?*

This time, they'd been given a commission to cover the fee for the basic service. Stunk had been mentally preparing himself for the past two days, so there was no chance he would turn back now.

The compass between his legs was telling him to abort the mission, but his warrior spirit could not shy away from a challenge.

Today, I become the cuckold.

With heroic tragedy in his heart, Stunk threw open the doors.

"Welcome to The Crack in the Door."

A feeble voice that sounded like it was about to break welcome them.

A lithe dragoness greeted them at the reception desk. She had two majestic horns sprouting from her head and was covered head to toe in thorny scales.

Her face was average, but she had a highly authoritative aura about her.

“I would like to make one thing abundantly clear: Under no circumstances will the experiences you have be anything other than fabricated. So don’t lose your head and throw a tantrum, okay?”

A small flame danced in the dragon girl’s mouth. *If you step out of line, I’ll burn you* was how the crew interpreted the gesture. Considering the stipulations of the place, an enforcer who could handle rowdy customers was a necessity.

Of course, Stunk had no intention of going off the rails. No matter how much of a disappointment the girl turned out to be, or how outrageous the situation was, once a man entered a succubus joint, it was common courtesy to savor the experience to the very last drop.

“We have a reservation under *the reviewers*. Can I request Syrup?”

The reservation was made beforehand by the individual who’d requested the review.

The letter of inquiry had depicted a girl with the appearance and characteristics of syrup. The group really liked that image, which was one of the reasons they decided to accept the job.

“Ah, so you’re the reviewers! Yes, our most popular girl, Syrup, is here today.”

“Okay, in that case, here’s the scenario.”

Stunk took a document from his breast pocket and handed it to the dragoness. She took the magnum opus he had crafted over the course of two days and looked at it briefly before giving a single nod.

“Not a problem. All our girls are trained in the art of performance. Syrup is especially talented; she’ll put any professional actress to shame. Syrup...! You’ve been requested! And it looks like you’ve got quite the role to play!”

The dragoness tapped the counter, and a girl gracefully appeared from the back of the shop.

All three men cried out in awe.

She wore a soot-black maid outfit with a white apron, and one particular part

of her body swayed heavily.

Her chest was almost comically large.

Yet there were a few reasons her body type didn't seem indecent: her slightly ovular face, her graceful features, her porcelain skin, and her silken-white hair.

"I'm Syrup, the silkie... Pleased to make your acquaintance."

Stunk's brain went completely numb. The servant he had been pining for—painting a mental portrait in his mind, morning, noon, and night for the past two days—now stood right in front of him.

"She's exactly what I had imagined, and so much more... I'm blown away..."

"Syrup has extremely strong endorsements for themes such as *big sister next door* and *chaste newlywed wife* situations."

Even if she worked at a place with a different theme, her face and body alone would bring her fame.

Her bust was much larger than Stunk had imagined. She must have been an F-cup. Perhaps even a G?

"Heh-heh, I'm sweating just thinking about it... The image of the busty girl I obsessed over for the last two days is gonna get overwritten..."

"Wait, Stunk...*that's* what you were writing about the whole time with that sage look on your face?!"

"I knew this place had an intense focus on situations, so I dug deep to create one."

"Your persistence really freaks me out sometimes..."

Zel being offended by Stunk was entirely implausible.

"But Stunk, are you sure you're okay with this?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Like...you're really gonna get cucked voluntarily...?"

His words pierced Stunk deeply. No matter how attractive the girl he chose, he wouldn't be able to enjoy her in the way he truly wanted. Having this fact

thrown in his face only made his heart writhe in agony all the more.

“If I’m doing this, I’m not gonna half-ass it... I’ll show you. I’ll have the best cuckin’ experience ever...”

“You are truly unfathomable... But okay, I’ll be back to collect your remains.”

“Yeah, Stunk, there’s no way you’d die an honorable death anyway.”

“Even if you did die, you’d probably write a vengeful review from the afterlife.”

The three of them were having fun at Stunk’s expense even though they, too, were going to be cuckolded.

“Who would you like to play your wife-snatcher? This is the list of *inbos* currently available.”

The dragoness brought out another catalog. *Inbo* was short for *incubus boy*, an incubus being a male succubus.

“...I’ll go with this guy. He looks like a playboy, but he’s got a great body and a huge cock.”

Stunk selected the person he would most hate to see steal his girl. When he said he was going all in, he meant it.

Even if the experience made his heart grow cold and dead, he had to soldier on.

It also seemed that Stunk wasn’t the only one who had put a considerable amount of thought into his scenario.

“I’d like to choose this dryad girl, but I don’t really like the idea of someone I’ve never seen or met before stealing my girl.”

“C’mon, Zel. It’s a little less awkward if you catch your girl with a total stranger, isn’t it?”

“It’s all in good fun anyway. If I catch her with someone I know, then at least there’s the possibility we can have a laugh about it afterward.”

Was it really that simple? It would seem Zel had his own plan of attack. He smiled broadly and clapped Kanchal on the shoulder.

“It’s possible to bring in your own wife-snatcher at this place, correct?”

“I want to be the wife-snatcher, but that’s not a problem, is it?”

“No, that’s not a problem. If you visit on your own, you can’t become the wife-snatcher, but if the cuckold wants their friend to play the role, that’s perfectly fine!”

It was up to the client to decide who would play the part of wife-snatcher. Without this stipulation, an endless stream of customers would flood the establishment looking to take the job. It might’ve meant more business, but once the joint lost its special flair, it would become a haven for unsavory types.

This place catered to customers who wanted to be cuckolded and understood all the experience entailed. Conceptually, the establishment prided itself on cuckold culture and naught else.

At any rate, the crew grasped that there were a number of stipulations at play.

“By the way, our owner is also one of the girls available for selection.”

“That’s gonna freak me out. I don’t think we needed to know that.”

“Ah, my apologies.”

The dragoness bowed her head briefly, a gesture that didn’t carry a single ounce of remorse.

“Is the owner really comfortable with participating a cuckold scenario?”

With his pointed claws, Samtahn indicated one of the girls and then an inbo in the catalog.

“I want to enjoy a situation where a demon lord coerces his wife into sex with a minotaur who’s under his control, with her falling into a corrupt world of pleasure while her husband laughs manically the entire time. With wine.”

“Not a problem. As I understand it, she’s completely fine with that sort of thing.”

It wasn’t entirely clear where the line between what customers could and couldn’t request was drawn.

Was this really a place for men who had no prior experience with the lifestyle?

Each time Stunk glanced at the silkie, who was standing quietly nearby, he was hit with an overwhelming sense of anxiety.

Stunk took a deep breath in front of the door.

He was about to meet his servant again, the fire of his loins—such was the scene as he came face-to-face with Syrup, the silkie.

The Crack in the Door was a succubus joint that came with a certain level of drama. Places that specialized in roleplay weren't rare, and Stunk had a fair amount of experience.

All things considered, I probably won't have to make any drastic changes to my character.

All Stunk needed to do was come to grips with the scenario; becoming someone else was unnecessary. Being able to play yourself in a roleplay scene was ideal. Without that freedom, he'd become too preoccupied with acting and wouldn't be able to enjoy the session. For that matter, he still didn't know if he would enjoy being cuckolded, but that was beside the point.

"Hey... Syrup, it's me, Stunk."

Stunk knocked and waited for a response.

"Young master... A-ah, oh my, young master, is it really you?"

The door opened from the inside.

The scene was set. Stunk had been dying to see his silky-white silkie. His eyes began to water, if only slightly.

"Welcome home, young master... I waited for you."

Her eyes were slightly narrowed, her face modest and reserved.

Though he was meeting this woman for the first time, Stunk couldn't help feeling nostalgic.

All right, time to pour on the charm!

Stunk had spent two full days dreaming up this scenario—leaving his heart on

the page—and the time had come to reap the fruit of his emotional turmoil.

Stunk flushed red, and tears welled in his eyes.

“Yeah, I’m home... I came back for you.”

The words he spoke were far more hackneyed than the ones he’d written.

“I prayed every day... I prayed to the ring you gave me that I would be able to see you again.”

“The ring... You kept it...all this time.”

Syrup had a cheap-looking ring on her left ring finger. The reason Stunk had chosen a plain ring back then was because he considered the lack of luxury symbolic of the purity of his feelings.

He was young and in love. It was an innocent, childish longing.

It was this longing that had supported Stunk over the years. He could face numerous challenges, walk away from countless battles, defy death itself, all thanks to his love for Syrup—or at least, that was how he felt in the moment.

“Syrup, I won’t make you sad ever again...” Stunk took her left hand gently in both of his. “My father died falling from his horse. My younger brother will handle the inheritance. I’ll make a new home for us, Syrup. We can use the ritual to reassign you.”

“But, young master...”

Silkies’ lives were tied to the locations they inhabited. If they left the grounds of their homes, their life force would be depleted.

The only way to safely change their habitat was the ritual.

Fulfilling this goal was the sole reason Stunk had thrown himself into a life of high-stakes adventure in the first place.

“Don’t worry about the cost. It took a long time, but I’ve finally earned enough. We’ll even have some money left over.”

Stunk wanted a life with her. He squeezed her hand in an attempt to convey this fervent desire.

Syrup cooed, intoxicated by his touch, but did not reply immediately.

“What’s wrong, Syrup?”

The curtain separating the front and back of the room suddenly whipped open.

And there he was: the wife-snatching playboy.

He was a human male with lightly tanned skin and gaudy jewelry, and his fake smile was irritating. That said, this smile bore striking similarity to the one Stunk typically wore.

“...Who’s this?”

“He’s a merchant from the city... He buys the products I weave...”

Syrup stared into space for a moment. Her expression was vague, but her palpable panic was sublime. Her acting ability truly was a cut above. Thanks to this convincing performance, Stunk’s heart was beating out of his chest.

“Sup, man! Nice to meetcha. Syrup and me got a great thing going.”

The playboy lightly placed a hand Syrup’s shoulder—a subtle show of possession.

He looked so comfortable with her that Stunk started seething with rage.

Shit, I already wanna murder him.

If Stunk hadn’t checked his weapons in at the front desk, things could’ve gotten ugly.

“We’ve concluded our *business* for the day, so if there’s nothing else, we can adjourn this meeting...”

“Heh-heh, yeah, it’s been a pleasure doin’ business with ya. *Very productive*. Next time, how ’bout we kick negotiations up a notch?”

Syrup’s shoulder twitched visibly. The playboy’s hand had disappeared to the small of her back. From what Stunk could see, it was likely traveling even farther down. It had vanished beneath her skirt, touching on her perfect, plump — “Time-out.”

Stunk raised his hand and brought the performance to intermission.

“Is everything okay?”

“I’m sorry; my heart’s racing.”

Stunk’s chest was on fire. His breath was ragged, and his heart was struggling to keep up.

Syrup was having her ass fondled in secret by the playboy. The second Stunk realized this, his pulse spiked.

So this is the power of cuckold roleplay...!

This must’ve been how a person felt having heart-stopping, instant-death magic cast upon them.

“Um, was I pouring it on a little too thick?”

The playboy shrunk down and looked apologetic. He seemed very humble—a striking difference from the persona he had adopted a moment ago. The genuine concern he was showing for Stunk was a much better fit for his face.

“Should we turn the acting down a notch? Instead of swaggering around, I could be a playboy who’s prim, proper, and affectionate.”

“Should I adjust my approach as well? I could cling to you more and act like I’m madly in love with you.”

“Nah, I mean, none of this is real, right? I get that, but still...”

No matter how much Stunk struggled against his instincts, this scene called for him to play the cuckold. The show had to go on.

But Stunk hadn’t imagined it would be this difficult. The physical torture of S-M play was more relaxing. Without a physical component—something he knew well—the emotional damage cut so much deeper.

“I think your palpitations are probably just from getting your feet wet... If you could transform the throbbing in your chest into something more immoral, you might discover a new side of yourself...”

To be perfectly honest, Stunk wanted nothing more than to turn his back on this place and never return. But he had his pride to consider.

“I refuse to give up so soon.”

“I understand, dear customer. I’ll believe in your earnest gaze... Syrup, I won’t

be holding back anymore.”

“Huh?”

“Refusing to settle for anything less than the peak of the mountain is the romance of man. I know this well, so it’s time to get serious. I’m going to put on my nastiest, sleeziest playboy persona, so brace yourself.”

“Um... Wait...”

“Take two!”

A suffocating heat filled the room as the playboy took a brief recess, leaving Syrup and Stunk behind. The two of them sat down on the bed together.

Stunk felt their shoulders brush against each other—an oddly innocent gesture. He truly felt like he was meeting his first love again after so long.

“Young master...you’ve gotten so strong.”

Syrup turned her upper body toward Stunk, and her massive breasts pressed against his arm. He could feel his passion reigniting. He was a man, after all.

“Everything I’ve done, I’ve done with you in mind. It’s been a long and winding road. I don’t need you to take care of me now. I’m more than capable of taking the lead.”

“Young master...”

“I’m going to make love to you, Syrup.”

Stunk was able to pull off the corny line. In a short time, he’d made a world of improvement. This was a sign of success. He’d gone through a lot for his busty beauty—or rather, for the elegant maid girl many years his senior.

Stunk held her in his arms, far thicker and stronger than years past.

The sensation of her breasts pushing against his chest was incomparable.

“...I’ve waited so long for this moment.”

The maid looked up from his chest, her face aglow. Her hair was alabaster, and her face was like porcelain. Her whole appearance was pure, like silk, washed and dried in the sun.

Yet despite this, she smelled a bit pungent.

“S-Syrup—! Did you take some kinda medicine recently?”

“No, not that I... Ah—”

Syrup cast her gaze at the ground and put her hand to her mouth, as if the smell was coming from there.

“The man from before gave me something to eat that had a strong odor...”

Fuck that, I caught you red-handed, thought Stunk, before swallowing his words.

“I see. Was it tasty?”

“Yes... Even though it smelled a bit funny, the flavor was so rich...”

Syrup looked to be in a trance as she recalled the memory of her *meal*.

Stunk noticed something: a red patch on her white neck.

What else could it have been but a hickey?

“Time-out! Time-out!”

“What’s wrong?”

“Did things go too far again?”

Even the inbo rushed back into the room to check on Stunk.

“That was way too much... I thought my heart would stop.”

The scene Stunk had painstakingly crafted over the past two days had become a razor-sharp blade to pierce his heart.

What the hell was he doing to himself? And why was he paying good money for it? Um, wait, the commissioner was the one paying this time around, but still...

“Was it the hickey on her neck that got to you? Or the black pube carefully placed on the inside of her collar? It is a color silkies could never have naturally, after all.”

“I didn’t even notice the hair! Just hearing about it makes me wanna puke!”

“Please try to be more resilient! There are far more elements of the cuckolding scenario strategically placed around the room! Please try to find them all! Make a game out of it if you wish!”

“What kinda game sends the player into cardiac arrest with every clue?!”

Stunk was screaming at this point, but he still didn’t want to give up. At the very least, he had to use up the time allotted, or else he wouldn’t be able to write a proper review.

The scene resumed from the bed.

“Stunk! Stunk, are you there?”

There was a raucous knock at the door, accompanied by a voice repeatedly calling Stunk’s name.

“The master is calling for you. Please come to the central manor.”

“The master... You mean my little brother?”

Come to think of it, Stunk hadn’t established his brother’s name. Not that it mattered at this point.

“Please go, young master. I’ll be right here waiting for you.”

“...Okay. I’ll take care of whatever this is and be back as soon as I can.”

Stunk reluctantly took his leave. For the record, the playroom was designed as two separate chambers. The main room had a bed and a simple bathtub, and a small waiting area had been set up in the front.

A man with streaks of gray in his hair was waiting in the front room.

“Regarding the family inheritance, as a precautionary bit of lip service, the master wishes to inform you that due to your prolonged absence, your claim to any portion of it has been forfeit. You will negotiate with him to acquire Syrup only. Swear on it. You are to accept this agreement amicably and return from whence you came with naught but the love in your heart—such is the gist. The scenario you provided didn’t give any further details, so we’ve taken the liberty of extrapolating.”

“Oh, wow, um...okay... Thanks for the rundown.”

The fact that this succubus joint had supplied actors aside from the wife-snatcher and the girl in question demonstrated just how much effort they put into their craft.

“Okay, this is where the cuckold experience gets real. On behalf of The Crack in the Door, we hope you enjoy your experience from here on... Ah, and I’ll leave this brand-new magi-hole here, so please use it. It’s complimentary.”

A magical hole flopped down next to Stunk, and the man took his leave.

In that moment, Stunk could hear the footsteps from hell approaching.

“Oh my... No... Please don’t...”

The carnal yet shrill voice shook Stunk to his core.

“That means you want it more, right? Heh-heh, you’re such a dirty little silkie.”

The vulgar tone lit a fire under Stunk. Had you asked him what infuriated him most, it would have to be the fact that he himself had used that exact same line at other succubus joints.

Stunk crept toward the crack in the door and peered inside.

The playboy was embracing Syrup from behind. He was kneading her voluminous breasts as they spilled from his hands and brushing his lips against her ear.

“Oh, ohhh— The young master will be back soon...so please...!”

“We’ve got plenty of time. He’s all wrapped up in that inheritance talk, right? They’ll be at it for hours. I wouldn’t be surprised if it got violent.”

“The young master would never get caught up in the family inheritance!”

“Nahhh, you’re wrong. It’s all about the money, see? You, of all people, should know that by now. No one can survive without money. I showed you the truth of that with my big ol’ great sword, didn’t I?”

In truth, Stunk had crafted the scenario such that Syrup had laid her hands on the heir to the estate and had been sent into isolation. Then she gradually fell into a downward spiral and had no choice but to latch onto the playboy.

“...I don’t think I can do this after all.”

Stunk called for another time-out and slumped against the wall. He put his entire weight against it—as if he’d need its support for the rest of his life—and his eyes rolled back in his head.

The pair came out from the main room and began encouraging him from both sides.

“You can do it! Keep it up!”

“Please believe in yourself... Believe in the vast potential that lies within you.”

“Vast...potential?”

“This is the do-or-die moment... You have the power to overcome this trial—”

The silkie assigned the role of Stunk’s lover grabbed at the hem of her skirt and pulled it up. A single thread unraveled—a hair containing the transformative power of the silkies. Syrup took it and wrapped it around the ring finger of Stunk’s right hand.

“This hair wrapped around your ring finger is proof of your bond with her... As long as you both continue to understand each other, it will never come off...”

“Does that scenario work for you? Naturally, Syrup will be able to remove it whenever she wants, but for now, it’ll work as a tool to get your heart back into it.”

Was that how it went? Was this supposed to encourage Stunk to understand the final scenario through his visual perception and other senses?

“No, wait. You’re just gonna pull the rug out from under my feet the moment I climax, aren’t you?”

“Of course we will...but doesn’t that excite you? Anticipating that moment of certain loss...”

“Why are you *trying* to break my heart?! Can’t you take it a little easy on me?! I’m a first-timer!”

“I don’t enjoy when people try to fall back on feeble-minded ploys to get us to tone it down just because they’re beginners.”

Syrup had been quiet and reserved before, but now the bright light of conviction burned in her eyes.

“If anything, it’s *because* it’s your first time that you should let the experience pierce your heart so deeply that it shatters completely. I hope that, at worst, you’ll be writhing on the border of anguish and ecstasy for a week.”

“Syrup...you’re one hell of a sadist, y’know that...?”

“I’m just true to my craft.”

Stunk was blown away by Syrup’s unfettered passion. When they first met, she had seemed so demure.

As a species, silkies were maniacal about their duties. For those living in this shop, cuckold play was a task like any other. That was why Syrup gave her all to the performance—and to the playboy.

I guess I have a newfound respect for people who go all out from the beginning.

Making light of the experience without understanding its true essence negated its meaning.

“If you’re gonna go that far... I refuse to fold. I’ll keep it going, you two.”

“That’s the spirit!”

“Now you will see the absolute apex of my adultery on full display... Be sure to pay close attention.”

Careful observation was the last thing on Stunk’s mind, but he soldiered on.

The pair disappeared through the door and reestablished the scene.

“I bet he never made you feel quite like *this*, did he?”

“N-nooo...! The young master would never touch me with such sadistic hands...!”

“It’s not only my hands that are sadistic.”

“Nooo—! If you get rough with me down there, I’ll...!”

“Time-out! Hang on! Wait just a goddamn minute!”

Stunk collapsed against the wall again in a fit of tears.

“Shit... This is no good... No good at all.”

Stunk was a blubbering mess, nearly blowing snot bubbles. He just couldn't take it.

The experience was so brutal that Stunk felt physical pain.

“This whole scenario is so cruel and gut-wrenching, I wanna die, but why... why am I so goddamn hard?!”

Despite his crippling sense of loss, Stunk had a raging boner; his manhood stood tall and defiant. This was the most meaningless erection he'd had in his entire life, and it terrified him.

“You did it, dear customer! Amazing! You've awakened to the wondrous world of depression boners...! I'm so moved!”

“Never forget that pain in your heart... Embrace the nausea flowing through you... If you have the ability to get an erection at a time like this, you definitely have what it takes to explore the deepest levels of cuckold play.”

And just as they said, one form of infinite potential had clearly manifested between his legs.



If he took but one step farther, he would be able to fully awaken.

Oh god, I really should just give up and leave, shouldn't I?

Stunk's compass was on the fritz—as was his foundation for sound judgement.

The only thing he knew was that along the border of distress, there lay a dark sense of pleasure connected to an untapped state of mind.

“You can do it, dear customer!”

“You can do it, young master!”

“...Uraaaaaagh!! Just watch, you two! I'm gonna get the most outta this cuckold roleplay and bust the fattest nut ever!”

Stunk went overboard hyping himself up and peered once more through the crack in the door. He blinked incessantly as he tried to endure the cuckold scenario unraveling before him.

He gulped again and again before grabbing the magi-hole—

By the time the white hair had snapped off his ring finger, he had cum five times.

*

The review of The Crack in the Door went up on the noticeboard at Ye Pubbe.

As she turned her back on the throng of people crowding around the bulletin board, Meidri spoke in a voice thick with animosity.

“...Stunk makes me so sick.”

Looking toward the table of usual suspects, her half-lidded eyes met Stunk's dead-fish glare.

Stunk was slumped over on the table like a zombie devoid of all strength.

“My beautiful maid... I promised you my future... That we'd become one... But you...and that playboy, goddamn it... That damn playboy... Wahhhhhhhhhhh—”

Stunk erupted into a flood of tears, soaking the table. He had been like this ever since the group returned from The Crack in the Door. There were visible

tear stains from each of Stunk's previous crying fits.

REVIEW

THE CRACK IN THE DOOR

HUMAN	ELF	HALFLING	DEMON
Stunk	Zel	Kanchal	Samtahn
6	3	10	8
This was a niche-pick cuckold joint. Through a crack in the door, I watched a girl I was obsessed with (according to the script) get nailed by a guy who wasn't me...all while jacking off with a magi-hole... To be honest, I came like crazy. My eyes were opened to the world of cuckold roleplay! ...That said, my emotions were all over the place, and I feel like shit! I feel like I opened a door that should've never been opened, and I regret it immensely. I should have never gone! Goddamn it!!	I hated this place. The getting-cucked part was unpleasant, and I also royally screwed up with my choice of wife-snatcher. He had a smaller dick than me (and he was a close acquaintance)—terrible idea. I'm all for suspension of disbelief, but this felt like I was being spoon-fed a farce.	I played the role of wife-snatcher in my friend's cuckold scenario, and I had a blast! Stealing his girl gave me the rare joy of playing the villain, and the girl's acting was amazing! She was so convincing! I feel a bit bad for my friend, but getting to bone our mutual childhood friend (according to the script) was delightful! If you need a good wife-snatcher, I'm your guy!	I coerced my girl into a cuckold situation, presiding as a demon lord. In my scenario, the wife was still a maiden (per the script), but I made her lie with a strapping minotaur, which brought out her licentious instincts. The jealousy borne from having my girl taken by another man, combined with the masochistic scorn I showed my pitiful wife, was nothing to scoff at. Speaking from a demon's perspective, punishing an unfaithful wife in this manner could be incredible. I suppose I'll have to find out for myself.

“Stunk, you knew that place was intense, but you went all out anyway.”

Zel observed his friend’s pitiful state from his seat opposite him and sighed, half-disgusted.

“That said, your review was much better than mine, content-wise. That was the biggest fuck-up imaginable for me... Halflings are beyond deplorable. I feel like I’m holding a grudge against the neighborhood brat...”

Zel continued spewing vitriol.

At a table just a short distance away, Kanchal was laying out his own diatribe for Brooz.

“It turns out technique is way more important than size. I have super-skillful hands, so my caress is leagues better than any species that relies on magical powers. Check out my finger play!”

Kanchal obscenely moved his fingers, which looked like beans that had been strung together.

Then Zel’s and Kanchal’s eyes met for a second. Both of them looked away.

“They’re definitely not cool with each other right now.”

Crim spoke trepidatiously as they hid behind Meidri.

“This is all because they go to those perverted shops...”

“I’m glad I said no this time.”

Crim clasped their hands, and Meidri offered up a silent prayer: *Please forgive these sorrowful beings.*

Sometime later, a wooden box arrived for Stunk from the patron who’d requested the review. It contained a letter of thanks and a magic crystal with video images saved on it.

“Thanks to you, I’ve completely awakened to my inner cuckold! The conflicting sense of desperation and ecstasy I felt when the string representing your bond with Syrup snapped is something I’ll treasure for the rest of my life! I included a token of my appreciation, so please check it out! You’ll definitely want to rub one out!”

Stunk watched the video. It was of the playboy molesting Syrup.

At The Crack in the Door, sessions could be magically recorded, and the footage could be given to the clients for an additional fee. These recordings were called “crystal letters” and included parting words for the clients.

In this one, Syrup threw up peace signs as her face contorted in ecstasy. She laughed slovenly, saying, “I’m so sorry, young master... I’ve fallen for this hunk.”

“Shut the hell up! I’m gonna smash this fucking thing!”

Just as Stunk was about to stomp the crystal into oblivion on the pub floor, he had a change of heart at the last moment and put it in his breast pocket.

It seemed he would be unable to escape the deep, dark garden of forbidden pleasure for quite some time.

CHAPTER 5

DOUBLE ESCORT SERVICE

I saw a dream.

A repulsive dream.

A bewitching dream.

I saw the woman I love melting at the touch of another man—a vision equal parts stimulating and nausea-inducing, a spectacle of defilement.

“It happened again... I had the dream again...”

Stunk awoke in the late afternoon, his heart and body in shambles. He was a run-down man in a run-down room.

Two candelabras sat on a small table next to his old, worn bed. These were the only things in his room. His lodgings were rustic and very affordable.

“Goddamn you...cucking bastard...”

One week had passed since Stunk visited The Crack in the Door, the cuckold specialty shop.

For several days afterward, he did nothing but meander back and forth between the first and second floors of Ye Pubbe. He lacked even the motivation to go out to make money. If he hadn’t already had some saved up, he would have been in a tight spot for sure.

“I can’t believe the place messed me up this badly... Shit...”

Yet he still got aroused. The moment he awoke each morning, his manhood stood ready to take on the world. Under normal circumstances, he would have gotten out of bed, grabbed a bite to eat, and then headed straight to the nearest succubus joint— “C’mon, up and at ’em! A whole world of deviant delights awaits me...!”

Like a curled-up pill bug, Stunk struggled to roll out of bed. He ended up merely wriggling in place, unable to even lift his upper body. All his energy had collected in his crotch.

He finally managed to roll over onto his stomach. His eager companion rubbed up against the bed, causing him to let out a fleeting moan.

“...Maybe I should rub one out first.”

Stunk shifted his gaze to the table. The crystal letter was lying on its side.

The video of the woman he had promised his future to (according to the script) having sex with another man was actually quite useful.

He had finished himself off to it a number of times. But after each load was blown, he felt that much more mentally drained, and so his will to move depleted.

I can't sink any deeper into this swamp.

Cuckold roleplay was a drug that drove people to madness. It had to be avoided at all costs.

"No, I can't lose... Suck it up, Stunk! Don't give in to temptation...! But goddamn it, my hands are reaching out on their own...! My left hand to the crystal letter and my right to my crotch...!"

There was considerable distance between the bed and the table. Stunk wasn't sure if this was a blessing or a curse, but either way, he couldn't reach the crystal with his outstretched hand.

This forced him to change his position bit by bit. He rolled over onto his back again and thrust his crotch toward the ceiling, reaching out as far as possible with his hand.

"Oh god, I'm gonna get it... The forbidden treasure...! My right hand hath already neared my fabled great sword... It need only delve beneath the sheath and pull it free...!"

Weaving through his forest of manhood, the fingertips of his right hand found his red-hot rod of shame. In the same moment, the fingertips of his left hand grazed the cold crystal.

And then the door flew open with a *thud*.

"Hey, Stunk, how long were you planning on sleeping, exactly?!"

Meidri stood in the doorway with a tray of steaming-hot breakfast. Her eyes smoldered with rage as she assessed the situation unfolding in front of her.

Stunk was performing a bridge pose in bed, his turgid member in one hand and the other reaching for the table. This was arguably the most disastrous

situation a man could find himself in.

Meidri's glare went even colder than the crystal for which Stunk reached.

"This is a gift from the proprietress. On the house. Anyway...good luck with that."

Meidri placed the tray on the table and opened the window to let in some fresh air. Then she turned on her heel to leave the room, fully intending to ignore Stunk's predicament.

"Please let me explain myself. I beg of you."

"Hmm? You have something to say to me, you bridge-posing exhibitionist?"

"...No, now that I think about it, there's no way for me to talk my way out of this one. It's exactly as you see it."

It was too much of a pain in the ass for Stunk to even adjust his appearance.

"Ugh...you're such an idiot."

"Yep. I'm an idiot. I have no excuse."

"I'll say this once. If you keep acting like a washed-up loser, I *will* run you out of here as soon as your lodging fees run dry. No arguments whatsoever. Got it? You have skills, so get to work—that's a message from the proprietress. And here's one from me, too. Rip it off."

"I don't wanna rip it off. It's my source of male pride."

"And who the hell is running his precious pride into the ground with endless womanizing?"

Meidri slammed the door violently behind her. Her footsteps, like bird feet pattering against the floorboards, echoed off into the distance.

"...Guess I'll eat."

Stunk was able to rouse himself far easier than he imagined. Thanks to Meidri, he'd started feeling like his old self again, even if only a little.

Breakfast today was chunky vegetable-and-bean soup and water.

Soup was cheap but filling and a popular item besides. The one downside was

that the only meat the soup had in it was a few floating bits of bacon.

“I think I still have some jerky...”

Stunk searched around in his knapsack, which was at the side of his bed.

A loud gust of wind forced its way inside from the open window. Stunk’s hair fluttered in the breeze, and the trace beads of sweat from his troubled sleep evaporated. He felt cool.

“What a nice breeze...”

There was always a pleasant wind blowing in from the outside world. Stunk had forgotten even this while sequestering himself.

He let out a hearty sigh.

“I can’t believe I get to enjoy such a pleasant breeze just from opening the window... Staying in isn’t so bad after all. Maybe I’ll just hold out for a little while longer.”

After all that, Stunk still couldn’t find the motivation to go outside.

He found the jerky and used his knife to cut it into bite-size pieces before dropping them into his soup. He stirred up the concoction and let the flavors blend before digging in.

“Ah yes, the saltiness of the jerky mixed into the soup is excellent.”

Ye Pubbe made great use of vegetables and prided itself on delicate, subtle flavors—or so Zel liked to say, pretending he was a gourmand. Stunk loved meat and rich flavors, so he didn’t get it whatsoever.

Stunk cleaned his bowl in no time at all. Proportionally, it was less than half of an average meal, but for some reason, he was much fuller than he expected. This was likely because it had been a long time since he had gotten any proper exercise.

“I really need to get up and move around, or I’ll waste away in here.”

All living beings were ruled by hunger. It controlled their base instincts. The change in Stunk’s eating habits informed his body that deterioration was imminent.

You could say he finally felt a sense of impending danger.

“But...”

Just what did he have to say *but...* about? Just what was he so afraid of? And just how long did he plan to be haunted by his experience at The Crack in the Door?

“I put way too much detail into that scene...”

Stunk was ashamed he had underestimated the fine line between roleplay and reality.

A spellbinding performance was one thing, but even then, the spell should have broken the moment he left the establishment. It was no more than some fleeting playtime with a lady companion. Stunk found the lasting effect it had on him pitiful.

“*Hahhh...*” He sighed again.

Though in truth, he was yawning. His spirits were so heavy that they weighed down his eyelids.

“*Hahhh...*”

Another yawn.

Before getting back in bed, Stunk was putting the bag of jerky back in his knapsack when something fell out. It was a thin white piece of paper as big as the palm of his hand. Probably just a card from some succubus joint.

Stunk watched the paper as it fluttered to the ground. He reached out with laser accuracy and grabbed it.

“Hmm... I guess someone slipped their card into my bag. I wonder which place it’s from.”

As Stunk eyed it from the side, he saw a design and letters he didn’t recognize. It wasn’t a girl’s name but rather a guide map he had received from a barker.

Just as Stunk reached to stuff it back in his bag, the letters caught his eye.

NOW OFFERING ESCORT SERVICES!

“...This is it.”

Stunk found hope to dispel the curse of malaise that the cuckolding had placed upon him.

Any damage caused by eroticism was best healed through eroticism.

If he didn't have the will to leave his room, then he just needed to bring the girl to him.

“Now I get it... Escort services should definitely be used at times like this. I feel bad for dissing them this whole time... Maybe I'll write a review that depicts escort services as the allies of shut-ins everywhere, and maybe they'll forgive me...”

From the explanation on the front of the card, Stunk gathered there was no special theme or predetermined species. If anything, the vast variety of girls available was the establishment's strong point.

Additionally, for a succubus joint, the tagline was extremely generic: IT'S TIME TO RELAX AND HAVE SOME FUN.

“For now, I think I'll avoid the busty, well-mannered girls...”

If Stunk wanted to heal, he would have to choose a partner who bore no similarities to the one who'd traumatized him. He racked his sleepy brain for options.

Option A was the petite, innocent, youthful type with almost no sexual aura to speak of.

A girl like this would probably heal him. Of course, Stunk didn't want to run the risk of encountering an actual adolescent by choosing a youthful human, so it would be safer to choose a species that only looked young, like a halfling.

Option B was the moderately experienced woman who didn't play any games—a real harlot.

In order for Stunk to remember what *real* fun in the sack felt like, a woman like that might just do the trick. There was a girl Stunk remembered from a past visit to a succubus joint. She wore a scowl that screamed *I ran away from home*. Someone like her could work.

“I’m definitely torn between options A and B.”

Considering the different types of girls he could pick from, it was hard not to get excited.

At his core, Stunk was a playboy himself. He enjoyed the luxury of poring over his options.

“I might as well spend all my cash on a double escort... That way, even if I’m still bummed afterward, I’ll be forced to go outside and make more money.”

Stunk had always been a spendthrift, never worrying about the next day. The scene he created, where he saved up diligently for his lover’s sake as young master Stunk (name pending), was a total farce.

He made up his mind and recited the incantation on the back of the card with every intention to order a double escort. Even though he was an amateur with almost no magic ability, as long as he didn’t recite it incorrectly, he would probably be fine. Probably.

Stunk’s incantation was muddled and sleepy, but after a moment, he heard a woman’s voice.

“Heya. This is The Garden of Pleasure and Dreams— Sleptopia.”

“Can I order an escort?”

Stunk requested a combination of options A and B.

“Understood. I’ll dispatch the girls, so please put your card down on the floor and wait. You can change the girls out twice for free, though I have a feeling that won’t be necessary.”

“Okay then, I’ll be waiting. I’m expecting great things.”

Stunk put down the card as instructed and sat on the bed. A moment later, pink smoke swirled up from the floor. The mystical color filled Stunk’s vision, but only for an instant. When the smoke dissipated, a small, humanlike figure stood in its place.

“Hello, sorry to keep you waiting. My name is Piltia.”

Piltia was a halfling girl (?) who tossed her blue hair as she smiled broadly.

Just as Stunk requested, she looked quite young. Her face barely came up to his chest. She was wearing the token outfit of a succu-girl: a nightie.

She must have been in high demand with a select group of perverts. That said, there was something about her demeanor that gave off the impression of a mature adult.

“I hate to ask, but...you *are* an adult, right?”

“I’m pretty sure I’m older than you are.”

“Seriously?”

Stunk spoke without hesitation but furrowed his brow nonetheless. Something wasn’t right.

“What’s wrong?”

“Umm...it’s just a hunch...but well...what was I gonna say...?”

Stunk couldn’t explain what felt off. Maybe he was still sleepy. There was a pink haze clouding his mind.

“...Never mind. Where’s the other girl?”

“Ohh, here I am, here I am!”

A small figure jumped out from behind Piltia. The doll-like humanoid flapped her wings and flew into the air. She was smaller than a baby and had insect-like wings. She was a fairy.

Without a doubt, many people had spotted the dainty figure of a fairy flitting about a field of flowers. They were innocent yet loved playing tricks on others. They were known to be quite mischievous.

Yet looking at them closely, each fairy’s body matched their age, and they all had unique personalities.

The fairy who appeared before Stunk was the mature, no-nonsense type. She had a full-figured adult body and twisted her face into an easy smile. She looked up at him with eyes full of cynicism.

“I’m Aloe. If you’re not into me, you can request a change, so what’ll it be?”

“...You’re definitely something new.”

“I’m not really suited to childish partners myself. Ah, can I bum a cig?”

Aloe smelled Stunk’s cigarettes and plucked one from his breast pocket. She stuck it into her pipe, which was only slightly larger than the cigarette, lit it with magic, and began puffing away.

She had deep bags under her eyes and tattoos all over her body. It was a little intimidating.

This is definitely the loose kinda woman I was hoping for.

Stunk’s image of the typical fairy had been shattered. That said, she had an amazing body that he couldn’t look away from.

Her proportionally thick behind and tight waist created the perfect hourglass shape. She must have had confidence in her body since she was showing it off with an outfit that amounted to little more than lingerie. This fact definitely added fuel to her loose persona.

“What’s the matter? If you wanna change, just say so.”

“What’s the matter, what’s the matter?”

Stunk looked between the two women, the complete antithesis of each other. There was no questioning they were exactly what he’d asked for, but something just felt off.

His head still hazy, he finally understood why.

“Have we...met somewhere before?”

“Bro, you don’t have to hit on me. I’m literally here to fuck you.”

“Ohh, we might have met when I was tending to another customer. I’ve worked at lots of different places.”

Stunk’s curiosity hadn’t been fully sated, but he let it go.

He was already hard. He decided he would just take all his pent-up frustration out on these two.

“Okay, let’s get to it!”

“Roger! Piltia, reporting for duty!”

“Heh-heh-heh, don’t you worry; we’ll take real good care of you.”

The little fairy and the little-yet-bigger halfling climbed up onto the bed.

Neither Piltia nor Aloe really hit the bull’s-eye for Stunk. He probably went for the loli type 10 percent of the time—like going out for a fancy dinner every once in a while.

In truth, he typically avoided delinquent-looking fairies. He found them off-putting.

That was all the more reason he was actually looking forward to this session. If it was going down no matter what, he was happy to treat himself to something different.

If he went for the type that drove him crazy, the cuckold trauma could easily come back to haunt him. With this in mind, he asked the youthful Piltia to put on a certain persona.



“Papa—!”

“Kch...!”

Piltia looked up at him with her beady eyes, but Stunk reflexively winced.

“What’s the matter, papa? If that’s not doin’ it for ya, then maybe we should go with *brother*?”

“Yeah, I’m not really into it, but...”

Stunk had lots of experience with sibling roleplay, but today, he wanted to break new ground. He needed something even more immoral than siblings to wash away the dark stain of his cuckolding.

That said, if something wasn’t working, it just wasn’t working.

If I had lived any sort of respectable life, I’d probably be a dad by now...

As a good-for-nothing whose existence centered around making money and then immediately spending said money on succubus joints, there was no way he could be fathom the idea of bringing up a proper family.

Papa simply wasn’t going to work for him. Instead, Stunk decided to dig far deeper.

“...Call me Daddy.”

“Oh, you’re gonna go down that road? You’re quite the connoisseur. As you wish.”

Piltia tugged on Stunk’s hand and sat him down on the edge of the bed before lowering herself onto his crotch, legs spread. She took his thick, human hand and put it to her throat, looking up at him.

“Hee-hee...as you wish, Daaaddy—♪”

“Ngh!!”

Piltia calling out to Stunk with a slight lisp had unprecedented impact. His mind went sheer-white, and he couldn’t speak.

“Hee-hee, I love your hands, Daddy. They’re so big and strong. ♪”

Piltia rubbed the back of Stunk’s hand with her cheek. It was chubby and

smooth, and her face was so small that it looked like it might collapse. How were her cheeks as soft as a pillowy pair of breasts? This was shocking.

“What’s wrong, Daddy? Does your hand hurt? Can I kiss it better?”

Piltia kissed the back of Stunk’s hand with an audible *smack*. Her mouth was so small, she looked like she could only eat her meals one tiny bite at a time.

The tender sensation exploded like a hundred lightning bolts straight to the brain.

“Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah—!!”

Stunk’s eyes rolled back in his head as he convulsed.

It had significant impact, but it didn’t necessarily arouse him.

Instead, a feeling of warmth spread throughout Stunk’s chest, and if anything, his crotch was actually sedated.

“Guhh... Is this that paternal love people talk about...?!”

“Occasionally, I do get customers looking for that sort of thing. They don’t even want sex. They just rub my cheeks and lift me up high in the air or give me candy.”

Why would a person pay money for something like that? Any other day, Stunk would have asked the same question. But today, he saw the appeal.

To be honest, Stunk just wanted to rub her cheeks. That was all. He proceeded to do just that, squishing her face over and over again. When the firm feeling of her tiny scalp graced his fingertips just past her hair, he shuddered.

He lifted her up high into the air, holding her up by her armpits. Thanks to his training as a swordsman, she was light as a feather.

I wanna protect her...

Stunk regretted he didn’t have any sweets to give her. If she could have eaten them out of his hand, his heart would’ve ascended to heaven for sure.

“Hnnng... Urgh...”

Stunk suddenly found himself tearing up.

“What’s wrong, Daddy?”

“N-nothing. It’s just that this is so different from my normal life, some part of me is trying to reject it... Fatherhood is no joke.”

“That’s because you’re always doing pervy stuff, isn’t it? Boop.”

Piltia lightly poked Stunk on the nose, and he laughed sheepishly. The muscles on his face relaxed, and he looked every bit like a fawning father, even though he had originally summoned her for an entirely different purpose.

But it was lifting his spirits, so he didn’t mind.

“... ’Kay, so when should I join in?”

A husky voice floated in from the side, along with a cloud of tobacco smoke.

The loose fairy’s seasoned face and tattoos shattered the aura of solace. The fatherly feeling that Stunk was getting drunk on had completely dissolved.

“Oh right... I wonder.”

“You want me to call you Daddy, too?”

“No, that won’t work. There’s a limit to how bad jokes can be.”

“Ah, gotcha, gotcha. In that case, I’ll just do whatever I want, so you two can keep doing the daddy-daughter thing.”

Aloe flapped her wings and vanished into Piltia’s shadow.

“All right then, let’s get back to our healthy, parental skinship, Piltia.”

“Yes, Daddy!”

Stunk and Piltia sat with their legs crossed and stared deeply into each other’s eyes at point-blank range.

He was getting lost in the delicate contours of her large, round eyes as well as her innocent, smiling face.

She’s so small, it’s like she grew up on the center of a plate, Stunk thought, his heart swelling with fatherly love.

All right, let’s keep it at this level.

This halfling woman, right here, right now, was Stunk’s daughter. Even if they

weren't related by blood.

...Even if she is the daughter of that woman... The one who betrayed me so long ago.

"NOOOO!!"

"Ahhh! You scared me!"

"S-sorry, I just had a really bad flashback!"

Stunk had imagined that Piltia was the daughter of the fiancée who had been snatched from him in the cuckold scene, and she was now his responsibility. The trauma was alive and well.

"Daddy, are you okay?"

"I'm fine... It's in the past. The only thing that matters to me now is you. Everything's gonna be all right..."

"You don't look like everything's gonna be all right... Oh my... Poor thing."

Piltia held Stunk's head close. Her arms were thin yet soft as they wrapped around him, and she stroked his head gently.

The painful memories began fading again.

"Ohh... Your healing powers are working... Almost too well... It's so effective, it's scary..."

"Piltia at your service, Daddy! Don't be scared anymore! Pain, pain, fly away!"

"It's flying away... My heart is ascending to heaven..."

Man could attain true happiness without sexual pleasure. For the first time ever, Stunk had achieved this state of mind and tried to push for the precipice of pure ecstasy.

However, in that moment, joy flooded his crotch.

"Ahh—!"

Stunk's body contorted in reflex as he felt the flames of passion roar to life down below.

Aloe had latched her body onto his erection.

“What a naughty cock... You’re supposed to be having daddy-daughter time, but you’re rock-hard. How fucking shameless.”

“N-no—!! It’s because I haven’t cum in a while... Piltia! It’s not because of you! Your daddy isn’t that sort of man!”

“Daddy, I don’t really mind if you get excited by me...! That’s my job, after all.”

“I mean, that’s true...but—!”

In contrast to Stunk’s excuses, which fell flat, his member was now soaring tall and turgid from Aloe’s body heat.

“Wow, so hot! Just how much heated resentment did you keep pent up in here?”

Aloe was a tiny fairy, about the size of a doll, and she was simply holding Stunk’s rod. She pressed her bountiful bosom against it, wrapped her shapely legs around it, and applied pressure. She might have been small, but she oozed sexual energy as much as any other woman. If anything, her small stature meant that minute bits of pleasure were applied to various parts; it felt amazing.

“O-oh, ohhhh—!!”

“You’re really workin’ up a sweat. It smells so manly, heh.”

Aloe twisted herself around Stunk again and again until her body glistened with his precum. She was slick and sticky, producing obscene sounds as she squirmed her entire figure against his manhood.

Faced with an intricate level of stimulation that could not be replicated by any species as large as a human, Stunk readily fell into rapture.

“Ah, mm, o-ohhh, ahhhhh—”

“If you keep making a cute voice like that, I’m gonna give it to you extra hard.”

“Ah— Wait...! Please, not in front of my daughter...mm, mmf...!”

Stunk’s nervous system was assaulted with ecstasy, and he couldn’t help himself as he desperately reached to embrace his daughter. However, he could no longer feel her in his arms.

Before he realized it, she had hugged him from behind.

“You’re such a bad daddy... Did it feel that good getting rubbed off in front of your daughter?”

“Wh-what are you saying, Piltia...?! Your daddy isn’t...!”

“Oh my, you’re getting even bigger. Did you want to put this massive thing inside either of us? You’re a brute, aren’t you, Daddy?”

“Why are you calling me Dad—? Mm, hnng, ah!”

Nether stimulation wasn’t what had summoned Stunk’s cry this time. He was bitten on the ear from behind and had his nipple twisted.

“Wow, Daddy, you’re starting to sound like an animal... Hee-hee, it’s sooo cute.”

At a glance, Piltia looked innocent, but a razor-sharp sadism lurked underneath. She was a regular demon.

“Th-this is not how I raised you, I—ay, ay, ay—!!”

A friction just shy of pain assaulted Stunk’s engorged flesh. Aloe had gripped the tip of his sword, the most sensitive part, forcefully. Now she was stroking him in earnest, expertly avoiding the use of her long fingernails.

“Why not just give in and cum in front your daughter?”

“Yeah, don’t you want to blow your load? Let all that paternal dignity flow right out of you.”

Sadists.

Two of them.

They were both tiny, but their appetites for torture were enormous.

“Shit, shiiit...!!”

Stunk ground his teeth in shame and humiliation, but he couldn’t deny the pleasure. He had experienced softcore masochism during his trips to the succubus district. His M-side had blossomed to an extent. Now the sheer immorality of their roleplay caused his comparatively large human frame to shiver with delight.

“You can do it, you can do it, Dirty Daddy! ♫”

Piltia licked Stunk’s ear and dug her nails into his nipples.

“You’re twitching; you know that, right? You ready to cum? You are, aren’t ya? All right, then— Time to go in for the kill...!”

Aloe was performing a one-of-a-kind pole dance. Using her knees, she slid up and down salaciously, rubbing the most extreme sense of disgraceful pleasure into Stunk’s rigid blade.

Lightning raced through Stunk’s nerves as he bucked and spasmed.

“I-I-I’m not fit to be a faaaaather...!!”

His sense of defeat came shooting out. All that remained was undiluted satisfaction.

“You did such a good job, Daddy... You came so much, I thought Aloe was gonna drown.”

The tiny fairy was completely covered in the milky-white liquid splattered across Stunk’s thighs. The sight was erotic, but more than that, it was surreal.

Even then, Aloe was a true harlot. She let out a gregarious chuckle.

“Heh-heh-heh, getting covered in this much cum will drive a girl wild... Maybe next, we should try for the real deal, huh?”

“The real deal...? You think I’ll fit? I’m pretty sure you’d have a hell of a time trying to fit a cock half this size...”

“I might look small, but I’m still a succu-girl. Bring it on!”

Aloe clambered to the top of Stunk’s tower and spread her legs, clamping down on the tip with her thighs. It looked like there was no way it would fit, and trying to force it in would take a miracle—and possibly kill her.

If there wasn’t a small voice whispering in his ear, Stunk likely would have stopped himself, simply based off logic.

“You know you want to make this little doll your dirty slut, don’t you, Daddy...?”

His daughter shoved him from behind. He couldn’t help but believe her.

Here goes nothing!

Stunk unleashed his special move.

*

“Stunk, are you still holed up in there?! I’m opening the door!”

Stunk’s eyes shot open at the sound of his door opening.

Meidri screwed up her face as she cried out in disgust, and Zel brushed past her.

“If you don’t get your ass outside, your sword’s gonna go dull. In every sense.”

Zel shot Stunk a gaze that he rarely broke out. Stunk felt a sense of nostalgia mixed with relief as he yawned.

“Sorry to tell ya, bud, but my blade’s sharper as ever, and I’ve got the proof.”

The corners of Stunk’s mouth turned up in a wry smile.

It was slovenly yet fearless: his signature smirk.

Although he spat venom, Zel smiled in spite of himself.

“Jacking off all by yourself is pathetic, so knock it off. You’re not some virgin.”

“I wasn’t jacking off. I was getting busy for quite a while. Didn’t you notice? For that matter, wasn’t it super loud?”

Zel cocked his head to the side.

“All I heard was that you’ve been sleeping nonstop.”

“Yeah, I was pretty much in hibernation for the past week. But when I woke up a little while ago...”

Stunk peered out through the open window.

The sunset was bathing the town in a golden glow; it had been the same time of day right before he summoned the escorts.

Judging from the exhaustion in his loins, Stunk could’ve sworn he had been getting down and dirty until well after sunset, but...

“It’s already been a whole day since Meidri brought me food... That was

yesterday, right?”

“Meidri came in and took your tray away sometime yesterday evening, but she said you were already sleeping like a log.”

“Is that true, Meidri?”

“Y-yes, of course! You were smirking in your sleep, and it was really disturbing!”

Meidri looked disgusted for some reason as she turned her face to the side.

If she came in around dusk, she would've definitely walked in on me going hard in the sheets...

Stunk folded his arms and growled at the suspicious situation.

“...Did I...dream the whole thing?”

“How should we know?”

“Yeah, there's no way we'd know.”

Were they seriously trying to tell him that he *didn't* have a crazy threesome? Did that mean his trauma got cured in a dream? And by the combination of a delinquent fairy and a loli halfling, no less?

“...Ah.”

In that moment, Stunk recalled a distant memory.

“Zel...do you remember the receptionist at that fairy joint we hit a while back?”

“There's no way I'd forget. I've never seen another fairy like that... What about her?”

“Also, when we were at The Genderswap Inn, the girl who Kanchal asked for was a halfling...named Piltia, right?”

“Yeah, yeah, Piltia. She was such a sadist. That ended up being quite the ordeal.”

“Right, I remember the story now.”

Oh god.

Stunk had actually met both escorts before. The chance that it was all a dream skyrocketed.

Stunk's body went limp from the sense of anticlimax, and his grip tightened around the item in his hand.

It was a vibrant, green leaf. He unfolded it and saw a pattern rising faintly from it.

Goosebumps dotted his skin as he trembled.

"Zel! I did it!"

Stunk pushed the leaf toward Zel.

"What the hell are you talking about all of a sudden?"

"It's just like what happened with Brooz!"

Zel's eyes lit up immediately. He and Stunk were different species, but their crotches marched to the beat of the same drum. There were some things that didn't need to be said.

Stunk murmured the incantation again, and a small magical seal appeared on the leaf.

"This is definitely the same as when it happened to Brooz... It's an ancient ritual."

"Eh, so, um... What does that mean?"

Outside, Kanchal peered into the room quizzically at the leaf.

"Yesterday, I was visited by Time-Traveling Tempresses."

Stunk had been visited by the exact girls he craved, and once he was satisfied, he'd drifted off to sleep.

Before he realized it, time had passed, and the girls were nowhere to be seen.

It was just like time spent in a dream. This was precisely how the urban legend had gone.

"Do you guys understand what I'm saying? This is the escort with the one-hundred-percent success rate!"

“That percentage sounds fake... But we can’t really write it off as a baseless rumor anymore.”

“Yeah, this’ll definitely get the blood pumping!”

The men all nodded at one another with stars in their eyes as Stunk stood up.

He hadn’t wandered off course yet. The knowledge that there was truth to this urban legend filled Stunk’s compass with energy. He was saluting the heavens. And since he didn’t even have pants on, his salute was exposed to the world.

“Stunk, I think you should put your sorry little weiner away, or Meidri’s gonna murder you.”

“Oh, so sorry for the stupendous display, Meidri. Though I’d wager no other man could satisfy you like I can. I’ll take you on whenever you’re ready.”

“Die!!”

Meidri chucked her tray at full force, and it collided with Stunk’s nose. He erupted into a gut laugh in spite of the stabbing, nostalgic pain. Zel was all smiles as well.

At last, Stunk had returned to the world of the living.

“It’s not all about size... Come on, guys... Even if you’re small, with the right technique...”

Kanchal, who’d heard the entire story, wore a sullen expression and mumbled to himself.

The investigation into the whereabouts of the Time-Traveling Temptress began anew.

There were three leads, each of which were divided among them for inquiry.

First, the angel Crimvail and the canine beast Brooz visited The Genderswap Inn.

“Wow, it’s been a while since I’ve seen your angelic face. Welcome back.”

The receptionist wearing a wide-brimmed, pointy hat greeted them courteously.

“I’m sorry, we’re not here as customers today... We have something we’d like to ask you.”

“Elza’s here today, you know.”

“Gulp—”

Crim’s frail chest began fluttering fiercely at the mention of their favorite hyena hybrid.

Their lower abdomen throbbed, but they resisted the urge and drove back their female instincts.

I have to help out, too!

Stunk had sunken into the depths of despair but was finally back. Crim couldn’t wimp out now of all times.

Above all else, they, too, were interested in unraveling the mystery of the Time-Traveling Temptress.

“We’d like to speak with Piltia today, if possible.”

“She returned to her hometown last week. She’s supposed to be back tomorrow, though.”

“That means she didn’t do any escort work yesterday or the day before, huh?”

“If I recall, she’s also registered with an escort service, but I really doubt she’d be working while she was back at her parents’ place.”

One piece of testimony acquired.

Crim clenched their fists tightly as they accepted their findings. Brooz was growling as he looked through the catalog of girls.

“Hmm...a sex change...? To become a female dog and howl at the moon... To bark and yip like a house pet...”

“...Brooz?”

“No, no, you’ve got me all wrong, Crim. It’s not like I’m actually interested. I just briefly imagined becoming a female dog and having a collar put around my neck by another all-black female dog... Being forced to lick her high heels... But

it's not like I'm actually excited by the idea or anything. That would be ridiculous."

The dog-hybrid warrior Brooz was panting pretty hard.

Crim stood in complete amazement as they turned their attention to matters other than why they had come here in the first place.

From the front desk, they could just barely see into the back of the shop. A cigarette dangled from Elza's mouth.

Their heart pounded at the mere sight of that unforgettable muzzle.

"...Umm, excuse me."

Crim and Brooz both paid the fee and drank the genderswap potion.

Zel and Kanchal arrived at the fairy-specialty joint Honey Flower.

The subject of their investigation—a delinquent fairy with lurid eyes—was working the reception desk, a dangerous smile on her face.

"Well, well, it's nice to see you two again."

"Sorry, we're not customers today."

"Then I'm gonna have to ask you to leave. This ain't the village well, y'know."

Being waved off put a damper on Zel's spirits.

"Come on, don't say that. You don't even have any customers right now."

Zel pushed a pack of cigarettes that he'd gotten from Stunk toward the receptionist. Tobacco was poisonous, and Zel hated it, so he wanted to get rid of them quickly.

The receptionist took one from the pack and stuck it into her pipe. Without hesitation, Zel lit it for her with magic, eager to please.

"Hahhh... Okay, what do you want?"

"Do you take customers yourself?"

"What, are you requesting me? If that's what this is, just say so. Still, you're not really my type, so it'll depend on how well you can tip."

"No, that's not what I'm getting at, so knock off the appraisal."

He felt a cold sweat on his brow as she bored into him with a blank stare. Zel didn't have the most attractive gaze himself, but he had to take his hat off to the receptionist. If he showed a shred of weakness, she would probably disembowel him.

"We want to know if you offer escort services!"

"So ya like doin' it at home instead of at a joint, huh? Well, sorry, but we don't do that here."

"Is that so? I see, our apologies! All right, let's go, Kanchal!"

Zel turned on his heel to escape, but Kanchal stood on his tiptoes and thrust himself toward the counter.

"I'd like a strong-willed woman who's actually a masochist, please."

"Okay, how about this girl here?"

"Oy, what the hell are you doing?"

Zel reached down to grip Kanchal's diminutive shoulder, but his hand got slapped away.

"Leave me alone. I want to experience the tiny body of a fairy."

"You already have, and we're on a different mission right now."

"I'll decide my own priorities, thanks."

Kanchal's eyes had a dangerous tint lurking within. It was animosity.

"Are you still torn up over the review I wrote for the cuckold joint?"

"Nope. We're completely different species, so what good would it serve me to get torn up over it? Technique is more important than size, and any guy would rather have a girl who's too loose instead of too tight. There's a certain... charm that humans and elves just don't understand."

Forget charm. Kanchal was being blunt to a fault, and it was overly indecent.

Zel resisted the urge to chew him out. Even though his last review was relatively immature, he didn't think it warranted an apology.

"...Well, some people have dicks so big that no one can take 'em on, I guess."

“That’s right! Just look at Crim. His cock’s so big, it’s actually tragic. I pity him, to be completely honest. I’ll never be able to forget his face from that one time, though.”

Zel managed to divert any further attack on Crim. He felt bad for them, too.

The receptionist continued puffing on her cigarette.

“So what’ll it be? You can either stick around and grab a girl or get the hell out.”

“Playtime for me, please!”

“All right, all right. I’ll pick someone, too, since we’re already here. Do you have any girls with high mana?”

Zel and Kanchal spent the remainder of their time enjoying themselves in the fairy garden.

Technically speaking, succu-girls weren’t actually succubi. It was simply a perfunctory title that represented the fact that they were performing legal, cultural activities on the basis of them having succubus heritage. This afforded them full right to indulge instincts and habits with regard to sexual services.

That said, there were succubus joints that employed actual, full-blooded succubi. The joint Stunk had stepped into was one such place.

It was a massive tower sixty floors high, soaring into the sky like the castle of a demon lord, with over one thousand rooms and several thousand succubus workers. It was cheaper than the average joint, with longer allotted playtimes. It was the zenith of succubus joints; however, Stunk rarely visited. This time, as with the others, Stunk had only stopped by to gather information.

“I’d like to ask a question.”

He got down to business the second he walked in and didn’t even look at the receptionist, instead staring intensely at the quill in her hand. He was focusing as hard as he possibly could—a precautionary measure against her succubus powers.

The succubi didn’t use their magical powers of seduction recklessly. If they slipped up, they could be accused of illegal solicitation. Regardless, seducing

men was an intrinsic part of a succubus's instincts.

Don't give in... If you start fooling around here, you won't be able to get it up for a week!

Sex with a succubus eclipsed a simple bout of pleasure. The experience gripped a man's soul and effectively drained it dry. If one didn't make the necessary preparations, or else have a good reason to visit, the encounter would be far too intense.

If Stunk hadn't lightened his load a few days ago with the Time-Traveling Tempresses, he would have been in big trouble.

"I'd like to know about the demonesses who appear in dreams."

"We have all the dream demonesses you could ask for."

Her voice was so sultry; it reverberated into the deepest recesses of Stunk's ears.

There was a type of succubus that manifested that level of lust in certain dream scenarios. They entered men's dreams and wrapped them up in their lascivious fantasies. These were the dream demonesses.

Perhaps the strange experience that both Stunk and Brooz had fallen victim to had been orchestrated by a someone invading their dreams.

That meant the true identity of the Time-Traveling Temptress could indeed have been a dream demoness.

Stunk needed to test this theory, which was why he visited the succubus tower.

"Do you offer dream-demoness escort services?"

"If that's what you're after, please take a telepathy card."

The receptionist pushed a piece of paper, which was imprinted with the shop name and a magic seal, toward Stunk.

"If you use this card to contact our establishment, a girl will enter your dreams soon after you fall asleep. The telepathy and entering of dreams are all relayed from here through magic, so it really doesn't matter where you are. Of

course, this excludes any place where magic is forbidden, so please exercise caution.”

Stunk compared the telepathy card with the leaf engraved with a magical seal. Even without any magical capacity, he could tell they were very different.

“Do you use any cards like this one?”

“That’s definitely a retro card...but let me see. Hey, Grandma, do you recognize this?”

The receptionist took the leaf from Stunk and called out behind the front desk.

The woman who appeared looked far too young and lustrous to be anyone’s grandma. She was really more cherubic than anything. Her skin looked baby soft and smooth as silk. To top it all off, she was extremely attractive.

“Why? Does this fellow wish to play with a naughty little girl?”

“Is this tiny magical seal from your generation?”

“I’m still young, so how would I know?”

“Grandma, that’s not cute, so cut it out.”

“Come now, come now. I’ve used that line to milk out the thickest man juices for hundreds of years. Even when I conceived your mother, I called your grandpa *Daddy* and did the forbidden—”

“You might be a succubus, but it wouldn’t kill you to be a little more modest.”

Stunk was getting a glimpse at a very personal family interaction. The grandma succubus took the leaf in her small hands.

“Ah, this is from before even my time. Oy, Grannie!”

They’d gone even further up the family tree and summoned another grandma. She appeared and was every bit as thick, tight, and juicy as the younger women.

Just like elves, the ages of succubi couldn’t be determined from looks alone. Zel and Crim could likely figure it out through magic, but the human swordsman simply thought, *Well, they’re hot, so who cares?* as his crotch started to twitch.

No, wait... I told myself I wasn't going to fool around.

Stunk nearly got sucked in.

"I haven't actually seen this particular magical seal before...but it is pretty close to the type used in your great-grandmother's generation."

"Are you serious? I believe a species closely related to dream demonesses uses them."

Stunk took the plunge and addressed the great-grandmother while averting his eyes.

"I don't know if they actually used that particular seal, but I have heard there were succubus joints back then that dealt in dreams, even without the use of dream demonesses."

The great-grandma fell silent and creaked her neck to the side twice.

"Sleepy...sleepy..."

"Need a nap, Granny?"

"You're half-asleep aren't you, Great-Grandmother?"

"No, no, no. The joint was called Sleepy...Sleepy something."

The older succubus's words set off a spark in Stunk's brain like a flash of lightning.

"Sleeptopia!"

The woman Stunk had spoken to when he'd used the card had definitely said that name. It was probably because Stunk was so groggy then that he didn't remember it until just now.

"Please, Grandma, tell me all you can!"

Stunk was practically gnawing on the counter as he prodded for more information.

The great-grandma bowed her head deeply and...

"Zzzzz..."

"Oh, she's out like a light. When this happens, she doesn't usually wake up for

at least three days.”

“I’ll bring her to her room.”

The receptionist picked up her great-grandma and dragged her out of sight to the rear of the establishment.

Stunk sighed in exasperation, his strength sapped, as his only lead disappeared before his very eyes.

He was already thinking about how to get the most out of his return visit in three days when he felt a tug on his sleeve.

“If you’re talking about the place called Sleptopia, I’ve heard of it, too.”

The grandmother succubus was looking up at Stunk with an innocent gaze. He unconsciously looked her in the eyes.

They were works of art, with all the light of a newborn child’s, yet wholly voluptuous.

“I heard they have girls similar to myself, I think...”

Stunk poured all his focus into listening so he wouldn’t be tempted to do anything else. He told himself that when it came to lolis, one out of every ten visits was enough for him.

Nonetheless, he found himself unable to look away from her tender figure.

Come to think of it, I never actually got to bang Piltia, either... She was small, but not as small as the fairy. I definitely would’ve been able to fit inside a halfling. What a wasted opportunity...

Indecent thoughts ran through Stunk’s mind. He couldn’t. Oh shit.

The succubus laughed coyly, somehow mature.

“Haven’t you heard the urban legend?”

“Huh? Which one?”

“Oh no, now I’ve done it. You’re really looking my petite body up and down while we’re talking.”

Now she was addressing Stunk shamelessly, barely managing to enunciate.

Stunk could only grind his teeth and groan.

The grandmother succubus grinned easily and traced the shape of her lips with her pinky finger. She pulled Stunk in with her gaze and this erotic gesture before shaking off her urge and speaking in a whisper.

“The succubus joint at the end of the sky... That’s what they call Sleptopia these days.”

As soon as Stunk and the crew gathered at Ye Pubbe, they dug into the information they’d gathered.

First and foremost, Piltia and Aloe having visited Stunk as escorts could not be verified.

Also, during the era when the retro magic seal had been in use, there existed a succubus joint called Sleptopia. There were girls who worked there capable of manipulating dreams.

Today, Sleptopia was referred to as the succubus joint at the end of the sky.

“That’s a pretty famous one, huh? The succubus joint at the end of the sky.”

Kanchal was the first to get to the meat of the matter. As a halfling, he had stuffed his tiny head full of miscellaneous knowledge. Some of it was pure trivia.

“In the wasteland to the west, they say there’s a succubus joint high in a tower that pierces the very clouds. It’s somewhere that can’t be reached by the average person: The Dying Tree in the Ruined City.”

“If no one can enter, then how do they know it’s a succubus joint?”

“Well, that part is the urban legend...or at least, I always thought so.”

Kanchal chuckled to himself like a mischievous child, and everyone around him also smirked broadly. Crim—who always pretended to be a Goody Two-shoes—was too busy with work to join. Only the lecherous adults remained.

“If the Time-Traveling Tempresses turn out to be escorts from the succubus joint at the end of the sky...that means that, at the very least, they’re still in business.”

Stunk spread out a map on the table.

“There’s just one problem, though. Where the hell is the wasteland to the west?”

“Yeah, there are wastelands everywhere, huh? And we don’t know where we’re looking west from.”

The group took turns pointing at the map and listing wastelands that came to mind.

However, Zel sat with his arms crossed and a sober look on his face.

“What’s the matter, Zel? When you make that face, you look like a degenerate cooking deep-fried pork cutlets in a back alley.”

“I’d rather not have a genuine degenerate tell me that. I was just recalling something that a fairy—who was pretty much the final boss of all degenerates—told me.”

He was definitely taking about Aloe.

“Stunk, how did you come to have the leaf in your possession?”

“Oh, good point... I don’t have any recollection of where or when I got it.”

“And the money was gone before you realized it, right?”

“Yeah. My coin purse was short the exact amount that they charged.”

Zel scowled with his degenerate face and hesitated for a moment before saying, “We might have ourselves an organization that’s operating under the table.”

The entire group froze in place like they’d had a bucket of ice water thrown on them.

The succubus industry was monolithic and generated a massive amount of tax revenue everywhere it existed. As such, nations had imposed several laws to regulate and control it. If foul business practices were discovered, appropriate measures would be taken immediately. The government would intervene, or the business would be shut down.

“But the price was lower than average, and the service was impeccable...right, Brooz?”

“Yeah, I’d definitely hit them up again if I could...”

“Even if escort services weren’t illegal, escorts still have to go through an establishment the nation has issued a business license to, or else they would run into trouble with the authorities...”

A gloom spread throughout the room. Their most promising lead was threatening to slip between their fingers and into a chasm of despair.

Stunk slammed both his palms on the table.

“I thought that finally...finally, we were gonna solve the mystery...”

“If the place is operating illegally, that’s not good for anyone...”

“But will it really affect customers? Don’t forget—the current orc administration in power is very lenient on the succubus industry.”

“Get real, Kanchal. It’s a mystery succubus joint that no one has ever entered. Anyone who actually did didn’t live to tell the story, so there’s always the chance that information has never really spread about it...”

Unpleasant thoughts darkened their minds. The pure wishes of man were falling victim to despair.

Their bright and sunny outlook was suddenly shrouded in sorrow.

“All we wanna do...is get our rocks off at succubus joints...”

“How can you look so glum while saying something so dumb?”

Meidri lined up a fresh mug of ale for each of them on the table.

“What do you mean? We’re talking about male romanticism here.”

“Yeah, when you feel like you’ve overcome great adversity, finally getting to climax is that much sweeter.”

“As I said. Dumb.”

As the winged waitress rose to fly away, she offered parting words, her cold eyes half-lidded. “If you’re so concerned about legality, why not go to the district office to get your questions answered?”

Meidri was so blunt that Stunk and company could only shrug.

“What good would it do to ask about an urban legend at the district office?”

Having lifted their spirits, the group raised their mugs in cheers.

The information desk at the district office assented to their query as soon as they heard the details.

Their reply came easily.

“Ah yes, Sleptopia’s delivery service is licensed.”

The employee went on to explain the ins and outs of the situation.

“I actually just found the documentation other day while organizing some files, but their business license has been valid for the past few millennia. I couldn’t believe it! Here’s the address. The journey to The Dying Tree in the Ruined City is particularly arduous, so you should be well prepared. Ah, also, the door at the front of the establishment won’t open for just anyone. If you want to enter, you’ll have to pass a test. If you’re able to read the inscription, you’ll know why it was made in the first place...”

At first, the crew thought he was just bored and wanted to make small talk, but they couldn’t ignore what he said immediately after that.

“If you’re heading to The Dying Tree in the Ruined City, could I ask a favor?”

Nothing in life was free, not even information. Having ulterior motives as opposed to just being a nice guy definitely boosted the credibility of any information obtained. That was why the crew didn’t have any complaints about his request.

“We probably could’ve ended this wild-goose chase ages ago if we had just come here first...”

“That’s not really for you to say, is it, Stunk?”

Like Stunk, Zel was looking far off into the distance, beyond the clouds.

CHAPTER 6

THE DYING TREE IN THE RUINED CITY

Thousands of years in the past, the western imperial capital was at the height of its majesty—a capital full of dazzling, brilliant light thanks to the advent of magic culture.

Light flooded the city at night, and myriad towers stretched toward the sky.

However, the magical infrastructure that supported this splendor included a number of incantations that were forbidden in modernity. The metropolis greedily devoured the earth's natural energy, inviting ruin. The king did not heed his oracle's advice, for he, too, was intoxicated by the powerful light of their civilization, just as his subjects were.

In the end, the world took the capital down with it. All flora went extinct in a single night, buildings turned to sediment, and the magic light dissipated.

The city quickly turned into a wasteland that neither beast nor insect could inhabit, and the newly appointed king abandoned the city without hesitation.

Their destination lay even farther to the west than the new capital, and as such, it became known as the western wasteland.

Which brought us back to the present. The “western wasteland” was filled with verdant green, to the point that it had become a veritable jungle.

Green in every direction, as far as the eye could see.

Overhead, branches and leaves created a canopy, and the undergrowth was thick, enough to trip you up.

The party's field of vision had been steeped in green for over two days.

“Is this what a wasteland is supposed to look like?”

Crim was exhausted as they spoke. They were floating, so they couldn't complain about their feet hurting, but their wings kept getting caught on tree branches. And they were having a hard time breathing, likely due to the humidity.

“They say this place was at peak wasteland over a thousand years ago.”

Zel was plodding forward smoothly, like he was on skates.

“Back then, an elf reigned as king, and he pushed forward a revegetation plan,

but the growth-acceleration magic they used must have worked a little too well. When people were convinced that something had to be done about it, a different species was elected to rule. The result is the abandoned forestation you see now.”

“He was probably just slacking off. Elves are usually a little careless.”

Stunk wasn’t having as easy a time as Zel but was definitely used to poor footing.

“We have much longer lifespans than other species, so our perception of time is different. I can’t really speak for myself, but most elves are terrible at keeping appointments.”

“Zel, you’re not like that at all. If anything, you’re quite diligent.”

“Not adhering to a strict schedule can land you in trouble. Especially at succubus joints.”

Extension fees were nothing to sneeze at. Zel’s reasoning held water.

“Everyone! Over here, over here!”

Kanchal cried out from his position on point. As a halfling, he was hidden from view by the undergrowth, and the group finally caught a glimpse of his head as he jumped up and down.

As Crim and everyone caught up with him, the thick jungle parted. What lay before them was a bottomless gorge that seemed to lead straight to Hell.

The threshold of its sudden, jutting precipice was stagnant, dim, and dark.

Oooo...ooo...ooooooo...

Antithetical to the dense jungle, a dry wind chilled them to the bone as—like a wail of lamentation—it traveled up from the crevasse.

“Look, the tower’s over there.”

The tower was just before them. Dingy and black, jutting from the floor of the gorge, its zenith was level with their line of sight.

A worn-down sign hung from the outer wall of the top floor. The lettering was from antiquity, meaning they couldn’t understand it, but the image of a scantily

clad woman was also clearly depicted.

“It must say Sleptopia in ancient lettering, right?”

“The sign definitely ruins the ominous presence of the gorge.”

“Really? I actually think the weathered sign adds to the eerie vibe of the place...”

“Yeah, like a rusted, old treasure chest.”

They didn’t sound very nervous.

“But you know...it’s hardly at the end of the sky, right?”

“Yeah, it’s practically at ground level.”

“Do we really need to climb up from the bottom? Maybe we can get in from above?”

Stunk exchanged looks with Zel.

“I’ll check it out.”

Zel cast magic on a tree leaf and gave it the power of pseudosight. If he closed his eyes, he could see what the leaf was “seeing” on the inside of his eyelids.

The leaf rose on the wind in a spiral trajectory and allowed Zel to observe the tower from top to bottom.

“...No dice. I can’t find any windows, and there’s no rooftop entrance.”

“That means we’ll have to climb up from the first floor, just like the informant at the district office said.”

“I brought some rope.”

Kanchal tied a thick rope around a tree trunk and chucked the other end down into the gorge.

Wow, everyone’s so reliable in a pinch.

Crim was impressed.

Stunk and the others were very different people when they were on a genuine adventure. The difference between these stalwart adventurers and the depraved Neanderthals who regularly drowned themselves in booze and

women was like night and day. In these situations, they commanded the adept skill of a proficient artisan in their workshop.

“Crim, you use the rope, too. Even though you have wings, if you get blown around by the wind, it could be dangerous.”

“Understood. I’ll be careful.”

Stunk even summoned the composure to look out for his companion. This was such a far cry from his usual, hopeless self. Each time they shared an adventure, Crim always wondered just who this person standing in front of them really was.

As Crim climbed into the gorge with their own rope, they unexpectedly sighed aloud.

“What’s wrong? Did the rope rub up against your crotch and make you feel good?”

“N-no—! Even I get lost in thought sometimes, you know!”

Never mind. Stunk was a worthless degenerate at his core.

“At your size, you’d probably get your dick stuck on all sorts of things, eh, Crim? Oh, the horror.”

Who pissed off the halfling?

“This gorge is teeming with darkness, isn’t it? Must be uncomfortable for an angel.”

“Yes...yes, that’s right. I knew you’d understand, Zel.”

“Be sure to get all that doom and gloom outta ya when we reach Sleptopia. The longer you hold it in, the better it’ll feel later on!!”

“Oh, Zel, I guess you are just like the rest of them after all. But I knew as much already!”

Every member of the crew had something skeevy to add. It was almost refreshing.

“Come to think of it, this girl at a joint I hit a while back said that ol’ Crim here came as much as an elephant.”

“Do you have huge balls, too? Man, that’s just not fair.”

“He sure doesn’t look like he has big nuts...”

There was no end to the lewd talk. Unbelievable.

“Hey, Crim? Is it true you can fill an ale mug to the top with one load?”

“Shit, he’s not denying it. That’s amazing, Crim!”

Crim had had enough and desperately wanted to fly back to Ye Pubbe.

Kiii!

A shrill cry rang out. When Crim turned around, a black figure wrapped around their face, completely covering it.

“Gwahhh—!!”

In their confusion, Crim let go of their rope, and their thin frame was cast into the air. Their wings were frozen in place from shock, rendering them flightless.

The first to move was Stunk. With his index finger, he flicked a stone at the black figure wrapped around Crim’s face and landed a direct hit. Spooked, the creature flew away. It was a bat.

Kanchal reflexively let go of his rope and grabbed onto Crim in midair.

“Kanchal, what are you doing?! You can’t fly! That’s absurd!”

“I’ll be just fine. Stunk, do the thing.”

“You got it.”

Before Crim knew what was happening, a new rope was lashed around them and Kanchal. It had a weight on the end, which Kanchal threw and Stunk deftly caught. Stunk held both the angel and the halfling aloft with one arm while they returned to their original ropes.

Zel didn’t move an inch the whole time. He pushed a leaf to his lips and stared at the bat flock gathering in the darkness of the gorge.

“...Okay, I told them not to mess with us.”

“Does your telepathy magic come with a translation function?”

“As if I have time for such trivial matters. I simply shook the leaves by blowing

a leaf whistle and produced a sound only they could hear.”

The rescue operation was over almost before it began.

Stunk, feeling like the alpha wolf, offered advice to Crim, who had been careless.

“Talking shit is one thing, but you do need to be careful.”

“But, um... No, you’re right. I’m sorry.”

Stunk and the others had been the ones talking shit, but Crim was the only one who had let their guard down. All things being equal, Crim had endured the stressful situation reasonably well.

Maybe these guys...aren’t such worthless beings after all.

The crew managed to climb down into the gorge without further incident. They were worried their ropes wouldn’t be long enough on the way down, but they nevertheless safely reached the floor of the gorge. Maybe the ropes were all magic items that expanded and contracted freely?

Darkness spread endlessly before them, understandable given that their depth was roughly equivalent to the fifty or so stories of the tower.

It wasn’t only the fact that sunlight had a hard time reaching them. Even Crim could feel an unnatural level of repulsion in the air. Standing in this land, full of nothing but boulders and dry earth, Crim’s frail body shuddered.

“D-doesn’t this place make you feel funny?”

“You think? It’s not that bad for me... Though, I guess it is a little off-putting.”

Kanchal and Stunk weren’t affected whatsoever.

“Humans and halflings aren’t species that have any particular aversion to the dark. They’re hardy, or perhaps tenacious, or maybe the dark just takes some getting used to. In any case, this gorge is filled with a potent magical aura, so we shouldn’t linger for too long.”

Zel could feel the magical power here, too, but he wasn’t as unnerved as Crim.

“Okay, let’s hurry up and get inside.”

On Stunk's command, the group of four all turned to confront The Dying Tree in the Ruined City. Looking up at the sealed tower from the darkness below, the structure was far more ominous than when they'd peered down at it from above.

Rather than a tower, it looked like a tree too long steeped in a noxious miasma and had rotted away.

"So this is the ancient tower that was sealed away by the demon lord..."

The front entrance was open wide. The second the company stepped inside, they felt like they'd been licked with a tongue of decay.

Originally, The Dying Tree in the Ruined City stood close to the succubus district of the new capital. It was a flowering symbol of the sex industry and included innumerable succubus joints jumbled throughout.

Its original name was probably something like the Happy Tower, the Ero Tower, or the Perv Palace—or at least, that's what Stunk thought.

One day, the tower had been ripped from its roots and thrust again into the ground of the western wasteland. The impact caused the ground to split, sending rocky crags jutting out in all directions. This was a formidable feat of manual labor and strength by the ruling regime at the time.

The demon lord took exception to this edifice. He despised the succubus joint on the top floor so much that he sealed it off for thousands of years, so that no one could enter.

The stone interior of the tower was especially cold. Zel shivered as he drew a rough sketch of it.

"If the district official's claim is true, then time flows more slowly inside the shop... This could get tricky."

"Don't say such terrifying things... That would mean it wouldn't just be old women; it would be thousand-year-old grannies. Instead of a succubus joint, we'd be walking into an all-you-can-eat buffet for the grim reaper."

Kanchal held himself with shaking arms.

Stunk sighed heavily and looked incredulous.

“You guys are way too absorbed in their age. Who cares as long as they’re hot?”

“Stunk, your eyes have clearly gone to shit!”

“Quit trying to drive up the demand for older elven females! Elf-specialty joints are full of older women, and you can’t just carelessly walk in!”

The company’s banter was no different than in the typical pub. The only one wearing a serious expression was Crim.

“We’re still on the twenty-third floor...”

Each cluster of floors in The Dying Tree in the Ruined City had a different theme.

Floors one through three had a simple layout that included a large opening in the middle of the floor. From there, the levels turned into labyrinths, lattice-work hallways with systematically organized doors or hallways full of dead ends that required one to find secret passages; the construction was all over the place.

The twenty-third floor in particular was a maze. If you spread out your arms to the right and left, your hands would hit the walls of the winding, narrow passageways, which occasionally had a room on either side.

“This tower isn’t really invested in bringing in customers at all...”

Judging from the tower’s overall architecture, it didn’t make sense for it to be this convoluted. The stone interior was lifeless and bare, even accounting for the wallpaper and carpet that had become worn down and dilapidated over the years.

“I guess I see why the district office went out of their way to give us this job.”

Stunk spoke as he led the charge. In addition to their goal of finding Sleeptopia, their side mission was to investigate The Dying Tree in the Ruined City, meaning they had to explore each floor thoroughly.

Their formation consisted of Stunk at the front with his sword drawn, Zel behind him in cartography mode, Crim holding the lantern, and the halfling Kanchal, with his acute senses, serving as their anchor at the rear.

“I guess creating a rough sketch right now isn’t gonna be too useful.”

Zel shrugged and chuckled dryly.

“What do you mean?”

“Can’t you feel it from the flow of magic in this place? The layout is changing as we proceed.”

Hearing this, Crim put their hand on the wall. They felt a magical energy throbbing against their palm like a beating heart.

“Does this mean...the wall is alive?”

“It must have been a machination of the demon lord. He created the entire tower to be a certain species of golem.”

Stunk sighed as he exclaimed, “Hey, hey, we can’t afford for this thing to get up, walk to some unknown land, and leave us stranded!”

“The tower itself won’t be able to move. It’s limited to interior transformation. The walls and floors can move gradually, meaning the interior has changed over the past couple hundred years.”

Against an elf’s perception of time, a couple hundred years wasn’t all that long.

“I think you’re right. Looking at the scratches on the floor or the thickness of the dust that’s piled up, I’m sure we’ll be fine for a day or two. Mapping out the place once every five years would probably be enough.”

Kanchal stooped down to investigate the floor and picked something up, lifting it high.

“The most annoying thing isn’t the tower itself; it’s this stuff here.”

Kanchal held a needle covered in dust—or maybe it was a thick, rough piece of hair.

“You’re right.”

Stunk waved his unsheathed sword back and forth.

“Yep.”

Zel quickly put away his rough sketch and drew his bow.

Crim was the only one who couldn't tell what was going on.

Two doors were open on either side of the hallway just ten meters ahead. Footsteps quietly echoed down the entryway on the right. They belonged to black fluffball monsters that walked on two legs.

By human standards, they were no bigger than children, but they had circular, black fuzz on their face and arms, too. Their red eyes burned brightly, and the fangs protruding from their pursed, circular mouths glinted ferociously.

"Mmmm, bobobo—!"

Fluffballs appeared in succession between the doors. The group could also hear quiet footsteps in the hallway behind them.

"Wh-whoa, there are so many of them!"

"Judging by the footsteps, I'd guess there are at least thirty."

"What if they're the girls from Sleoptopia...?"

"Then that'd be a total rip-off. Okay, I'm ready for this. Let's kill 'em."

Stunk walked forward, unevenly wavering to the right and left. The black fluffballs hesitated in response to his tottering stagger.

"Eeep—!"

In a flash, Stunk stepped toward them and closed distance with alarming speed. The creatures couldn't keep time with the extreme change in tempo.

Shink!

Stunk's sword entered the first black fluffball's mouth and exited through its scalp.

Stunk took another step forward with lightning speed.

Squik!

Stunk swung his sword horizontally and sliced another cleanly in two. His blade ripped into the one behind it, slashing its eyeballs. Another farther in the rear chirped in a low, angry tone, brandishing its club. In that instant, one of

Zel's arrows pierced its head, leaving it lifeless.

"Zel, I've got these covered, so watch our six."

"Got it."

Zel nocked another arrow and turned around to see four black fluffballs tumble onto the ground in unison. They'd been tripped by a well-placed trip wire, courtesy of Kanchal.

"Nice play, Kanchal. I owe you an order of beans from Ye Pubbe."

"Beans? Cheapskate. I want meat, you hear me?"

Arrows continued penetrating the heads of the horde in perfect tempo.

At the vanguard, Stunk continued whipping up a maelstrom of blood and viscera. Although aberrant, his swordplay was masterful. Even in the narrow passageway, he stayed away from the walls and avoided his enemies' attacks, accurately delivering killing blows to their vitals.

It was a one-sided battle. The black fluffballs had no chance.

"There's the last one."

The final monster took a single, piercing blow to the heart.

As Stunk wiped the blood from his blade with a cloth, he didn't give off the slightest air of emotion. His movements were as natural as if he were washing his face in the morning.

"Are these things worth any money?"

"There are accessories made from monster bones, but I really don't think we can sell these things."

"Their fur's probably worth something, depending on who we sell to...but thinking about how long it'll take to skin them all..."

Crim swallowed a heavy lump in their throat, standing some distance from the other three as they rummaged through the corpses.

Everyone's used to this...to killing... They're even having a casual conversation afterward.

A chill ran down Crim's spine. Having only known the world of Heaven, the providence of life in this world was strikingly hideous.

"...Ahh..."

In that moment, Crim saw something: a pair of tiny eyes peering at them from the direction from which they'd come.

Was it a baby black fluffball? It looked so weak, and it was trembling. Crim's heart ached.

"Um, uh, let's go on ahead, everyone!"

Crim passed by their three compatriots—still rummaging through the bodies—and proceeded down the path. In order to draw their attention, the angel brought down their feet heavily, making sure their footsteps echoed.

"What the hell, Crim? What's gotten into you?"

Dubious stares gathered on Crim as they fumbled for an excuse, their eyes tearing up with indecision.

"I...I just can't wait to get to Sleptopia."

"Oh, is that it? Pfft, you horny little angel."

Stunk's big smile showed he was convinced. The remaining two followed suit.

"If you're about to blow, we really shouldn't be the ones making you hold it in."

"Your sex drive must match your cock. I mean, it's huge after all."

"Y-you guys! You're always saying stuff like that! But I know you're all the same way!"

The party started down the path again. When they came to a bend, Crim glanced behind them. The baby fluffball had run toward the corpses of its slain kin. The image had been burned into Crim's mind for eternity.

Ever since falling to this world from Heaven, Crim had seen countless monsters, both living and dead. Why now, under these slightly different circumstances, had their heart been shaken so?

"This tower is really dragging me down."

Stunk screwed up his mouth as he grumbled, and Zel answered with “Yeah. Like I said earlier, this place is brimming with powerful dark magic. Having an angel close to us is mitigating the effects a little, but Crim has to be feeling it.”

“Yeah, you’re right... He does seem pretty bummed.”

Spotting a stairwell ahead lifted the group’s spirits, albeit slightly.

“If we take that, we’ll have cleared up to floor twenty-three, all on foot. Still halfway to go.”

The company began plodding toward the stairs at the end of the passageway. Just then, Kanchal’s ears twitched.

“Everyone, run!!”

The tower swayed violently, and the stone floor lurched unsteadily in opposite directions before settling once again. It wouldn’t have been surprising if the entire floor collapsed.

It wasn’t affecting Crim, who was floating in the air, but Zel had completely lost his footing. Stunk was jumping up and down effortlessly—despite his size—but didn’t have the recourse to lend anyone else a hand.

“Are even the traps automatically generated in this infernal tower...?! Kanchal, we need rope!”

“I’m counting on you, Zel!”

Kanchal handed one end of the rope to Zel and then, despite the powerful shockwaves, sprinted full speed toward the stairwell, reaching it safely.

“Mmmm, bobobo—!”

A black fluffball threw something from behind them, landing a direct hit on Kanchal’s head.

“Shit...!”

Kanchal fell onto his face, and the rope slipped from his hands before the stone floor collapsed beneath him. He was completely swallowed up.

“K-Kanchal—!!”

“Mm, bobo, mm, bobo—!”

The baby black fluffball was jumping up and down behind them.

It's the baby from before...!

A portion of the wall directly to the side of the creature was caved in unnaturally. Was it some sort of switch that activated the floor? The stone beneath the fluffball was untouched.

"Ohh shit, this is bad."

Stunk stooped forward and slapped the floor to check its stability before lurching forward. He wasn't as quick as Kanchal, but he proceeded diligently, picking up the fallen rope.

Stunk jumped over the section of the floor through which Kanchal had fallen and reached the stairwell.

"Mmm, bobo—!"

"Oh god, that was close."

The black fluffball threw something at Stunk, and it grazed his face before hitting the stairwell, exploding with a wet crunch. Next came a pair of white eyeballs, followed by a severed head.

The baby fluffball was flinging its slain compatriots' body parts at them and having a hell of a time doing it.

"Why aren't you properly mourning the deceased?! Don't you have a single shred of love for your friends and family? I can't even sense any hunger for revenge from you! You're just playing around, aren't you?! I couldn't be more disappointed!"

Crim's disheartened words were overpowered by the ferocious rumble of the floor. The foothold was all but lost. Crim floated in place and coughed convulsively from the storm of dust and smoke ravaging them.

The stairwell Stunk had reached was just outside of the area of destruction, and Zel was clinging tightly to the rope Stunk held.

"Mm, bobo—! Mm, bo, mm, bobobo—!"

The severed heads of black fluffballs continued raining down upon them from

beyond the cloud of smoke and dust impeding their vision. It was a pointless battle lacking compassion for both friend and foe, but as long as the baby monster's line of sight remained impeded, it couldn't attack them directly.

"If we can get a second to breathe, we'll beat it."

Zel wrapped the rope tightly around his arms and legs and skillfully nocked an arrow.

His shot ripped through the cloud of dust and smoke, and a pitiful cry of "Mm, bo—" rang out. They could hear the black fluffball crumple to the ground.

"Phew, let's go."

Stunk pulled up Zel and spoke without waiting for the smoke and dust to dissipate.

"W-wait, Kanchal is still falling...!"

...And it's because I felt pity for that monster.

Stunk was blunt: "He'll be fine! It's Kanchal, after all."

"It sounded like a number of floors below us collapsed, too! He could've been crushed by the rocks that caved in after him..."

"Nah, he'll be fine. It's Kanchal you're talking about."

"But, but...! Yeah, Kanchal is spry and skillful, but he's not as tough as you, Stunk, and he can't use magic like Zel...!"

Stunk and Zel looked at each other and slapped Crim on the head and shoulder in tandem.

"You simply don't know how tenacious halflings are. Unless they're directly confronted with swordplay, they won't die so easily."

"As a species, they're like one giant mass of survival instinct. Although they don't have innate magical ability like elves, they make up for it by having insane survival skills ingrained deep in their bones."

Stunk and Zel weren't making light of Kanchal by any means. The reason they weren't worried was simply because they trusted him that much.

Kanchal is so different from me... I can't do anything.

Kanchal was infinitely more reliable than Crim, who couldn't even use their angelic powers properly. Crim could read this through Stunk's and Zel's demeanor and was both relieved and ashamed at the same time.

"By the way, what happened to the lantern?"

Stunk looked at Crim's hands as he spoke.

"Ahh... I might have dropped it in the commotion earlier."

"Despite that, it's kind of bright in here, don't you think?"

The group of three turned, curious as to the source of light. The remnants of the collapsed floor were overly bright and radiating heat.

The floors below them, now strewn with debris, were on fire.

"...Come to think of it, there was a floor covered in oil down there. Do you think it caught on fire when the lantern fell?"

Zel analyzed the situation coolly.

"Umm... Well, is Kanchal...?"

"Let's put it out, for starters."

Zel extinguished the flames with magic, and the three waited for a moment.

They didn't even hear a whimper from him, much less see any hint of him coming up through the floor.

"...Halflings are tough as nails; he'll be fine! Right, Zel?"

"Yeah, we have faith in him, so he'll be fine for sure! Okay, let's keep heading up!"

"Ahhhhhhh, it's all my fault...!"

The group climbed farther up the tower, practically scrambling to escape.

The preceding floors had been narrow passageways and low ceilings all the way to floor thirty. All the monsters they'd encountered had been small, and many of them ran away when Stunk brandished his sword.

From floor thirty, the ceilings began getting higher and higher. The passageways also widened, and larger monsters started to appear, though they

posed no problem for Stunk and Zel with their sword and bow.

Floor forty.

The ceiling was so high that they had to crane their necks to see it, and the entire floor was a circular grand hall. They didn't see another set of stairs going up anywhere.

"Judging from the height of the ceilings so far, we're definitely nearing the top floor."

Zel put his roughly drawn map back in his breast pocket.

"That means it'll be waiting for us: our final test."

Stunk held up his sword and readied himself for their test.

"...Damn, it's big."

A giant monster was waiting in the middle of the floor. What was so giant about it? Its mouth. Really, all they could see was one massive, gaping maw. The span of the creature's jaws could have easily swallowed three whole horses.

Each of its fangs was practically a great sword. Each of its molars was a war hammer, made for smashing and grinding to a pulp.

"Here it comes!"

Stunk grabbed Crim by the hand. His sense of perspective was skewed, and he couldn't tell how much distance was between them and the monster.

Chomp!

They escaped the massive teeth by a hair as it bit down on thin air.

Now looking from the side, the party realized this monster was indeed all mouth. It had an ovular head as big as a barn, and its body—roughly 70 percent the size of its mouth—was shaped like a watermelon. It also had limbs like tree trunks and a reptilian tail, but all focus went immediately to its head. The monster's name might as well have been "Gaping Maw."

"Brrawwr—!"

The Gaping Maw moved sluggishly moved on its four limbs, but its neck

rotated quickly.

Chomp!

The monster bit down on thin air again, before sticking its neck out farther to snap once more.

As if angry from having one hungry for too long, it thrashed its neck from side to side, chomping ferociously and looking for prey.

Chomp— Chomp— The beast repeatedly bit down.

“Ahh, gahh, wahh! It’s biting, it’s chomping, it’s gnashing, it’s stomping!”

Crim was getting a full-frontal view of the monster’s fang-filled maw opening and closing. If Stunk hadn’t been holding them by the arm, they would have been the monster’s lunch by now.

“Okay, well... Shit— This thing is no joke!”

Stunk’s voice didn’t properly convey the anxiety he should have been feeling. Even as he ran around in a huff, he calmly assessed the monster’s movements out of the corners of his eyes and, with an air of composure, said, “Oof... Ugh... Well, that was something.”

“How can you be so calm at a time like this?!”

“I’ve never seen this monster before, so we need to figure out how to attack it. Hey, Mr. Smarty-Pants Elf, any ideas?”

The sound of flint emitting sparks crackled in their ears. Zel had retreated in the opposite direction of Stunk and Crim and was firing arrows from a distance.

The Gaping Maw’s parched, gray outer skin effortlessly deflected his arrowheads.

“Gahh, it’s hard as a rock. There’s no way this thing is a natural. I cast a spell to buff my arrows, but they’re not even scratching him.”

“If I tried to slash it with my sword, the blade would probably break, so no thanks. Is this thing derived from a golem?”

“Ohhh, well, if that’s true...then that means—”

“Yeah, that’s definitely what it means.”

Stunk and Zel had reached an arbitrary agreement, and Crim didn't have time to even ask. They were drenched in a cold sweat. It was all they could do to escape the bloodcurdling bites of the Gaping Maw.

“Wow, it's really going after Crim.”

“Huh? Me...? Wait, you mean *I'm* the target?”

“If you weren't, we would've already dropped you off somewhere safe.”

“The monster is likely drawn to the light-based magic it senses in Crim.”

They couldn't have been more wrong, but both Stunk and Zel looked satisfied thinking they were right.

Even if I know why it's targeting me, I still won't be of any use...

Crim was nothing but baggage on this journey. All they did was drag their feet endlessly, and they were even responsible for Kanchal's sacrifice. They were a parasite.

The Gaping Maw looked like the incarnation of their self-loathing.

“This golem is a gatekeeper created as a set with the tower. That's why it doesn't want to let the angel pass.”

Zel took a small bottle from his breast pocket and tipped it slowly to the side. A few drops splashed onto the stone floor.

“What do you—? Ahh— It's biting, it's chomping—but wait, we're still okay...! Um, what does this all mean?”

“It means you're the best decoy possible!!”

Stunk grabbed Crim and slung them forward with his whole body. The pitiful angel danced through the air.

“Uwaaaahhhh, *ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh*—!!”

Crim was headed for the monster's head at an alarming speed. Chasing after them, the Gaping Maw looked up.

“Beat your wings as hard as you can, Crim! Fly and get away!”

“Gahhhhh— I'm going to d-d-die—!!”

Crim was incapable of forward propulsion. Stunk's powerful throw accounted for at least 80 percent of their current velocity.

However, the monster's movements were dull and listless. Because it had been chasing after its targets back and forth on a horizontal plane for so long, it couldn't respond quickly to vertical movement.

"Brrawwr—!"

The Gaping Maw completely changed directions and lifted its head to clamp down on Crim's wings, but it lost its footing and slumped to the ground.

Its front right foot had been adhered with some sort of sticky goo, and it couldn't extricate itself. It was the exact spot where Zel had emptied a few drops from his bottle.

"I got him, Stunk!"

Stunk sheathed his sword and took a trap from his belt. Zel rejoined him and recited an incantation, tapping Stunk's scabbard while he did. Stunk's sword and scabbard glowed with a faint red light.

"We better go in for the kill."

Stunk slid between the monster's legs without hesitation, planting himself as firmly as possible before drawing his sword and scabbard together. Their red light drew an arc, and at the second of impact, an explosion erupted.

The monster's rear left leg was pulverized instantly, its massive frame teetering to one side.

"Brrawwww—!"

The Gaping Maw reacted with a slam of its tail, but Stunk hunkered down and managed to sidestep it. Stunk applied another raging blow to its remaining rear leg, and it, too, was demolished.

"Incredible..."

Crim was looking down from their position high against the ceiling and watching the battle with the Gaping Maw unfold. Once again, they were left in awe of Stunk's and Zel's battle prowess. The red glow that surrounded Stunk's sword and scabbard was probably some kind of assist magic to make it

stronger. Being able to destroy a mass of stone with swordsmanship was one thing, but using such basic magic to completely turn the tables was an incredible feat by Zel, too.

Why am I even here...?

Now that Crim was out of harm's way, the sense of self-loathing that gripped them only intensified.

Crim sighed and relaxed. In that instant, the Gaping Maw's body shuddered and contracted in a spiral shape.

"Ehh—?"

The monster's neck was outstretched, its mouth extending toward them. The angel had let down their guard and couldn't react in time.

"Crim!"

"Dodge!"

The rows of swordlike teeth gathered just below Crim's feet. The angel didn't even have a moment to beat their wings.

They thought they were done for.

"I don't think so!"

An angry voice exploded close to Crim, and a piece of the stone ceiling fell. A humanoid figure fell through the hole and grabbed onto Crim, pushing them out of the way.

Chomp—!

The Gaping Maw once again bit down on thin air.

"Why the hell were you dilly-dallying? You'll get yourself killed!"

Crim's savior didn't hesitate for a moment as he used his tiny hand to throw a grappling hook attached to a rope to the side, where it latched onto a joint in the wall. Using the grappling hook as a focal point, he used centrifugal force to push them away in an arc, landing away from the monster.

"Kanchal! You're alive!"

“I’m a bit scorched, but yeah, I’m alive. And I only have a little singed hair to show for it!”

Kanchal smelled like a barbecue pit, but he was as energetic as ever. Halflings were indeed tough as nails.

“Hey, Stunk, Zel. Something was shining on that thing’s head. I think it was one of those shiny whatchamacallits that make golems work.”

“If that’s true, then we’re ready to wrap this up. Do it, Stunk!”

Zel recited a new incantation and tapped Stunk’s scabbard again, imbuing it with a magical glow.

“You got it; be right back.”

Stunk rushed off with his blade at his side, stepping onto the monster’s tail to run up its back, soon reaching its head.

Before the beast could even bare its fangs, Stunk had landed another blow with his sword and scabbard.

“Brawww...”

The light of Stunk’s scabbard collided with the glow on the monster’s head, both extinguishing in unison.

The monster shattered into an ocean of gravel before dissipating into dust.

After Kanchal fell through the floor, he happened to find a secret passage. He’d crawled through a tiny opening and climbed up, and up, and up until finally reaching the interior of the ceiling of the grand hall.

“It doesn’t look like there’s a normal staircase to get up there, so we’ll have to go through the ceiling.”

“Easy for you to say! It’s way too narrow for us!”

“Yeah, you’re obviously speaking from a halfling’s perspective! What is this, a prank?!”

Stunk and Zel felt like they were getting whittled down to the bone as they crawled through the tight, suffocating space.

“I...I can barely fit ...! I keep getting stuck...!”

“What’s wrong? Is your massive cock getting in the way?”

“You better not get addicted to dragging your big ol’ dick along the ground like a dog. You won’t be able to get off from normal stuff anymore.”

“Yeah, this is the perfect time to be a halfling. The right man, in the right place—it’s a crucial concept. Now do you see that bigger isn’t always better?”

“No, I’m talking about my wings!”

The three nonangels continued cracking jokes as they crawled.

Finally, they saw a door above their heads and heaved a collective sigh of relief.

Bursting out from below, they threw open the hatch, and a dry wind blew through their hair.

They had a clear view of the dense forest surrounding the gorge. They were on the roof now.

“Zel... Sleptopia is supposed to be on the top floor, right?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t see a sealed gate... Judging by the map I roughed out, there was no space for it in the grand hall below.”

“Maybe it’s already been destroyed, and they simply never informed the district office?”

As the three veterans shook their heads in confusion, Crim raised their pointer finger.

“Could that be it...?”

The crew all followed Crim’s finger. In the sky overhead, an unnatural beam of light hovered above them. It was a ring, with inexplicable letters lining it both inside and out—a magic seal approximately the same circumference as the roof of the tower.

“That must be the sealed gate...!”

“I see... This thing is probably impossible to see from the outside. It was created so that when you climb the tower from the bottom, you’re essentially fulfilling some magical ritual, and when you reach the top, it appears.”

“Okay, so that means we just need to open it, right...?!”

Zel nodded and raised his hands to the heavens.

“Sleeptopia will definitely be up there. That gate must be the entrance.”

This was most certainly the succubus joint at the end of the sky.

The party’s cheeks were all flushed red with excitement.

“Um... Umm...!”

Crim took the opportunity to speak up loudly.

“I will do my best to bring everyone up to the gate! I don’t have my angelic powers back yet, but I can still fly a little bit!”

Crim didn’t know if they were strong enough to carry another person while flying. Even so, they wanted to help their friends even if only a little.

“Wow, you’re really putting yourself out there.”

Stunk laughed fearlessly and clapped Crim on the shoulder.

“Young angel Crimvail, this is your time to shine. To the skies!”

“Yeah, there are things that only you can do.”

“Crim, we need your talents here. This the reason we saved you.”

Everyone patted Crim on the shoulders—even Kanchal, on his tiptoes.

They’re all counting on me...! I can be counted on!

Crim’s expression beamed with delight as they made two fists, determined to succeed.

“If there’s anything I can do, just let me know!”

“In that case, why don’t you rub one out and shoot for the gate up there?”

Stunk bared his white teeth in a humongous grin. The group fell silent.

Crim lost their train of thought. They couldn’t believe how white Stunk’s teeth were even though he smoked regularly. Ha-ha-ha! They no longer knew what was going on.

“I heard from the district office. The seal is broken when it comes into contact

with the semen of a deity or an angel.”

“Wha...? Ha...ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha—!”

Now Crim understood, and they burst with manic laughter.

“I d-didn’t hear anything like that!”

“That’s because we didn’t tell you.”

“If we told you, you wouldn’t have come along.”

Of course they wouldn’t have. Why would they have said yes to that? The very idea flew in the face of logic and common decency.

“The demon lord hated Sleeptopia so much, he created a seal that would never open under any normal circumstances. Gods and angels don’t just come down from the heavens every day, you know.”

“But you’re telling Crim to jack off and blow their load onto the seal? That’s not something you would ask of a god or an angel.”

“Yes, that’s right! But isn’t it—? But you know— Huhhhhhhhhhh?!”

The flustered angel’s cry gained impetus on the updraft of the gorge and was ferried to the heavens.

Their hair flapping in the wind, the men of the surface had cherubic smiles on their faces.

“However, we have you, our dearest compatriot. You have our undying trust!”

“Use the power of our shared bond to open the gate to Sleeptopia!”

“Crim, you can do it! I’ll let you see one of my prized succubus recordings!”

Kanchal pushed a crystal letter containing an obscene video into Crim’s hands.

The group of three lifted Crim high in the air, as if making an offering to the heavens.

“Come on, Crim! Show us what you got!”

“That’s right, that’s right! Jack off, jack off—!”

“Beat off, beat off—!”

“Gahhhhhhhhh—!! You’re all idiotssss!!”

Crim didn’t want to do it! They didn’t want to defy their angelic sanctity and pleasure themselves in front of others. They had a strong sense of shame already. This was borderline torture.

But...

...they couldn’t help feeling indebted to their party. Thinking of the trouble they caused in the tower, refusing and running away wasn’t even an option.



“Ahhhhhhhh...! At the very least, please don’t watch!”

Crim flew away in desperation—in the direction of their lofty, heavenly home.

They stopped just short of the sealed gate, breathing deeply and preparing themselves.

“Ughhh... How is this my world now...? Hnnnnh...!!”

Crim began pleasuring themselves, aiming for the magic seal, which spread out just above their head. They were in a rather challenging posture watching the recording on the crystal letter.

In this moment, Crim would employ the secret technique that Stunk and company would go on to talk about at Ye Pubbe for weeks, if not months.

They called it The Angel Bridge Beatdown, though the only thing Crim *beat* was their meat.

Though Crim had earned a special move of their own, it was all they could do to not die of embarrassment.

“...Ngh—!”

When Crim achieved climax, they burst into tears and burst elsewhere. Their milky-white solution splattered the seal, and the heavens erupted in a flash of light.

Crim’s entire world went white as a weight left their body. Letting the sense of suspension keep them levitating, Crim stifled a pitiful laugh.

“Ah-ha-ha... I’ve been desecrated.”

“It’s a little late to say that, don’tcha think?”

“Seriously. You’ve been to how many succubus joints already?”

“Crim, you’re insatiable.”

Crim was lost on a plane of white. They didn’t care about anything anymore.

But in time, the light faded, and color returned to Crim’s world.

The adventurers had finally reached the succubus joint at the end of the sky.

CHAPTER 7

SLEEPTOPIA

In this world, where a vast number of species are jumbled together, an electoral system was established long, long ago. Throughout this long history, a demon lord hadn't actually held true governing power that many times.

In truth, it was once, and only once.

"Industriousness and advancement over all! Fulfillment of labor over pleasure! Straight from the demon's mouth: If you work hard and society advances, a bright future awaits you!"

The lofty aspirations of his reign were short-lived. His platform was simply too strict. He sacrificed far too much for the sake of advancement.

One of those very sacrifices was Sleptopia itself.

*

""""Welcome!""""

A chorus of voices welcomed the visitors, and without giving them a chance to state their preference, three different succu-girls pushed themselves onto Stunk and company.

"We've been waiting for you! We've been so bored, you know!"

"It's been so long, I developed a habit of falling asleep midsentence!"

"We only get the chance to go outside when we enter our clients' dreams. Mmm, it feels so good to actually touch a real, living, breathing client! Reality rules!"

The girls screamed in shrill voices and put their hands all over Stunk and the others.

He was dumbfounded by their aggressive intimacy. They were like three overly friendly puppies.

This is not what I was expecting...

Despite being a several-thousand-year-old succubus joint, this place already lacked...mystique.

Despite their tribulations in overtaking the bothersome tower, this place lacked...rhythm.

Of course, that meant they wouldn't be getting overly apprehensive. Zel, Stunk, and Kanchal winked at one another and nodded in unison.

"Well, they're definitely not all hyperexperienced battle-axes..."

"It seems the method employed to delay the flow of time inside this joint is truly...excellent."

"Yeah, I definitely don't have it in me to fuck a thousand-year-old granny."

The crew was concerned about age above all else. Judging on looks alone, the girls were all young by human standards. That meant Stunk wouldn't have any complaints, regardless of what they were like on the inside.

The sound of wood clattering against metal echoed around the room.

"All of you, line up."

In response to the powerful sound, which resembled an arrow being shot from a bow, all the girls quickly obeyed. They rose to a section of wainscoting above the earthen entryway and kneeled in a line, from right to left.

Now that the girls had distanced themselves, the crew finally noticed Sleeptopia's interior. The building was a wooden structure made in the Far Eastern style. Their gazes were drawn to the floor and walls—a resplendent wood grain—and sliding doors made of paper. Lastly, a fire burned, and smoke billowed from the open hearth directly in front of the succu-girl lineup.

Next, they heard a voice coming from the middle of the assemblage. A small girl wearing a short-hemmed kimono was kneeling, nearly hidden by the smoke.

"Welcome to Sleeptopia, dear customers."

As the small girl lifted her head, her tiny body looked even more compact. She was on par with a halfling, or perhaps even smaller.

Her face becoming discernable, it was shapely, soft, and youthful above all else.

"Are you...some kind of ghost who's supposed to bring good fortune to this place?"

Zel narrowed his eyes.

“That is correct. I am the same as the smoke that has seeped into these walls.”

As she smiled broadly, a unique vitality emanated from her. It wasn't the innocent lucidity of a child, but rather, a mature depth that showed she'd been on the journey of life for eons.

The ghost in question was a house-spirit species that originated in the Far East.

Just like brownie spirits and silkies, these spirits' dispositions meant they settled into one particular home. Their lifespan was the length as the home itself, and in some instances, they could endure for a thousand years.

According to legend, they brought good fortune to the place they resided. However, this had yet to be proven.

The crew all exchanged glances due to the appearance of this rare spirit species.

“I'm not touchin' that...”

“Yeah, I doubt she does anything but work as the receptionist...”

“I've already decided on that bubbly-slime girl over there.”

The three nonhuman members of the crew were already getting restless.

Stunk stared long and hard at the house spirit.

Thwack—!

She took her long pipe and hit it against the side of the open hearth, knocking the ash out before putting it back between her lips with a skilled hand. As she puffed, smoke didn't emit from her pipe, but rather, fire.

Oddly captivated by the spectacle, Stunk and company all stood at attention.

“Our age of glacial hibernation has officially announced its passing, and we have you to thank. For this reason, today is a celebration. We bid you welcome to our establishment, free of charge.”

“Wow, a formal welcome. That's pretty old-school for a succubus joint.”

“Now then, please take off your shoes and come in from the earthen

entryway.”

The crew did as they were bid and took off their shoes, stepping up to the section of floor surrounded by wainscoting. Their cheeks were flush with anticipation as they convened around the open hearth and sat down across from the girls.

“First, you need to warm yourselves up.”

The ghost girl removed the kettle hanging above the fire. She poured hot water into a tea kettle and allowed it to steep for a moment before pouring the contents into ceramic cups.

“A welcoming drink. Let it warm your bodies.”

“...Ahh, thank you kindly.”

Stunk was mildly disappointed by the wholesome service as he took his cup. He sipped the tea, which was bitter and slightly tart, but a warmth spread throughout his body.

“Hey, now...!”

Stunk felt completely at ease, and the remaining three members of their crew were even more impressed by the drink.

“There are a number of different herbs in this... W-wow, it’s powerful stuff. It’s even restoring my magic.”

“This really is really soothing...especially after all I’ve been through...”

“Ahh, this reminds me of the tea my grandma made for me.”

Now that they were being taken care of, the party was no longer on edge, as they had been when they entered. Their tempered breathing mellowed, becoming rhythmic and even.

“Please also take a hot towel to soothe you. Be my guest.”

“Would you also like some hot porridge and dried persimmons?”

“You must be tired. How about a massage?”

A number of hospitable services were offered to them. It was a very generous and complete service, but it didn’t really remind them of a succubus joint. Or

perhaps this was the standard service offered long ago?

“Yawwwn... Damn, I’m tired.”

Stunk’s eyelids were heavy, and his muscles were exhausted. He could feel the weariness of his adventure with his whole body.

“In that case, you should sleep. Napping is also included, free of charge. Look, we have pillows prepared just for you.”

The girls all patted their legs simultaneously. The exhausted men couldn’t resist the invitation. Like moths drawn to flame, they all fell onto the captivating girls’ lap pillows.

Their consciousnesses wavered, and they drifted off to sleep.

“First, you must rest your bodies. Our lap-pillow service is so potent, the demon lord himself feared its power. Just relax to your heart’s content.”

The house spirit rubbed Stunk’s head with her tiny hand. The time for sweet surrender had arrived.

Stunk realized the moment the dream started. The events unfolding before his eyes were not reality. He felt like he was watching a play as he peered at a scene that was all new to him.

The girls from Sleptopia had formed a circle.

“My three remaining employees! You must pledge you will accept Sleptopia along with your fate!”

“Bring the demon lord’s seal down upon us!”

“We are resolute in our mission!”

As three of the girls spoke their conviction, the fourth—the house spirit—furrowed her brow into a scornful grimace and laughed bitterly.

“You are helpless girls. Even if a thousand years pass, I will continue living as long as this establishment exists, but the same does not apply to you.”

“Even if that’s true, we can’t abandon you to such a lonely fate, proprietress. That would leave a bad taste in our mouths.”

“We’re different from those who left. We have no other living relatives.”

“Yes, you’re like a mother to us!”

The four girls smiled at one another warmly and turned once again toward the entrance. A single demon was standing just outside the open doors. He was covered in thorns—a fiendish appearance that screamed *I am the demon lord*.

“As royal decree of my regime, Sleptopia is hereby sealed off.”

The demon lord waved his hand and released a powerful magic aura. With each wave of magical energy that washed over the establishment, a single door was closed automatically.

“You have violated the laws of society by guiding industrious workers into the depths of depravity. This led to the proliferation of idiocy and the decay of our civilization.”

“You say as much, but without the chance to relax, the heart withers, does it not?”

The house spirit refuted the demon lord quietly.

In contrast, the hellish monarch threatened her in a severe and menacing tone.

“What blathering nonsense. Only unwavering dedication and mental fortitude can foster a strong spirit.”

“The tightest of strings is readily broken, no?”

“It is my duty to elevate the consciousness of all people, that they may forge bonds that will never be broken.”

“Water flows from the highest peaks down to the earth.”

“The spirit turns skyward in search for light. That much is true, even among demons.”

“Even though so many of them are lying with their faces in the dirt?”

“Those who give in to weakness have already lost.”

They both knew they were speaking at odds, their eyes reflecting their resolve.

“No matter what logic you heap upon me, the sealing of this establishment is

a foregone conclusion.”

The demon lord was the first to force their conversation to a halt.

“Of course, as a decree of my regime, this is not a complete sealing. Those who dwell within this place will have their consciousnesses preserved here in the bonds of time. A thousand years or even ten thousand years will only feel like a few, I’m sure. And it goes without saying that your lifespans will not end in this place.”

“Well, well, that’s a rather lenient punishment for a demon lord, is it not?”

“A lord must govern and lead, not evict. Someday, my ideals will pervade our world, and it will become a paradise that eclipses Heaven itself. At that time, you will also—”

Someone clicked their tongue halfway through the demon lord’s speech.

“Who the hell do you think you are? Acting all important... Hmph. Eat this.”

One of the girls threw a rotten tangerine. It passed through the open door and smacked the demon lord square in the face.

“Urk—”

“Yikes, the demon lord’s face is all messy now.”

“What the hell were you thinking, Prim?!”

“I didn’t think I’d actually hit him. I’m as shocked as you.”

The girls all looked toward the demon lord’s face, frightened of what they’d find.

Suddenly, a piercing, shrill laugh erupted.

“Gwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!! I changed my mind! You’ll have your freedom, oh yes... At the cost of divine intervention!”

“That’s basically the same as saying it’s never gonna happen. You mad, demon lord?”

“Farewell! Gwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!!”

The door mercilessly slammed closed.

Stunk's consciousness was again trapped in the darkness where only dreams dwelled.

*

Stunk awoke in partial darkness. The pillow pressed closely against his face, preventing him from seeing anything.

The pillow's fabric was black, and its burnt-orange flame pattern looked as if it was streaked with light.

The black and orange both gave way, and two white lines branched out. Stunk was lying on his stomach, and he had buried his face between two pillars of white—yes, two thighs.

"You were fast asleep."

Stunk's girl stroked his head, brushing his hair to the side. His fuzzy memory started to return.

"*Yawn*. Wow, I must've been out like a light."

He felt refreshed, much like he did after his time with the two escorts. He hadn't taken a proper rest at any point during their adventure, so he felt like a whole new Stunk.

"Was my lap pillow to your liking?"

Her archaic manner of speech was oddly comforting. Stunk recalled the comfort of falling asleep on his grandmother's lap many years ago. Yet compared with his grandmother, his current companion was far too small.

"I bet customers would pay out the nose just for your lap pillow."

"I ask about your well-being, yet you speak of money. You still lack charm, indeed."

"Well, I'm just the boorish type that eats, sleeps, and fucks all day."

"That is fine until you lose interest. We of the bygone era are ever going on about charm, but enough of that."

The owner of the lap pillow laughed quietly and tickled Stunk's ear. He rolled over onto his back. Zel and the others, along with the rest of the girls, were

nowhere to be found. The open hearth was also missing. They had moved to a private room before he had realized it.

The soft smile he had envisioned looked down at him as they lay alone together. It was the house spirit who'd welcomed them at reception, the one who Zel and everyone else had said was strictly a no-go.

"...I always thought that your type—a house spirit—would have straight, black hair."

"As you can see, I'm more of a cherry blossom."

She flipped her hand through her hair proudly. He expected it to be cut shoulder-length, but it was truly the color of cherry blossoms: a light pink. It was soft and billowy, with tufts of dark red mixed in.

It wouldn't be a lie to say that Stunk wasn't exactly disappointed by the house spirit. On the contrary, he could stare at her for an eternity.

"You could say that we house spirits are like artifact spirits."

"Umm...is that like a spirit who lives in an inanimate object?"

"Indeed. Because we are spirits who inhabit homes, our ecology and appearances are affected by the modality of the dwelling. I have experienced *location change* many times, but the effects of my first home are still strong and deep-rooted. It is still very much a part of me."

"Location change" referred to a special ritual used to move a certain species from one location to another. If she had experienced it many times, she must have been quite old.

"A pink house... So it was a succubus joint?"

"Hmm, I wonder. If you're able to correctly guess where I first went to roost, I shall give you a special treat! How does that sound?"

She bared her pearly-white teeth and laughed mischievously.

"Speaking of, how long has it been? Will I need to pay for more time?"

"No need to worry; we don't charge extra fees. We've waited so long for you. You are our first customers since the gate was sealed. And at any rate, the flow

of time in this place is delayed.”

As she continued stroking his hair, the sensation of time passing began to stretch out listlessly.

How many minutes had been frittered away with this idle banter as he rested on her lap pillow? Or rather, how many hours, days, or weeks?

“Our establishment’s creed is for clients to enjoy themselves to their hearts’ content, without worrying about the constraints of time.”

“Even so, chilling for several thousand years is a bit too laid-back.”



“That was the extreme result of the demon lord’s punishment.”

She spoke readily of her situation, her voice lilting.

“It was far too severe for myself and the others. We believed the greatest joy in this world was to work tirelessly, without a chance to idle, in order for our establishment to prosper. That’s why...our comfort...is a bit—”

“The culprit who sealed this place supposedly went on to reign in idiocy. Or at least, that’s what the papers at the district office said.”

“This is half-boastful, but it’s said the influence of our comfort was simply too compelling.”

It could be argued that every person who ever visited Sleptopia became despondent, much like Brooz’s infinite void of emotion after he summoned the Time-Traveling Temptress. It was something like the deep philosophical state one entered after having every drop squeezed out of them at a first-rate succubus joint, but it didn’t last as long, and the percentage of repeat visitors was high.

Everyone from that era sought the comfort offered here. After all, they had built up a strong sense rebellious streak from their egregious labor.

The wrongdoer wasn’t Sleptopia, but the demon lord himself, wasn’t it...?

The demon lord’s idealistic politics had driven the labor force into turmoil, and workers seeking relief from that hell ended up visiting succubus joints in droves. When the enraged demon lord started closing down such establishments, the laborers lost their places of respite. In turn, they lost their motivation, and society on the whole stagnated.

In the last days of this cycle of degradation, the demon lord’s regime quickly fell apart.

“But yes, really, that’s all in the past, the past! Right now, I have a living, breathing client in front of me. As the proprietress of this succubus establishment, I must express my thanks.”

“Oh yeah, well...”

Stunk smiled complacently like an imp and turned up the corners of his

mouth.

Normally, his compass wouldn't have pointed to someone with a body like hers. He always thought of lolita types as something he went for when he got tired of his usual selections.

Also, he had just gone to battle against a body like hers a few days ago through the escort service.

That said, Stunk was definitely compelled to take her on, which was quite the anomaly.

"Well, you've gotten me this riled up, and I even went on an epic quest just for you. I expect a super-enthusiastic thank-you."

"Y-you noticed?"

"I thought something was off. The Time-Traveling Temptress of urban legend is said to pleasure a man so thoroughly that he might just lose his mind. In fact, that's exactly what happened to Brooz. However, I got fired the hell up. Couldn't help it. Wanna know why what happened to him didn't happen to me?"

Stunk had a hunch, and he was pretty sure it was spot-on.

"You riled me up, but only halfway. So did I nail it?"

"I guess I've been found out. Yes, that is correct, in the most accurate way possible."

The house spirit nodded multiple times, clearly satisfied with herself.

"Our delivery service determines a client's preferred type of girl by peering into their mind's eye during a dream and using that information to make a selection, but in fact—and I need you to keep this confidential—other memories do leak into the process."

"That means you knew I had an angelic acquaintance, right?"

"And to think, that discovery was made right after dealing with our canine client. Another girl was waiting for him, but...we had struck gold! We got so excited by this fortuitous twist of fate."

She had put all her hope into fate.

By not turning Stunk into a worthless pile of jelly, she left a lingering aura behind to stoke his spirit. As a result, she knew he would try to find Sleptopia and bring the angel to this place, opening the seal.

She was completely right; Stunk's disposition, which she felt in a dream, was prone to do exactly that.

"And look. You, loyal customer, have visited us and opened Sleptopia again! As the proprietress of this place, the house spirit Yachiyo, I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Yachiyo bowed deeply on the spot. She bent forward, leaning her head down toward Stunk as he rested his head on her lap, and planted an affectionate kiss on his chin. She had such cute lips.

This is more like becoming emotionally attached to a kid than any sort of erotic play...

Wait, no. Maybe it's more like being coddled by my mom or grandma.

Stunk was bewildered by the contradictory impression he was getting. This stimulation was only softening his heart, and his crotch was having a hard time reacting at all.

Or so he thought.

While stroking his hair, she started slowly sliding her hand down, caressing his ear, stroking the nape of his neck, and tickling his scraggly beard. The maternal nature of the gesture had completely changed. It was now a caress inviting sexual stimulation. Though her fingers were tiny, they moved seductively with an intrinsic knowledge of erotic pleasure.

"Ohhh... That's the spirit. The succu-girl talent finally made it to the party."

"I feel the need to ask, but are you sure you don't mind an older woman like me?"

"I'll be honest. Right now, I don't care if you're a loli or a granny. You must have been the one who visited me during the escort session, right? One girl, two roles?"

“How keen of you. In dreams, such a thing is indeed possible. Though I’ll admit, it’s not standard practice here. But we were short-staffed at the time, so I filled both roles. The others were having a hot-pot party.”

Oh really? How unforgivable. Not the hot-pot party, but the part before that.

Time to take my revenge...!

To be honest, Stunk was a bit angry. The reason being that even though he paid, they didn’t give him full service. How was such an outrageous thing even possible?! Putting that anger aside, Stunk had ascended The Dying Tree in the Ruined City.

He was going to enjoy her—mind, body, and soul. He was going to make her scream for more. He was going to make her apologize for losing the battle with his great sword.

“W-wow, you’re getting quite hard. I’m sure yours is truly remarkable...”

“You ain’t seen nothin’ yet. But, Yachiyo, I’m afraid you’re mistaken.”

Stunk wagged his finger in her face and clicked his tongue.

“This is a physiological phenomenon that occurs in men typically after waking up. And since I just have, that means I currently have a different desire. I need to take a leak. Sorry about that.”

Stunk wasn’t pleased with the situation, but what choice did he have? The two ways in which he desired to relieve himself were in fierce opposition.

“If that’s the case, then please, this way.”

Yachiyo took Stunk by the hand and helped him stand.

She led him to the bathroom and opened the door before entering first.

“Okay then, let it all out.”

“Wait. Hang on a sec. What are you planning? Why are you standing next to me?”

“This is another special service. As an apology for shortchanging you last time, I’m going to go above and beyond this time.”

“Thanks, but I really just wanna take a normal piss.”

“Do you truly think you can escape the comfort offered at Sleetopia?”

Maybe this was the true danger of the establishment that even the demon lord feared...

Hang on, I just need to think about this rationally.

This sort of service wasn't usually available, even at normal succubus joints. Shying away from a new experience would disqualify him as a true sexual deviant.

“...All right, whatever you say.”

“You are indeed a mighty champion who has conquered this terrible tower! Now out with it, yes, yes.”

“Okay...”

Stunk pulled down his pants. His glowing-red member was fit to burst with morning dew, and Yachiyo yelped excitedly. She grabbed onto it without hesitation and cooed at its size and warmth. She could barely wrap her fingers around it.

“It's magnificent and brimming with heat.”

“This is my son, who I am so very proud of.”

“In that case, he's probably well capable of taking a proper leak, yes?”

“I'm pretty embarrassed, not gonna lie!”

Stunk wanted to abandon ship, but there was no way he could. He had told himself that he would *“accept any service given to him, with gusto,”* and he wouldn't let this experience hold him back.

Yachiyo held on to his hips. She was stronger than he'd expected and made no sign of letting him go.

Stunk accepted his fate and let the dam break. His stream of shame blasted into the toilet.

“Good boy, good boy. You're doing quite well for one as stiff as a board.”

“Don't comment on every single thing. My heart is gonna split in two... This isn't really an issue of doing well or not... Plus, you're holding me in place

yourself, Yachiyo...”

Stunk’s blade was being gripped by her adorable hands and directed straight into the toilet.

“Men can’t aim properly when they’re hard, right? I think the phrase is...*like a fire hose*?”

“You’re right, and I’m pretty proud of my fire hose, but you really don’t need to comment on everything! I don’t feel any poetic connection to taking a leak! And when it comes to water sports, I’m only into it when the girl’s the one peeing!”

“If that’s your wish, I’m not opposed to letting you watch me, too... Oh, you splashed!”

“Don’t get me all excited while I’m taking a leak!”

“But you’re so fun to tease. What a cutie you are.”

“Goddamn it, how could you play with the fragile heart of a man like this...?!”

The shameful release had finally drawn to a close. Yachiyo didn’t take her hand away until the very last drop. No, even then, she didn’t let go. If anything, she was moving it up and down, her wrist flicking as she stroked it.

“Well then, one good release deserves another. Come now, come now—!”

“Holy shit, you don’t hesitate, do you...?!”

“Why would I waver now? I’m the one providing the service here.”

Yachiyo stooped over to put her entire body against Stunk as she held on to his hips. Their difference in height meant that her face was now close to the great sword between Stunk’s legs.

“Ohhh...you smell like a real man.”

“I’m definitely dirty. You might wanna think twice about that.”

“A man’s member being dirty is par for the course. Not to mention—”

Yachiyo flicked her tongue obscenely across her lips. This gesture definitely didn’t match her cute face.

“The demon lord’s seal only interfered with work inside the establishment. For those in sync with the world outside this place—like myself, as a house spirit—we have even more experience than the other girls.”

Yachiyo gulped.

“It’s been so long since I’ve had the real thing... Ahh, I’m so excited, I’m drooling. God, please forgive me in advance if all reason flies out the window...”

“Bad Yachiyo. Stay. You have to relax, please.”

“Thank you for the feast.”

No matter how Stunk tried to restrain the horny house spirit, he could only watch as she pounced on his sword and swallowed it whole.

*

Elves were infinitely more sensitive to magic than humans. They could interact with mana in the air and feel it dwelling in others through a simple touch.

For Zel, demanding a certain quality of magic in his partner was inevitable.

“Th-this is incredible—!!”

Buried in golden fur, Zel cried out in awe.

The fox hybrid had a plump bottom and three fluffy tails growing from it. Their sheer volume eclipsed her frame. They completely encompassed the male elf.

“I can feel abundant mana oozing from each and every one of your follicles...! They’re bunching together to form an incredible softness, and that pristine flow of mana sends my blood pumping...!”

“You really are a pro, eh? Take my fluff and do whatever you want with it.”

“This is the best...! Fluffy, fluffy... Ohhh, your fluff is the best...!”

Riie bared her fangs and laughed coyly. Her smile was effortless, and her pointed snout gave her an air of elegance. She was a mythical fox hybrid girl from the Far East, and her body contained extraordinary mana. The number of tails these hybrids possessed increased with the quality of their magic.

They were said to use transformation techniques to assume any form their partner desired, but Zel was after her original form.

Not tasting a girl in her true form would be doing her and myself a great disservice.

If he was after a specific species, he could just go to a specialty joint.

At any rate, the feeling of being wrapped in her tails was heavenly. Zel was drunk on her mana.

“I’ve heard that your type has very potent mana...but I’ve never been so happy to underestimate just how potent it could be.”

“Oh, I’m sure, I’m sure. Compliment me more. I love being complimented.”

She was open and candid, which did not fit Zel’s image of the mysterious beast species of the Far East, but he didn’t mind.

She was wearing an eastern dress with a long slit up the side. It was designed to show off the lines of her body, and her ladylike curves were on full display.

Her body is out of this world.

Zel had a mana fetish, but that didn’t detract from his love for the pleasures of the flesh. He was over the moon when the two came together. His elation was so absolute that a certain party of his seemed ready to give a standing ovation.

“Ah, you still haven’t had the chance to properly relax, have you? You’re still hard as a diamond. What a shame, what a shame. ♪”

Riie shook her hips with glee. She also wagged her tails, causing the flow of mana to fluctuate and forcing pressure to build up in Zel’s crotch.

“Oh god, that’s good...! That’s one hell of a technique...! You have some serious mana control...!”

“Can you feel it? Can you really, truly feel it? Tee-hee, I’m so good at mana control. It’s all part of a special menu that only I can offer. Enjoy my fluffy paradise.”

She turned around and flashed a peace sign, which made her feel more like a

close friend than a mystical species. Zel's soul relaxed thanks to her amiable demeanor. That, in and of itself, was another form of comfort.

"Oh, by the way, was the magical technique on this leaf your doing as well, Riie?"

Zel took the green leaf—the secret to this entire journey—out of his breast pocket.

"Yes, that serves as a substitute charm. I plucked it off a houseplant. There's a single small window in a one-way hallway in our establishment that leads outside. I sent the leaf floating on the wind toward human habitation. From there, I designed it to activate automatically when touched, initiating a waking dream."

"So the leaf that arrived in the hands of Brooz and Stunk was also..."

"That was mere coincidence, blown by the wind. By the way, it won't activate for busy people. Only for those who truly wish to fool around. Our proprietress called it fate."

Fate. What a wonderful word.

Just as mana ebbed and flowed, so too did fated encounters travel on the wings of chance. Believing this really put a pep in your step.

"Well, rather than fussing over the details, I'd rather focus on fooling around and feeling good!"

Riie stood up just as Zel looked like he was about to blow.

"Damn right... My staff, rich with mana, will leave you spellbound."

"Mmm... I'm looking forward to it!"

Zel passed through the gates of Riie's plush paradise and entered her.

The battle of magical prowess between elf and fox had begun.

*

Halflings were a diminutive race. They were short, with small hands and feet, and yes, small members in the case of males.

This was something that couldn't be helped, of course, so it didn't do anyone

any good to dwell on it. Kanchal understood this better than most.

Still, it really wasn't cool to write something like that in a review that so many people would see.

Kanchal would have been less annoyed if Zel had just spoken to him directly. The humiliation of that day had been deeply etched in Kanchal's consciousness.

"I totally love little halflings! I can easily wrap my whole body around one with room to spare!"

Prim gave a light chuckle and embraced Kanchal with her emerald-green body. You could say she practically inhaled him. Kanchal's entire body sank into hers, like he was taking a bath in hot water.

"Don't submerge my face, too, or I'll drown."

"Tee-hee, don't be scared. I'm here to make you feel good. Just my hot, wet gel body!"

Her green body retained the shape of a human through a unique tension, but her malleable breasts were like amorphous gel. The foam bubbling forth from inside her surged all over them and eased Kanchal's tension. The exhaustion of his journey started to melt away.

"Ahh... A slime bath with a bubbly-slime girl can't be beat."

Bubbly slimes were a type of slime—an amorphous species. A chemical reaction occurred inside their bodies that allowed them produce a constant stream of foam. Because of this, their bodies had low tension and flexibility and could quickly become pure liquid. Many of them also possessed bodies that contained toxins, but by improving their physical properties through nutritional therapy, they could be expected to provide a fantastic medicinal bath treatment with healing properties.

"My medicinal effects can alleviate a sore neck, heal nerve pain, and eliminate sleep deprivation. And of course, you can expect them to stoke the sexual appetite, too!"

"Oh yeah, I feel great already."

Kanchal was on cloud nine as he gave himself completely to Prim.

If slime girls simply imagined themselves as women, they could take on a female form. Not many of them went out of their way to imagine themselves as ugly, so they were quite attractive on average.

In particular, Prim had a large bust and a voluptuous frame. Kanchal's hands sunk inside her when he tried to touch her, though. A trivial issue, overall.

It's great that size doesn't matter at all with slimes!

As amorphous beings, slimes did not possess genitalia. This meant it didn't really matter if the person entering them had a big one or a small one. That didn't mean they were completely devoid of sensation, however.

"Mmm... I'm getting a little excited... Engulfing a man and filling him up with my essence, right down to his pores, feels so good...!"

The grime in Kanchal's pores was being sucked out and cleansed. Absorbing and dissolving organic life-forms was how slimes generally took in nutrition, and it was accompanied by a strong sense of pleasure. Succu-girl slimes used medicine or magic to mitigate the digestive effect, meaning normally, they would only consume waste matter.

"Ahh... You're so delicious. I could just eat you up."

Kanchal's masculinity responded to Prim's spellbound voice, and his average-sized member (average for a halfling anyway) sprang to life.

"Hey... I was wondering. Do you also do...?"

"Do what?"

"...Urethral cleaning?"

"Of course! Sending my bubbly slime in and swirling it back out, over and over again until you cum, is my specialty!"

Her description of the process was far bolder than Kanchal expected.

"Sign me up! Don't blame me if *my* special slime tastes so good that you can't get enough of it, okay?"

"As you wish!"

Kanchal's mind began racing. He hoped Prim would become obsessed with

him—that she would beg for it with a phrase like *Please, master, give it all to me.*

In that moment, a bubbly sensation he had never experienced before gushed into his most private part.

*

“I can’t believe I did that with everyone else watching... Why did it have to be me...?!”

Crim was crying a river.

“It’s not that I don’t like lewd stuff! I think succu-girls are plenty attractive! But it was a magic seal! All I did was unleash the requisite stream of magical light energy to undo it! Stunk and the others don’t understand what it felt like for me to blow my precious load there when I was really planning on cumming inside a girl!”

Crim’s experience of being made to ejaculate onto the sealed gate had already become palpable trauma. And they remembered the heinous, careless remarks of their onlookers, too.

“Whoa, Crim really can bust a fat load. He’s like a weaponized sex machine.”

“My god, what a deluge. It’s brimming with light energy. You’d probably fetch a hefty price if you sold his cum as a magical catalyst.”

“Angels being pure is a total sham. Outside of orcs and other ultravirile species, there’s no way a dong or a load that big should be possible. I guess he really is a fallen angel.”

Even though Crim silently suffered public masturbation for their sake, their friends had really let them down.

“I might have come down from Heaven, but I am not a fallen angel... I might have learned a number of sexual secrets down here on the surface, but I am not a fallen angel...”

Was it possible that Crim wouldn’t be able to return to Heaven even after their halo was fixed?

Insecurities were given shape within Crim’s dream. A formation of heavenly

inhabitants lined up and stuck out their palms, reciting words of rejection—

“Okay, that’s enough.”

The tragic scene unfolding before Crim’s eyes was suddenly sucked up into oblivion by the long, pointy snout of the succu-girl hanging back behind them.

“I am Yume, a dream-eater, and I will feed on your nightmares.”

“A dream...eater?”

“A dream-eater is a hybrid species from the Far East. We control and eat dreams. Then they fatten us right up, as you can see. I’m pleasantly plump, don’t you think?”

Yume was a black-haired hybrid species, and a little on the chubby side. She looked so soft, and Crim wanted to give her a big hug.

As soon as Crim had the thought, she pulled them into a loving embrace.

The second Crim’s face sunk into her breasts, the angel’s expression finally relaxed.

“Wow...you’re so comfy...”

“That’s right; entrust your consciousness to a more pleasant fantasy. I am the succu-girl of Sleptopia who governs over dreams. I will consume all your bad nightmares, leaving you with only the most amazing dreams.”

“Amazing dreams...”

“It doesn’t matter what they contain. It will all occur within a fabrication, so you won’t end up bothering anyone. No matter how badly you behave, no one will admonish you for it, Crim.”

“No one...will admonish me...”

As Crim buried their face in her breasts and nuzzled, the pain in their heart faded, and their mood lifted, much like a pair of flapping wings.

“In your dreams, you reign supreme, Crim. You can do whatever you want.”

Suddenly, Mii from Meow Meow Paradise appeared at Crim’s side. Her breasts were ripe, and her paws kneaded Crim, spurring their great sword to battle.

“That’s right. In your dreams, you can go as hard as you want.”

Meidri from Ye Pubbe appeared on Crim’s other side. Inexplicably, she was completely naked. She was rubbing her wings and breasts against Crim and even gave them a kiss on the cheek.

If the real Meidri found out about this, Crim’s life would be forfeit. At the very least, she’d whip a tray or mug of ale at their face.

“It’s just a dream. Just like you surrendered yourself to me, give your own body over to desire.”

Elza from The Genderswap Inn was now caressing them from behind. She penetrated Crim’s lady parts with the female pseudopenis she was so proud of.

“Ahh... Ahhghh—!”

“Come now, tell me how you really feel, in your own words.”

Elza rammed against Crim’s hips forcefully, and a shiver ran up their spine. They were utterly dominated by the sense of pleasure churning inside.

Crim threw Yume down in front of them.

“That’s right. That’s the spirit... Now have your way with me.”

Yume spread her thick thighs, extending the most licentious invitation to Crim. Their breathing was ragged, and their heart raced incessantly. They rubbed against Yume’s wetness. Their world-class sex weapon was so much more imposing than the others’.

“I...”

“You...?”

Crim swallowed some saliva to moisten their throat. Then a voice rife with desire exploded inside their dreams.

“I love sex!”

Crim pierced Yume with their lance while being penetrated from behind.

“Ahhhhn! Welcome to the new you!”

No one could stop Crim now. Not even Crim themselves.

Crim the angel had become the physical embodiment of hip thrusting.

*

It was like a dream. The human male, Stunk, lay sleeping on a low futon, and a petite frame was straddling his hips. Though in this scenario, his partner was not straddling his hips but his crotch. Facing away from Stunk, Yachiyo sat directly onto his pride.

“Mmm... Ahh...!!”

“N-no way...! You took it all the way to the hilt...with that tiny body?”

Her small behind pressed firmly against Stunk’s pelvis as his great sword filled her to the brim. His view was obstructed by her kimono, but the feeling of being completely inside her was undeniable. Every ridge, every bump—he could feel it all. She was the tightest he’d ever had.

Am I in past her belly button?

A terrifying thought passed through Stunk’s mind, but she didn’t seem to be in any pain.

Either way, this is insanely good...!

He knew she’d be tight just from her appearance, but she was so much more than that. She was putting pressure on him at her entrance and alternating pulses with her central and deepest cavities.

With each contraction, her walls drew him in more. He felt their rich texture as they massaged his glans.

He felt so good, he didn’t even have the chance to thrust, even though she was as wet as she was tight and practically begging him to.

“Oof... Damn... I won’t be defeated...! I already got the easy one out of the way in the bathroom, so this time around, I’m definitely gonna make you scream...!”

“Ahh...mmm...ohh...”

As Yachiyo masterfully swiveled to face Stunk, he could see that her cheeks were bulging. This gesture could have been perceived as a childish show of bad

manners. Yet the liquid she playfully kept in her mouth was as far removed from childishness as possible.

“Just how long are you gonna keep it in your mouth...?”

“Mmm, mmm—♪”

The smell must have been overpowering. It must have coated the interior of her mouth and the whole of her esophagus. Yet all the while, Yachiyo’s eyes remained half-lidded, complimenting her devilish smile. She had been wearing this expression ever since she sucked the first load out of Stunk in the bathroom with awe-inspiring technique.

“Does it really taste that good?”

“Mmmf...mm-hmm!”

Yachiyo gulped audibly, and her cheeks reduced in size. She gulped again, and her cheeks grew smaller still, but they also became redder. *Gulp*—one last time. Her cheeks returned to their original size, and then—

“Hnhh, I feel so hot!” Yachiyo’s tender flesh grew hot with the fires of passion, and her pulsations became even more vigorous. “You’ve kindled an ember in me. But I’ve been around the way more than a few times. It takes a lot for me to get going in earnest.”

“So you force yourself to swallow, even if it tastes bad?”

“Don’t worry, your seed was delectable. It was beautiful and rich, like a strong spirit, warming me up from the inside. Just one taste, and I was addicted.”

Yachiyo traced her lips with her finger and smiled. Even though her face was youthful, she was every bit the woman when the blood rushed to her head. And even though she was thousands of years old, she was incredibly spry.

Even the hand she used to tug on the hem of her kimono was like the hand of a smiling beauty stroking her man.

She threw her kimono open widely, revealing her pale back. A flaming pattern entered Stunk’s field of vision.

“Is that a tattoo...? Wait, it’s moving. No, it’s...burning?”

Red and orange petals of light danced on the surface of her skin.

“You should see it from afar... Mmf—”

Yachiyo’s movements fell into rhythm with the swirling of the flames. Her hips swiveled in a circular pattern, still tight against Stunk, and then slid back and forth.

“Ohh— Urgh, how am I supposed to get a good look when you’re clamped onto me like a steel trap...!”

“Mmm...ahhh... You only need lie down without touching my back. Ahh...”

“O-okay, gotcha... Hnngg...”

Electricity raced across Stunk’s skin as Yachiyo made his weapon her toy. His jaw went slack from the pleasure of her grip.

This feels way better than my time with the escorts...!

Compared with when she’d entered his dreams, the feeling of penetrating Yachiyo directly was in a league of its own. Yachiyo must have been equally enraptured, because the flame pattern on her back was flickering even more fiercely.

Wroosh—!!

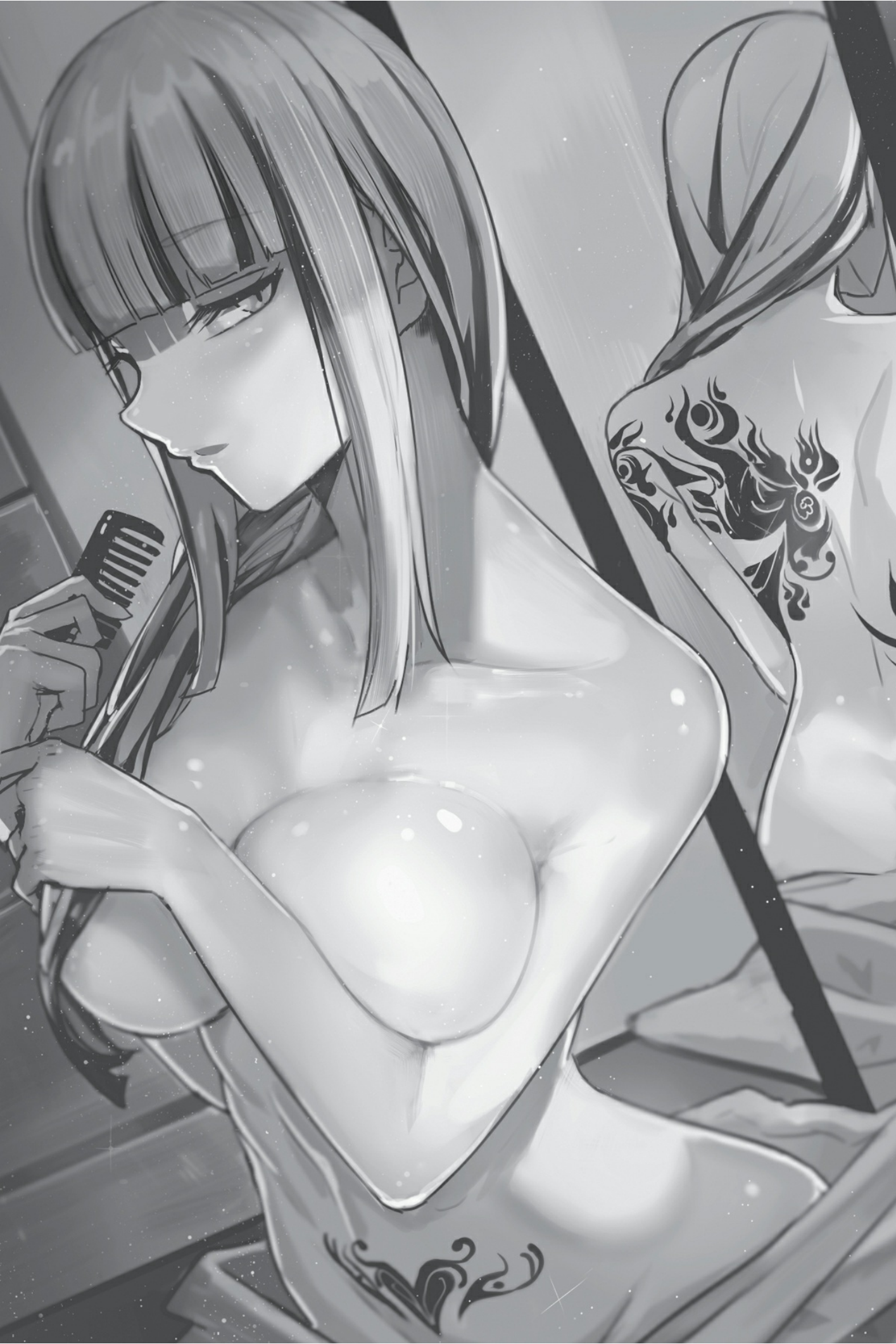
Genuine flames shot out of the tattoo.

“Holy shit, something came out your back!”

“It’s like squirting. If you hit me in a weak spot, mmm...my little body won’t be able to hold back, and the flames leap out... Ah, ahh—!”

“Whoa, you’re on fire! Literally! I’ve heard of this fairy tale!”

It was the tale of a tanuki that was made to carry a bundle of firewood, which was then used to start a fire, boil the raccoon dog, and eat him—if Stunk recalled correctly.



Thankfully, the flames on Yachiyo's back were only burning in the space around her and weren't actually hurting her. Even though he was very close to her, it wasn't hot, but pleasantly warm.

The enigmatic flame hit his chest and soothed him. It evoked nostalgia and set off a flash of intense emotion within Stunk's mind. He couldn't help recalling a certain memory and quickly opened his mouth to speak.

"Yachiyo, was your first home...the place where you were born...a hearth?"

"Yes, that's right. What a smart boy. Well done, you wild thing."

Yachiyo pressed Stunk's tip against the back of her inner entrance as a reward for his cleverness. She kept grinding her hips, her back wreathed in flames, as she told the tale of her birthplace.

"In primordial times, humanity lived around the fire—ahh. But the home I was born into was more developed than that—ooh—we had a single hearth with a ceiling and walls... In essence—ahh—the hearth was our center of existence. I was the spirit of our home, meaning I was also the spirit of the hearth. Ohhh—you're so thick—ooh... You're stretching me open...!"

Stunk believed every word she said.

The warmth pervading Sleptopia was likely due to her influence—the personification of the hearth. But how long ago was she talking about? Hundreds of years? How many zeroes would he have to add?

"Ahh—that's so good—mmm—Opening this establishment was a coincidence—truly spur of the moment. It just suited my habits... To be perfectly honest, I'm something of a sex addict. Mm, mmm, ah, ahhh, I absolutely love how this feels...!"

"Could you maybe choose between moaning or exposé?!"

"Didn't I tell you? It's been so long...ahhn—! I can't possibly control my speech while we're like this...mmm, ahhh— That feels sooo goood...!"

"It definitely turns me on that I'm the first one to be with you in so long...!"

And she really was out of control. Her hips bucked as her back spewed flame.

No matter how young she looked, or how elegant her demeanor, she had the soul of a succu-girl. Why would she do this for so long if she didn't love it?

She was full of him and delighted in showing off her refined skill. She was every bit the sex addict she professed to be.

"Okay, I promised to give you a special treat if you were able to guess correctly."

All at once, she stopped moving.

"Now—!"

Stunk's carnal satisfaction began to intensify. Before his very eyes, the insatiable nympho's body was...growing. She became taller, her shoulders broadened, and her breasts and bottom expanded.

She now appeared before him as a thick, busty beauty.

"Your petite playmate is now a voluptuous vixen...!"

Her transformation echoed the image of a sex-starved mother stealing her daughter's man.

"As a house spirit, I can borrow the abilities of the other girls who live here and make them my own. Right now, I'm using a dream-eater's power to show you a waking dream. It looks real, but in fact, my appearance is an illusion."

"What the... So you're saying this incredible body isn't real...?"

Stunk gripped her thighs, but they felt as thick and voluminous as they looked.

"It also felt real when you were with the escorts, did it not?"

"Argh, now I'm really turned on!"

Stunk typically loved his women with a little meat on their bones, as opposed to more petite body types. Suddenly, he was compelled to up the tempo, so he plunged in deep.

"Ah, ahhh—!"

Yachiyo's back tightened up while her pillowy breasts and behind bounced with abandon.

“Hnnngg— This is just making me wanna thrust even harder!”

“Th-this is supposed to be special service from *me*...!”

“It’s all your fault for taking on that ultrasexy form! Hraaaahh!”

“Ahh, ahhhn, you bad boy...!”

Stunk picked up momentum with each thrust.

Men are at their best when they’re fucking their brains out!

Stunk also had better control of himself while he was moving, instead of being submissive.

Even though she had transformed and effectively doubled in size, Stunk still had his way with the house spirit’s tight hole. He was so energized that he forced her onto all fours, while he was still on his knees.

It was a perfect position for deep penetration.

“An ass this big deserves to be taken from the back!”

Stunk thrust in and out like it was his final act on earth, slapping against Yachiyo loudly. Each thrust caused her flesh to ripple, and Stunk drank in the image.

“Ahh...so rough...ohhh... This is intense...!”

Yachiyo was gripping the sheets as she squirmed, and the flames on her back swirled in response. Stunk got a bit careless as he lurched forward; the flames nearly singed his hair. The shock sent him reeling backward, and he had to grab onto Yachiyo’s behind to stabilize himself.

“Mmm! Ohhh, having a young man thrust into me feels so good...!”

“Is that so? You like being tormented like this?”

“I love it—ohhhh—your youthful passion is pouring into me! I absolutely adore men who have only lived a fraction of my lifespan! They’re the best!”

Stunk wasn’t sure what to make of her words, but she was lost in ecstasy, and that was stimulating enough. A warm feeling built in his lower abdomen.

“If that’s the case, then get ready for a young stud’s hot load!”

“Oh yes, I want it now! Ahh, ahhn—now! Give it to me now—!!”

“You greedy little thing...! Take this!”

Stunk thrust inside her with all his might. He pumped and pumped and pumped some more.

Stunk and Yachiyo steadily rose to climax together and shuddered in mutual orgasm. He went in for the certain kill as his seed gushed into Yachiyo’s deepest place.

The flame on her back erupted for a moment and singed the ceiling. It nearly burned the tip of Stunk’s nose, but he was able to pull back just in time.

“Ohhhhh—!! Ohh, ahh, ooooh, so good...ahhh... Your nectar is so thick and creamy...! My consciousness is fading away...!”

Yachiyo’s body glistened with sweat. As she thrashed against the flames, waves of contractions washed over Stunk’s phallus. Every woman had their own unique tastes, and Yachiyo seemed to be the type that focused on pleasing her man until the very end.

Just as Stunk lingered on this train of thought, Yachiyo’s body shrank in an instant.

“Oh shit, better watch out—!”

He stopped himself before she completely shrunk, and they returned to their former dynamic.

“Wow, you really can really switch up your appearance at will, huh?”

“Do you want to do it this way next?”

“Don’t mind if I do.”

Stunk hadn’t even exited her before they began round two.

The way Yachiyo could change her appearance through the waking dream was not the same as true transformation. Because of this, she could actually modify her body type to an even finer degree.

For example, she could revert to her petite mode and make her breasts even bigger than her head. She even got the balance wrong once and turned her

breasts into unfathomable aberrations that were larger than the rest of her body. Stunk wasn't really turned on by the idea and asked her to tone it down a notch.

"They're the perfect size when I can put it between them without a single part sticking out."

"Okay then, how's this?"

Stunk could slip in and out of her cleavage perfectly while they both stood up. Looking down, he saw her bewitching face but couldn't see his member, which was nestled between her voluptuous breasts. Perfect.

Enraptured by this delightful imbalance, Stunk erupted once more.

"Mmm, wow, there's so much!"

Yachiyo was transfixed by the viscous substance covering her breasts. She rubbed it in with her small hands, and her gaze was dreadfully immoral.

"If you can change your appearance that much, can you also possibly change your species? Like turning into a mystical fox spirit or a slime?"

"It's not that I can't, but competing with the other girls is forbidden. The waking dream allows me to change my own physical appearance, and without good reason, I can't increase myself in number, either."

"I see. In that case, I want you to take on the full-grown adult version again."

"Of course."

After climaxing a number of times, Stunk couldn't help being biased toward her adult physique. Such were his preferences. He stroked Yachiyo's skin and gripped her sides as he bore into her and drank in her reactions with his entire being.

Her lewd moans had a slight deepness to them, which really got him going.

"Ohhh... Ohhhhh—! You magnificent man...!"

There were no words to describe the sense of satisfaction borne from the woman gripping him tightly and taking in the full length of him. He felt like he was imbibing the essence of every single year she had lived, up until this day.

Nearly losing himself, Stunk opted to take a different route for their final bout.

“For the last round, I want you as you were.”

“Oh? I thought you preferred the mature-looking me.”

“If I had to pick, then you’re absolutely right, but to close it out, it would only be right to enjoy your natural flavor. Why do you exist as a house spirit? I don’t want to leave with the wrong impression.”

Stunk crossed his legs and brought Yachiyo onto his lap.

“I see. Well, in that case.”

Yachiyo’s body became light as a feather, and the lovely house spirit who Stunk first met at Sleptopia reappeared.

“Mmm. You are too cute, and I can’t get enough of how tight you are.”

“I can make myself even tighter if you want.”

“No, I don’t think I can do any tighter.”

“So this is your preferred age range. Hee-hee, I see.”

The house spirit put her thin arms around the battle-worn adventurer’s thick neck. She brushed her wet lips against his ear and poured her voice into it.

“You loli fucker.”

It was a false accusation, but Stunk’s skin prickled with goosebumps all the same.

“B-but you’re the one who likes ’em young!”

“Mmm... Ahh yes, because younger men make me feel so hot.”

“You dirty ghost cougar.”

Stunk gave Yachiyo a slap on the backside. Her pelvis was narrow, and her behind was petite—lacking much width or thickness. What it lacked in size, though, it more than made up for with pliability. And it wasn’t just her flesh. Her skin and even her bones were soft. She was so small, he could throw her around all he wanted.

Stunk forced her up and down and pounded her with long strokes, going all the way to the hilt every time. He swirled around in a circular motion and forced her tiny hole open wide.

“Ahh, ooohhh—! You’re stretching me out, ahhhhhh—!! I’m so wet...! Ahh, ohhhh—!”

Yachiyo nuzzled her forehead against Stunk’s chest, and her back belched fire.

She loved having her tiny body treated roughly. When Stunk grinded deeply inside her, the flame on her back grew larger.

“It’s like that flame is your sex drive given shape.”

Stunk flipped Yachiyo around, using the point where they were connected as a fulcrum, and pushed her forward onto both hands.

In this position, he could enjoy the erotic flame surging before him as much as he wanted.

He was banging her doggy style, just like their first time together, but the position was slightly different. Their legs were different lengths, so if they were both on their knees, their hips wouldn’t align.

Thus, Stunk was on his knees, but Yachiyo was crouching to adjust the height of her hips. It was probably putting pressure on her own knees, but she was utilizing her incredible flexibility and rocking her behind back and forth.

“You’re so, so thick—mmm, ahhh—I can feel it all the way in my stomach...!”

Yachiyo’s skinny, pale body trembled. The burning red flame surged and expanded.

“Oh, are you gonna cum again?”

“Mmm, aha— Y-yes... The appearance of my flame has changed, hasn’t it? Ahh—!”

“Already? You’re so tiny, but you’re gonna cum like the filthy sex addict you claim to be. You’re such a bad girl, heh-heh.”

“Wow, you’re really getting into it. Do you actually have a thing for little girls after all?”

“Shut up! Cum to death!”

“Hyaaaaahhhhh—!!”

Doggy style really let Stunk rip into her with his thrusts. He slammed against her with all his might and collided against her rear with aplomb. Yachiyo’s petite frame took it all in without a problem. This was no longer business or service; she was acting for the sake of her own pleasure.

“Ahhhhn... I’m cumming! I’m cumming!”

Yachiyo’s tight body launched a lethal constriction attack against Stunk. Her flame swirled intensely from her diminutive figure, which was still on all fours.

“.....!”

Stunk could no longer speak. He had siphoned his entire soul into his crotch, and it was about to come shooting out of him.

Pshoo, pshooo! Pshoo, pshoo, pshoooo!

An ocean of white came thundering out of Stunk and found its home within Yachiyo. He writhed and contorted, trying to prevent his soul from flying out as well.

Yachiyo fared no better.

“Mmmf...ahhhnnnn...! Give it all to me... Your hot, sweet nectar...!”

The pink-haired house spirit was lost in the throes of pleasure, fully intoxicated. Her delicate frame was dripping with sweat as she soaked up every last drop of Stunk’s juices. Her stomach started to bulge and expand with Stunk’s every contraction.

“Oh...*god*, that was good...”

Stunk had gotten his revenge. His mind was a blank slate as he felt his strength leave his body. He fell forward.

Oh shit...

His face was about to go straight into the flame. Yet though he lurched forward, he didn’t feel the flames of her back burning him. Yachiyo had changed positions in the blink of an eye and was now on her back, catching Stunk in her

arms.

“Good boy, good boy. You did so well.”

Yachiyo wore a composed smile that belied the absolutely disheveled nature of her disposition mere moments ago. She brushed Stunk’s hair with a gentle hand that made him want to melt. He was already getting sleepy.

“Having a young man make my body his plaything is the absolute best... And watching an exhausted young man sleep like a baby afterward is even better...”

Yachiyo’s sweet voice was a lullaby ushering Stunk’s consciousness into the land of dreams.

“We should take a bath when you wake up. And then have a meal. In commemoration of Sleptopia’s revival, we’ll shower you with bonus service. How many days would you like to stay? I wouldn’t mind if you stayed for a full year—in real time, of course.”

Oh my god.

This level of comfort was nothing short of dangerous.

If Stunk wasn’t careful, he’d get stuck here forever.

I think I finally understand why the demon lord was so scared of this place...

Stunk’s sense of vigilance was quickly washed over by sleep. Ecstasy had won.

When Stunk finally awoke, the details didn’t even matter anymore.

REVIEW

SLEEPTOPIA

HUMAN	ELF	HALFING	ANGEL
Stunk	Zel	Kanchal	Crimvail
9	8	6	7
My companion was the house-spirit proprietress, and she gave me so much more than the typical service. She let me use her lap as a pillow, spent the night with me, and prepared dinner from scratch—a truly full-course experience. I was reminded of what it was like to have my grandma dote on me when I was a child. In commemoration of reopening the joint, I was allowed to stay for a few more days at no extra charge...but under normal circumstances, I'd be terrified to see the bill.	Thanks to my mythical foxgirl's rich mana and fluffy tail, my body, spirit, and mana were completely revitalized! The special service, which we received in commemoration of the joint reopening, was well appreciated. My foxgirl treated me like a close friend, so I could really relax. However, her magical fur reacted to my own mana and stuck to my body for quite some time afterward...which wasn't the best. Our magical chemistry might've actually been a negative.	The foam-filled session with my bubbly slimegirl was amazing... It was almost too good, but halfway through, both my girl and I fell asleep, and I almost drowned! This happened three times while I was there—which is my fault for going back again and again. That said...I wish she had safety measures in place.	I was shown an incredible dream by my dream-eater. She liberated the deepest desires of my heart and accepted everything about me, washing away all my pain... I was able to taste what it feels like to be born again. If you need mental healing, I recommend a dream-eater. Incidentally, I was forced to reencounter the original source of my trauma... But that wasn't Sleeptopia's fault.

EPILOGUE
YE PUBBE

Two myths had been busted. The urban legends were real.

The succubus joint at the end of the sky and the Time-Traveling Temptress—Sleeptopia had proven the existence of both.

As soon as the review was published, Ye Pubbe became much, much livelier than usual. Review sales were booming. The crew had effectively been paid for their investigative work surrounding The Dying Tree in the Ruined City.

Stunk was walking on air at an especially extravagant after-party.

“Sorry to keep you waiting! Here’s your jumbo order of vampire meat skewers!”

“Whoo-hoo! I’ve been waiting for this!”

Meidri put a huge plate of food on the table, and Stunk hooted with glee. He tore into the skewers and stuffed his cheeks, then chugged some ale and sighed with satisfaction.

“Good beer needs good meat! Meat, I say! Eat up, boys!”

Stunk gestured for Zel and Kanchal to join him at the table instead of sitting at the bar, but he ended up waving for nothing. They both turned around with fear in their eyes, like they had just seen a horrific monster.

“Whenever I look at your face, all I can see is that dusty old crone...”

“Yeah, I don’t want to share a table with you and have people thinking I’m your friend...”

Ever since Sleeptopia, Stunk had been getting this treatment.

“How long are you guys gonna make a big deal over her age...? She was practically a pip-squeak, so she doesn’t deserve the granny treatment.”

“Stunk, have you ever heard of ‘climax communities’?”

“No, that’s a first.”

“Elves also refer to them as ‘longevity forests,’ but they’re basically ancient forests that have reached achieved equilibrium across the vegetation after long years of cultivation.”

Zel spoke in a serious tone with a deadpan look on his face. This was rather out of character for him.

“And the crazy dickhead creature that buries his junk in the ground of that forest, drool dripping from his mouth, pounding away with reckless abandon—that’s you.”

“What?! She was way cuter than the ground!”

“How blind are you?! There aren’t even any elf grandmas who look like that! Kanchal, Crim, you guys agree with me, right?!”

The halfling sitting next to them and the angel working the bar floor nodded with grave expressions.

“The lap pillow itself might resemble sleeping on the dead leaves of the forest floor, which isn’t so bad... But if we’re talking about sex, that’s like fucking a fossil. A literal fossil. No matter how poor your taste is, don’t just throw your dick down the drain like that, man...”

“Stunk, I bet you’d jump naked into a dormant volcano...”

“Now I really can’t help but wonder what she looked like to you guys...”

“Okay then, if you really wanna know, it’s like this.”

Zel moved from the counter to the seat across from Stunk and started explaining. In the end, Kanchal joined them, too, making for three members of the after-party.

Crim had to continue working to make up for the time they were away. They were badgered often by the pub patrons who wanted to hear about Sleptopia.

“They all really want to go check it out.”

“I’m sure only the humans among them would request that transcendent granny, though.”

“Are you still on that...?”

Their conversation became lively, and another round of ale was brought to table. As Meidri lined up their mugs, she glanced at Crim and opened her mouth to speak.

“Isn’t that place sealed up so you can’t get in without an angel?”

“The seal’s gone now. Its terms were met after being opened once.”

Stunk recalled leaving Sleptopia. Before they realized it, the group of four was on a stairwell leading to the roof of The Dying Tree in the Ruined City. As they looked up, they saw the door to Sleptopia.

Where the roof had previously been, there was now a new top floor of the tower.

“What I mean is that the succubus joint at the end of the sky became the succubus joint on the top floor of the tower. It’s now just a regular place that anyone can visit whenever they want.”

“Hmm, I see how it is.”

Meidri obviously didn’t care, even though she was the one who had asked in the first place.

Zel leaned forward in his seat and spoke in a hushed voice.

“I just heard this from Samtahn, but he said he found a great new joint while we were out on our mission.”

“Yeah, yeah... It’s a hole in the wall in the underground dwarf village.”

“You don’t say.”

The group’s compasses responded in unison. After being so high in the sky, an underground excursion sounded like a breath of fresh air.

“You guys just got back. Why don’t you pretend to be moral, upstanding people for a while longer?”

“We’re drinking in the middle of the day.”

Meidri was already disgusted as she walked away. There was no point in trying to explain their ambition to her.

There was no end to this journey in sight. This was the story of men and their romantic whims, a chronicle of adventurers conquering countless trials and tribulations as they followed the compasses swinging from their crotches.

They did not only obtain pleasure. Occasionally, they fell on their own swords,

and as a result, they were injured. Cuckold roleplay was officially off the menu. That was something everyone could agree on.

Stunk's mental scars from that experience had fully healed. They were assuaged by the warm, generous service at Sleeptopia. It was an unforgettable experience, but such pleasure, no matter how good, was transient.

A man's compass was quick to seek new romance, ever rising to the occasion. His pursuit knew no bounds, as long as the world knew love and hope in the form of succubus joints.

"Okay! Let's get some rest before heading out!"

"What ancient ruins will Stunk plunder this time?"

"Shut the hell up!"

The journey of man continued...

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